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THE NEW FLORIDA

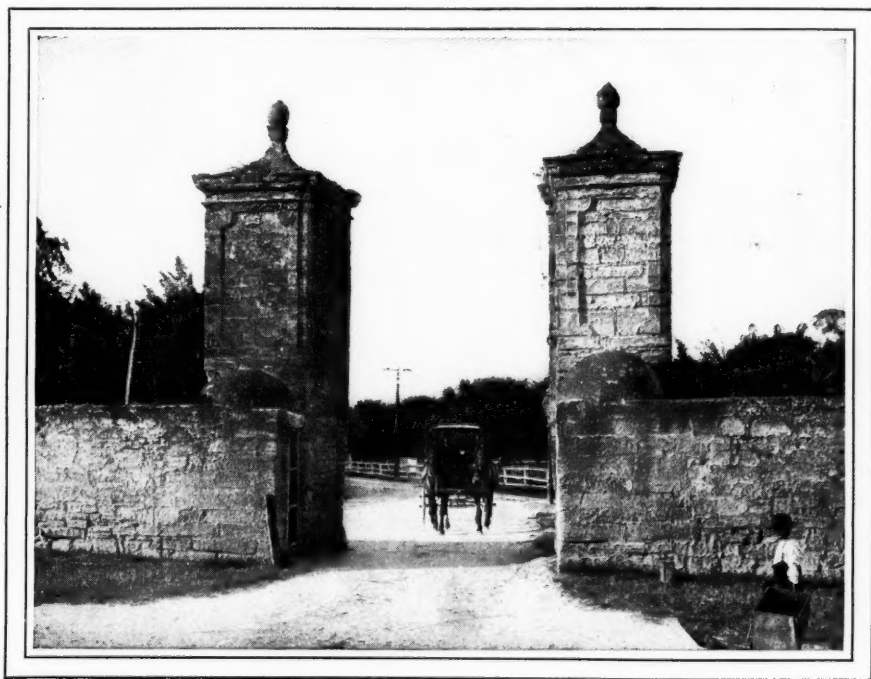
THE MARVELOUS DEVELOPMENT OF THE LAND OF PONCE DE LEON AS A GREAT WINTER PLAYGROUND AND AS A STATE OF VAST INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL WEALTH

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

FLORIDA is a land of many colors—a rainbow land of green palms, red poinsettias, blue water, white beaches, and yellow oranges. It is an Arabian Nights dream of Aladdin palaces that gleam in gardens more fantastic than those of Babylon; and of a throng

of princes and princesses who appear suddenly, as if by magic, every January and disappear mysteriously in April. It is a fantasy—a pageant—a new Egypt with more marvels than were ever created by a Pharaoh's fancy.

And yet, such is the unique comming-



A RELIC OF EARLY SPANISH DAYS IN FLORIDA—THE CITY GATES OF ST. AUGUSTINE, WITH TWO ADJOINING FRAGMENTS OF THE OLD CITY WALL

ling of the practical and the ideal in this enchanted peninsula, it is also true that Florida is one of the busiest, most enterprising, and most prosperous of American States. Its towns and cities have in five years doubled their size. No other State produces so much phosphate, cypress lumber, resin, or turpentine. No other State makes so many Havana cigars

spring of water which gave to those who drank of it the power to withstand death and the ravages of time—the fountain of eternal youth.

Nothing was too wonderful to be true, in those glorious days of discovery; so Ponce de Leon believed the story, and in the spring of 1512—twenty years after the first landfall of Columbus, and seven



FORT MARION, THE OLD SPANISH FORTRESS WHICH DEFENDED ST. AUGUSTINE—IT IS CONSTRUCTED OF COQUINA, OR SHELL-ROCK, AND WAS FINISHED IN 1756, HAVING BEEN NEARLY A CENTURY IN BUILDING

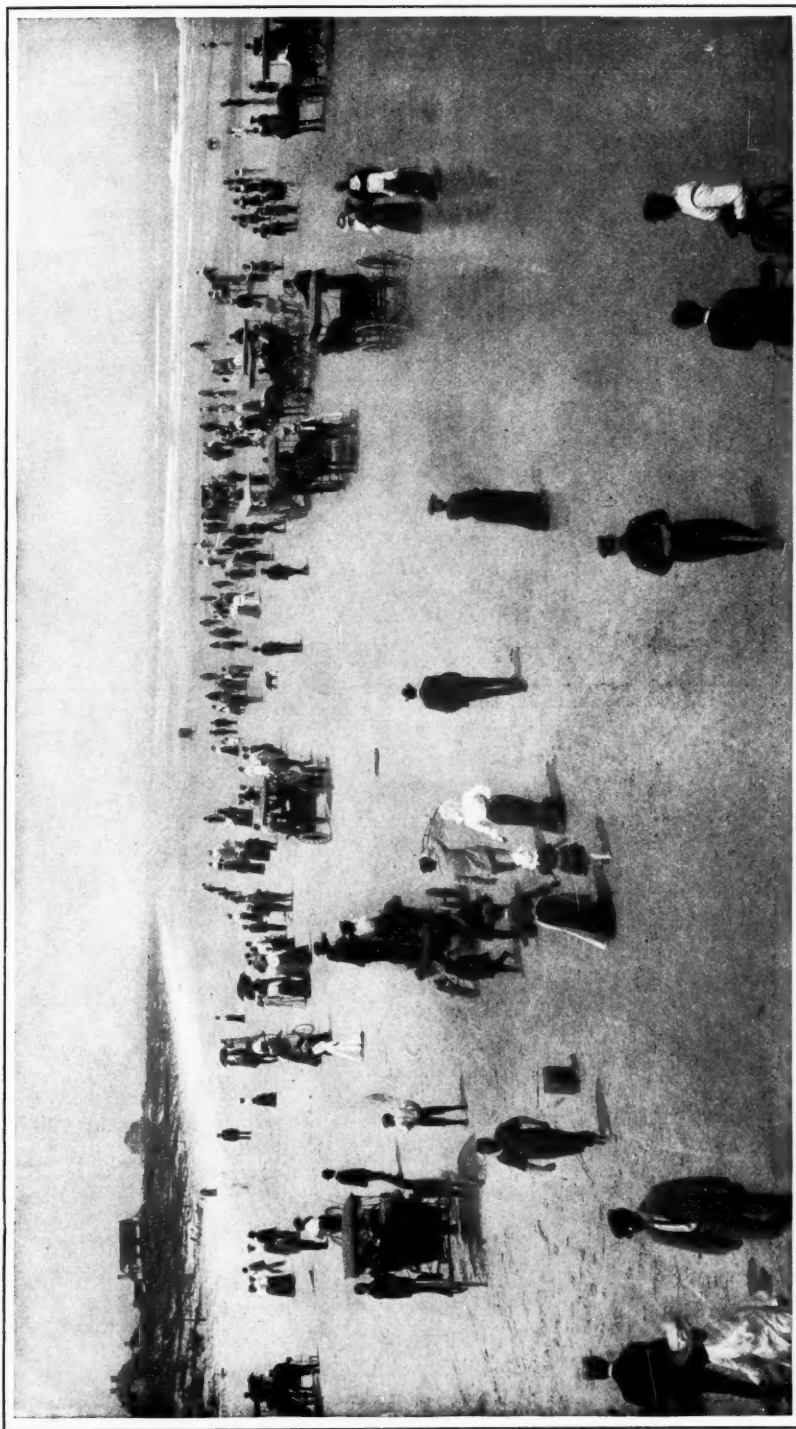
From a photograph by the Detroit Publishing Company, New York

or grows so much long-staple cotton. And perhaps no other region, in any part of the world, can show so happy a blending of the joy of life with the business energy that creates material progress and modern civilization.

THE QUEST OF PONCE DE LEON

The first white man who set foot upon the sands of Florida was the noble Spaniard, Ponce de Leon. That was very nearly four hundred years ago. He had been told by the Indians of a wonderland in which all manner of delights were to be found. There was gold in abundance; and there was a magical

years before the invasion of Mexico by Cortez—he set sail for Florida on a voyage that will never be forgotten. No other explorer has ever typified more poetically the human craving for riches and health. He landed in a country that was not only new, but unlike any other region that Europeans had ever seen. Its shores were guarded, as if it were paradise itself, by coral-reefs that stabbed ships from the bottom of the sea, by sentinel sharks that patrolled the harbors, and by great alligators that kept watch in the rivers and lagoons. The Indians, too, were not at all like the gentle natives who had welcomed Columbus, but dis-



THE OCEAN BEACH AT SEABREEZE, NEAR DAYTONA, FLORIDA—THIS SMOOTH, HARD BEACH STRETCHES NORTH AND SOUTH FOR THIRTY MILES WITHOUT A BREAK, AND IS A FAVORITE COURSE FOR DRIVING AND AUTOMOBILING

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A TYPICAL SCENE AT PALM BEACH, SHOWING THE SEMITROPICAL VEGETATION OF THIS WINTER PARADISE IN SOUTHERN FLORIDA

From a photograph by Kirk, New York

played a hostility such as the Spaniards had not met with before.

But the glint of the gold and the ripple of the magic spring led Ponce de Leon on. He found pearls in the possession of the Indians, but no gold and no rejuvenating waters; so, after several weeks of exploration, he sailed back to Spain and entertained the king for days with the story of his adventures.

As soon as he could gather a second force, Ponce de Leon returned to his search for gold and for the waters of eternal youth. He became a man of one overmastering idea. For nine years he went up and down the Florida coast, until his last fatal expedition, when he had forced his way far inland, and was wounded by an Indian's arrow. His men carried him to Cuba, where he died and was buried with all military honors.

THE GOLDEN FLORIDA OF TO-DAY

Ponce de Leon had failed; and yet, if he were alive to-day, he would find that his dream has practically come true.

Men are now finding gold in Florida—not in mines, but in the forests, farms, fisheries, and factories. Not all the gold that was found in Nevada and Arizona last year, for instance, would equal the wealth that went to Florida for her fruits and vegetables; nor would the total output of Alaskan gold-mines be enough to buy the cigars of Tampa and Key West.

Florida, be it known, is becoming rich. She has banks of her own—ten dozen or more. She has three thousand shops and factories. There are enough golden oranges and grapefruits in her groves this winter to pay back the price—five million dollars—that the United States paid to Spain for the territory in 1821. She will have enough cotton and tobacco, both of the highest quality, to bring five millions more; and the lumber that Floridians shipped from their five seaports in 1908 was sold for ten millions.

There is a golden gum, too, that exudes from the pine-trees of Florida. It was overlooked by the Spaniards, but when

refined it becomes the indispensable resin and turpentine of commerce, so valuable that Florida is selling her surplus this year for fourteen million dollars. Phosphate, at present, yields about half of this amount; but it is probably the most precious natural product of the State. It is a plant food, used to enrich the soil. A village doctor was the first to discover it, thirty years ago; and since then Florida has sold sixty million dollars' worth, mostly to Germany and other European countries. This sum seems large enough, but it is a trifle compared to what Florida will make from her phosphate when she learns to use every ton of it at home, enriching the soil of her own farms and gardens.

What with this buried treasure of phosphate, the riches of her soil and

trees and waters and workshops, and the earnings of the tourist season, the people who now live in Florida have a yearly income of more than one hundred and twenty-five million dollars. This amount, we may observe to the countrymen of Ponce de Leon, is very nearly equal to the present governmental revenue of the kingdom of Spain.

As to the fountain of eternal youth, that search has not yet been altogether successful; but this at least can be said, that no other State is farther from the gates of death than Florida. Her average annual death-rate is about nine per thousand; and she has seventy-one veterans of the Ponce de Leon cult who have rounded out a full century and are still in the land of the living.

In this month of February, which is



AN AVENUE OF PALMS IN A PALM BEACH GARDEN

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THE OCEAN WALK AT PALM BEACH

From a copyrighted photograph by the Detroit Publishing Company, New York

the central month of the Florida season, fully sixty thousand winter-driven Northerners will bask in her gentle climate. We might almost call her a steam-heated State, as the warm waters of the Gulf Stream curve around her shores so unceasingly that there is no sting of cold in her unfailing breezes. She furnishes a great outdoor hospital for sick babies and little children. And if Professor Metchnikoff, the Parisian scientist, who maintains that the normal lifetime of man should be a century and a half, should

undertake to establish an institute of longevity, he could not do better than to place it in this land of eternal summer, where it is "bliss to be alive and glorious to be young."

Nature plays the tune of life in Florida with her foot on the soft pedal. Each day is like a melody from Mozart. There is no crashing of the cymbals or pounding of the bass drum. There is less of stress and strain. Men work, and work hard—for the State, as it exists to-day, has practically been created in less than twenty years; but in Florida, when work is done, it is easier to relax. There is a



FLORIDA PINE-TREES FESTOONED WITH SPANISH MOSS

From a photograph by the Detroit Publishing Company, New York

spirit of tranquillity in the caressing air and in the perpetual verdure of the orange-groves.

The truth about this balmy climate, in its effect upon human energy, appears to be this—that it is easier to be lazy and live comfortably in Florida than elsewhere, while a man of vigor and am-

becomes a continuous performance. If a crop fails, there is no need to wait until next year. You can plant a new crop to-morrow.

A Connecticut man—General H. S. Sanford—first taught the United States to appreciate Florida as our national garden and hothouse. A man of re-



WHERE THE LATE JOSEPH JEFFERSON SPENT SOME OF HIS LAST HOLIDAYS—THE FAMOUS AMERICAN ACTOR IN A TRICYCLE-CHAIR AT PALM BEACH

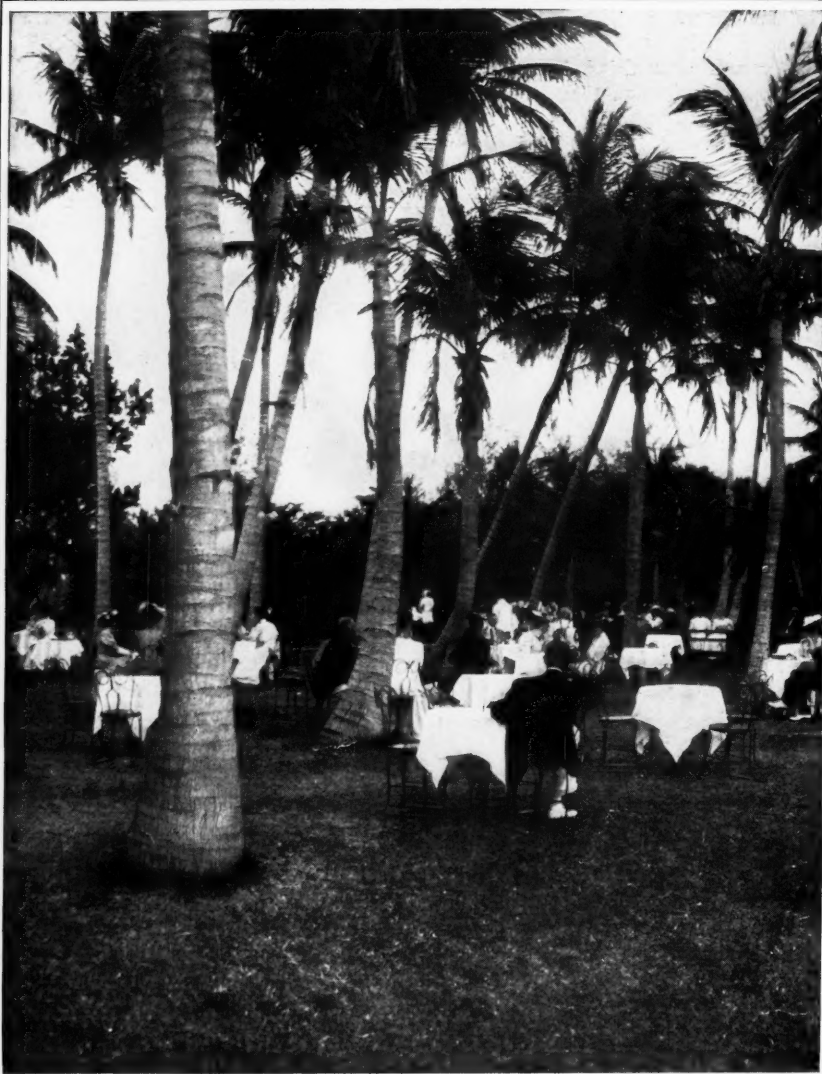
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bition is more likely to reap a high reward for his exertions. The Seminole Indians, who were the original Floridians, certainly were not a listless people. They fought against the white man with the ferocity of panthers, and cost the United States twenty millions in money and fifteen hundred lives before they finally surrendered.

There are droughts, of course, and frosts, once in a while, and crop failures; but, in the main, the man who cultivates land in Florida feels that Nature is his ally. She has to be guided, rather than fought, as in northern countries. She allows the soil and the sunshine to work for you every day, so that farming

markable force, he spent much of his life, and the whole of his fortune, in teaching Floridians to grow tropical fruits, and in persuading Northerners that these fruits were good to eat. With oranges there was no difficulty, and the demand grew until Florida, from end to end, looked like a green field spangled with gold-dust.

But the grapefruit was not immediately popular, as the orange was. Even in Florida it was lightly esteemed until about twenty-five years ago, when some New York epicures discovered its value as an appetizer and a breakfast tonic. Then the trade began with a rush, and now Florida sends us a million crates a



SUMMER PLEASURES FOR THE WINTER VISITOR IN FLORIDA—

From a photograph—

year, and could probably sell twice as many more.

WEALTH FROM THE SOIL OF FLORIDA

There are at the present time more than fifty thousand farms and plantations in Florida, most of them growing fruits and vegetables—three crops a year

—for the Northern market. This is so extensive a business that the bare figures do not present a complete picture of it to the mind. Whoever would realize what it means must go in winter to the railway-yards of Jacksonville, and see the long fruit-and-truck trains sent thundering northward. These trains have the



—AN OUTDOOR RESTAURANT UNDER THE PALM-TREES OF PALM BEACH

—by Kirk, New York

right of way over all others, except the Florida Specials. All ordinary passenger-trains — even the expresses — are whisked out of the way to let them pass. They are the freight aristocrats of the railways, each making a thousand-mile race against time out of a land of summer into a region of snow.

Some of these hurrying cars are filled with strawberries from Ocala; four million quarts came from near that bustling little town last year. Some are packed with pineapples from Fort Pierce; about fifteen hundred such cars will be pulled northward this season. There will be celery-cars from Sanford, lettuce-cars

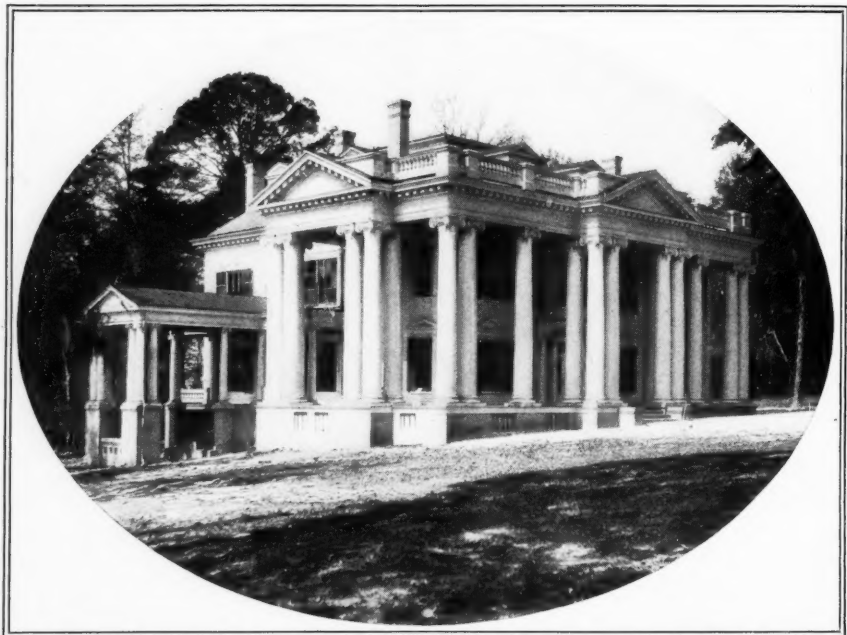
from Gainesville, cabbage-cars from Evinston, tomato-cars from Dania, potato-cars from Hastings, and orange-cars from everywhere.

Florida has a large assortment of new fruits, too, which she is ready to send us as soon as we learn to appreciate them.

little olive-oil and vinegar, and either some chopped onion or a dash of Worcestershire sauce.

NATURAL WONDERS OF FLORIDA

Much of the scenery of Florida is very similar to that of southern Califor-



THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION AT TALLAHASSEE, THE PICTURESQUE LITTLE CITY IN LEON COUNTY THAT IS THE CAPITAL OF THE STATE OF FLORIDA

There are at least four of these which some day, I venture to predict, will become as popular as the pineapple and the grapefruit—the mango, the avocado, the guava, and the sapodilla. The mango, which blends the flavor of many fruits in one, was brought from India, and grows on thick-foliaged trees that are pyramids of bloom in the flowering season. The guava is seemingly a plum that has set out to make itself into a grapefruit, while the sapodilla suggests a persimmon on its way to be a cantaloup. As for the avocado, or alligator-pear, it is a salad fruit, unlike anything else known to Northerners. It is usually eaten with pepper and salt; but those who wish to enjoy a flavor that is wholly new and delicious should squeeze over an avocado the juice of a lime, add a

nia; but she has some enchantments that are peculiarly her own. Nowhere else is there such a phenomenon as the Silver Spring, near Ocala, where a river bursts from the earth at a single bound, with deep waters that are as clear as the ether. As you glide over it in a glass-bottomed boat, you have the sensation of being poised high in the air in a magical flying-machine. Nowhere else is there a river just like the Ocklawaha, or a driveway like Ridgewood Avenue in Daytona, both of which are virtually roofed with the branches of giant oaks, draped with long streamers of gray moss. And nowhere else, on the rim of any ocean, is there to be found a beach like that of Ormond, where a score of automobiles may race abreast in a straightaway course of nearly twenty miles.

Not even in his dreams could a Northerner imagine as weird a scene as the view at Sulphur Springs, near Tampa, where gray trees stand guard over gray waters that bubble up from a waste of gray sand; or as brilliant a picture of tropical splendor as the group of royal palms at Palm Beach—pillars of living granite, shading from gray to burnished green, and topped with great canopies of tasseled leaves.

For those who love the water, in all its colors and aspects, there is no place like Florida. It is the paradise of the house-boat and the canoe, because of its innumerable lakes and waterways. Here, if you wish to be placid, you may skim over the broad, gentle waters of Tampa Bay and watch the antics of the pelicans. If you wish to be thrilled until your nerves twang like harp-strings, you can set out with a motor-boat among the coral reefs of Miami and harpoon a tarpon—the silver king of the fishes. You can dredge for clams, or go out in the open sea for mackerel. And if you want to chase big game, you can pursue the hammer-head shark by day, and at night, with a search-light and a rifle, you can make war upon the sleeping alligators. Because of this latter sport—fire-hunting, as it is called—the alligator is being driven back to the inland swamps of Florida.

THE CONTRAST OF OLD AND NEW

It would be difficult to find a State which has as many contrasts and surprises as Florida. Here is our oldest town—St. Augustine—founded by Ponce de Leon and his men almost four centuries ago. Its streets are narrow and medieval. Quaint Spanish houses are huddled together behind aged palm-trees. Crumbling walls of coquina—a sort of shell-rock—



RETURNING FROM AN ALLIGATOR-HUNT—THREE MILLION ALLIGATORS WERE KILLED IN FLORIDA BETWEEN 1880 AND 1900, AND THE SPECIES IS NOW THREATENED WITH EXTERMINATION

mark the spot where the Spanish, French, and English once fought for sovereignty. And near the beach stands the most tragic relic of the Spanish era—old Fort Marion, with its battle-scarred walls and its windowless dungeons.

Even more unique is the island city

and planned the Cuban revolution of 1895—the beginning of the end of Spanish rule in the New World. And yet this remote coral-reef of piracy and revolution has now grown to be a thriving factory-city, making one-third as many Havana cigars as Tampa—nearly a hun-



A TYPICAL SCENE ON ONE OF THE INLAND WATERWAYS OF FLORIDA—MISENOR'S LANDING, ON THE TOMOKA RIVER, WHICH CAN BE REACHED BY STEAM-LAUNCHES FROM ORMOND

From a photograph by the Detroit Publishing Company, New York

of Key West, where alert commercialism and dreamy romance are blended in a most confusing medley. This isle of the Gulf Stream was one of the last strongholds of the pirates. Hither they towed their prizes and here they buried their treasure, until the last of them—old Joe Ralda—was compelled to mend his ways in 1821. It was here, too, in a dingy little coffee-house, that Gomez, Garcia, Palma, Zayas, and Maceo met together

dred millions a year. It has also become, since the Spanish War, the most important naval outpost in the southeastern corner of the United States.

Big things are now being done in Florida. In no other State, I venture to say, are so few people doing so much. Here is the tiny town of West Palm Beach, with perhaps four hundred families, building a sixty-thousand-dollar school and draining enough land to give

every family a square mile apiece. Here you can see the white city of Miami, and the tourist city of St. Petersburg, and the cigar city of West Tampa, and the jungle city of Daytona, all of which were little or nothing but climate when the twentieth century began.

Three important waterways have recently been opened, partly by government aid and partly by local enterprise, so that Tampa and Jacksonville are now ports for large steamships, and an inland channel runs near-



A PINEAPPLE PLANTATION
AT WEST PALM BEACH,
FLORIDA



A SIX-YEAR-OLD GRAPEFRUIT TREE AT WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA—
THIS TREE WILL PRODUCE FOUR BOXES OF FRUIT, AND
IS SO HEAVILY LOADED THAT IT IS NECESSARY TO
PROP THE BRANCHES TO KEEP THEM FROM
BENDING TO THE GROUND

ly the whole length of the State. This latter is itself one of the wonders of Florida—a four-hundred-mile tide-level canal.

Civic patriotism runs high in most Florida communities. There is little State feeling, and State enterprises are not well supported; but everywhere the tourist meets bodies of residents who are optimists, zealots, fanatics, on the subject of the especial advantages of their own neighborhood. In Jacksonville this local spirit runs so high that every twentieth man is a member of the local board of trade.

Jacksonville is easily the preeminent city of

Florida. It has one-tenth of the State's population and one-fourth of her energy. In location it is the New York of the Southeast, being at the mouth of the St. John's River, which runs two hundred miles south to Sanford, and also having a deep channel to the sea. It may be called the gateway between Florida and the North. Young port as it is, it already has seven miles of docks, an immense dry-dock, and an outgoing commerce by sea of sixty million dollars a year.

Financially, it is a solid city. In its nine banks are twelve millions of home capital, and the total bank clearings for 1907 aggregated over eighty millions. As a center of manufacturing, too, it is surprising its Northern competitors. You can buy a home-made automobile in Jacksonville, if you wish, or a locomotive, or a steamship. If you want something daintier, you can buy home-made perfume, made from Florida roses, or go to an ostrich-farm and select a plume from the output of a hundred great birds. About a million dollars a month is now being paid for goods manufactured in Jacksonville, without including the product of the big railroad-shops.

Moreover, Jacksonville is a clean, healthy, handsome city. Since its disastrous fire of eight years ago, it has literally made all things new. It has covered the ashes of the burned city with eight thousand new buildings, including several sky-scrapers of fine proportions. Like New York, Jacksonville has its Riverside Drive, running along the banks of the broad St. John's and under the boughs of great oak-trees and moss-hung cypress. Even here, in the far north of the State, I found peach-blossoms in December, and rode through avenues hedged with palms and camphor-trees.

Following ambitiously after Jacksonville come Tampa and Pensacola, both on the western rim of Florida, and as different as can be imagined. Pensacola is historic, with quaint ruins of Spanish fortifications and relics of the seventeenth century; Tampa is new, without history or lineage, and smelling everywhere of fresh paint. The chief commercial asset of Pensacola is undoubtedly its magnifi-

cent harbor, while Tampa's business future is guaranteed by the fact that it is the natural metropolis of the whole middle western region of Florida.

TAMPA AND HENRY B. PLANT

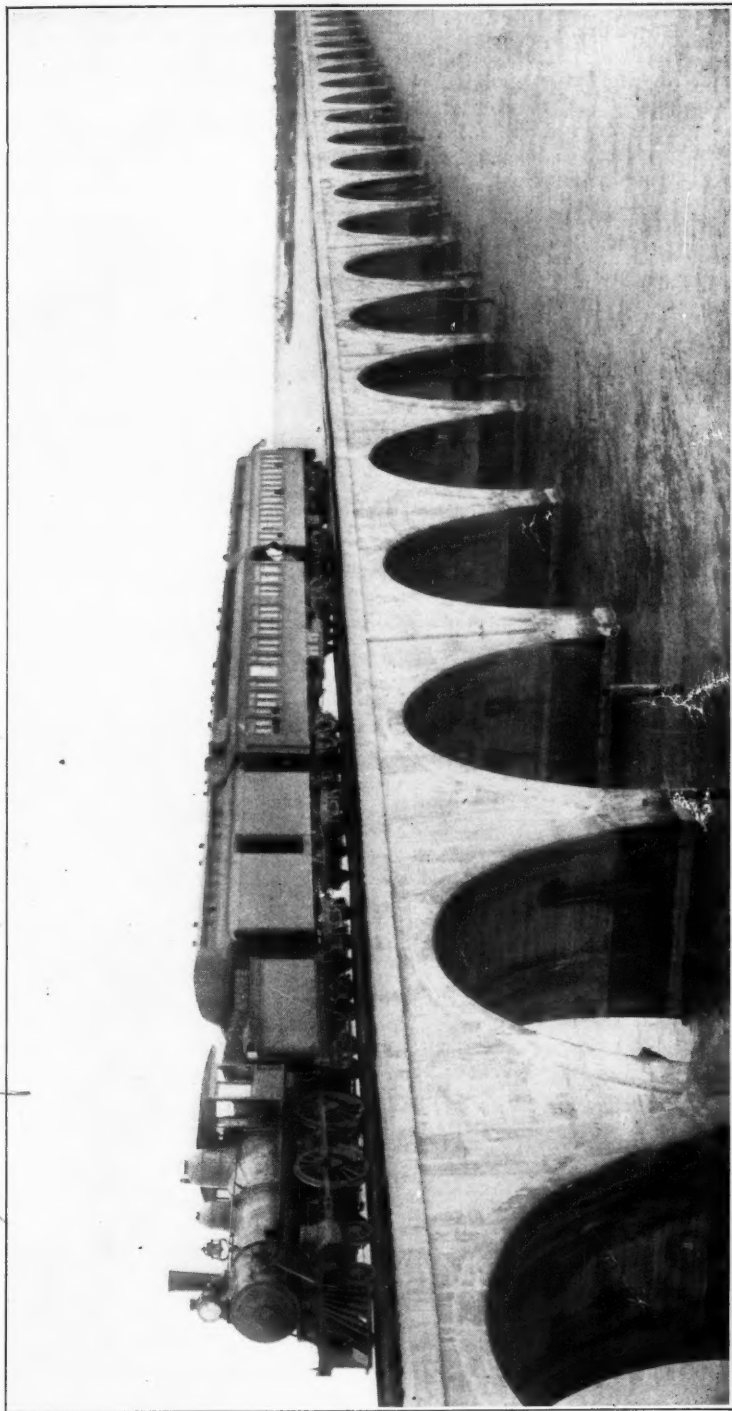
Not many years ago, Tampa was a fishing village; to-day it is widening out over great areas of gray sand, with a population equal to that of Haverhill or San Diego. It has nine banks, with six millions of deposits. Three railway systems focus at its docks and transfer to several lines of steamships. More phosphate is shipped from Tampa than from any other American port. Fish, too, and lumber and cattle and turpentine are exported from here to various cities in the North.

But, above all else, Tampa is the city of cigars. More clear Havana cigars are made here than in Havana. Every work-day in the year a million Havana cigars are rolled into shape in Tampa's hundred and fifty factories, and sent out in their cedar boxes. They bring to their makers about seventy thousand dollars a day, or more than twenty millions a year.

This extraordinary cigar industry, giving work to nine thousand highly paid experts, is based upon two facts—the high tariff on cigars made in Cuba, and the mild and Havana-like climate of Tampa. The fine Cuban tobacco is a thing of the utmost delicacy. Its silky leaves are injured by a breath of cool air; and it seems that none but Cubans, with their gently deft fingers, can fashion them into shapely cigars. It is one of the unique sights of Florida to see a workroom in a Tampa factory, where several hundred Cubans sit, men and women alike, rolling cigars with incredible swiftness, while a loud-voiced fellow countryman, standing in a sort of pulpit, reads to them the news of the day or the latest novel from Havana.

It is here in Tampa that the tourist listens to the romantic story of Henry B. Plant, who undertook to do for the west coast of Florida what Flagler has done for the east. Plant was born poor in the chilly State of Connecticut. He worked up by the same path as the original Vanderbilt—the ownership of boats and railways. Then, after he had gath-

in operation now 1909-



LONG KEY VIADUCT ON THE FLORIDA EAST COAST RAILWAY—FOR MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES, SOUTH OF MIAMI, THIS RAILROAD RUNS ALONG A CHAIN OF ISLANDS JOINED BY VIADUCTS SPANNING THE INTERVENING CHANNEL. WHEN COMPLETED, IT WILL RUN TO KEY WEST, FROM WHICH A SEAGOING FERRY WILL FLOAT TRAINS TO HAVANA

ered into his possession a dozen millions or more, he began to dream of the wonders that such an immense fortune could perform, and he decided to build for the tourist and the pleasure-seeker such an Aladdin palace as neither Florida nor any other American State had ever seen. It was a purely oriental concep-

of unpleasantness. There was even to be a small separate building, hidden by tropical foliage, in which business matters were to be attended to.

All this strange fancy Mr. Plant made come true. Here, in a remote, sandy wilderness, the haunt of the wild duck and the alligator, he built his garden and



THE UNITED STATES NAVY-YARD AT PENSACOLA—PENSACOLA WAS FOUNDED BY THE SPANIARDS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, AND IS THE CHIEF CITY AND SEAPORT OF WESTERN FLORIDA AND AN IMPORTANT NAVAL STATION

From a copyrighted photograph by the Detroit Publishing Company, New York

tion. Here was to be an earthly paradise, into which none could enter except the rich. In the center of a vast walled garden, such as the Caliph of Bagdad or the wealthiest of the Pharaohs might have owned, was to rise a vast caravanary looking more like a palace than a hotel. It was to be a great rose-colored structure, embroidered with flowering ivy and topped with white towers and minarets. Inside were to be such treasures as are only made for kings—rare tapestries, rugs, statues, paintings, antique cabinets. It was to be a temple of health and repose. There was to be no cold or hunger or sickness or any sort

his palace. After his death, in 1900, the whole property passed into the possession of the city of Tampa, so that the exclusive garden is now a public park and the palace is the finest hotel in western Florida.

FLAGLER AND HIS WORK FOR FLORIDA

Of all living men, however, the one who has done most for Florida is a certain Bismarck of commerce and finance named Henry M. Flagler. On the east coast, especially, "Fla." stands for Flagler rather than for Florida. So marvelous a transformation from a sandy wilderness to a five-hundred-mile streak

of terrestrial paradise has nowhere else been wrought by the genius and enterprise of one man.

From the moment when he saw it first, in 1884, Florida seized upon Mr. Flagler's imagination. He was then a work-worn millionaire, with thirty-five years of business-building behind him; but as he sat under the palm-trees he forgot it all and began a second career, fully as romantic as that of Ponce de Leon, and, happily, much more successful.

At the suggestion of a friend in Washington, he had gone to St. Augustine to escape the severity of a northern February; and he was so impressed by the restfulness and unique charm of the place that he ordered a great hotel to be built there. Another friend, Mr. Frederic Robert, lured him two hundred and sixty miles farther south, to Palm Beach, which the delighted Flagler immediately began to transform into a garden of the gods.

By this time he had bought a railway that ran south from Jacksonville—a pitiful wire-way of rust that lay forlorn and unprofitable. He remade it, and built it farther and farther south, until now it hems the entire east coast with a double thread of steel. Even to Miami, which lies near the extreme southern tip of the mainland of Florida, it is a notable line, running through a tropical region that looks much more like Algiers or Egypt than like any other section of the United States.

A RAILROAD IN THE SEA

But from Miami southward, it is such a railway as no one who has not seen it can imagine. As if it could resist the lure of the sea no longer, it leaves the land and leaps straight out into the gray-blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico, linking a line of green islands together like a string of emeralds. One hundred and fifty miles in length, and every mile a marvel!

Some of the islands are tiny stepping-stones, and some of them are large and dense with tropical foliage—rubber-trees draped with flowering ivy, and pines festooned with Spanish moss. Shady lagoons tunnel underneath this foliage, and give the lazy alligators a place to hide when the roar of the train frightens

them. Immense soaring birds—the original aeroplanes—curve and circle overhead. And in the open sea between the islands, heavy-bodied ducks scurry off to a quieter feeding-ground; tall white herons, like winged clothes-poles, fly from beside the track on either side; fishes of many colors jump and splash in the water; and far off on the horizon are the sails of ships, which have not yet found out how to go to sea on tracks of steel.

When this nautical railroad is finished it will run to Key West—less than ninety miles from Havana. Even here there will be no change of cars, for huge ferries will float the trains across the water. The same Pullman that carries you from New York will take you all the way, not only to Havana, but down the length of Cuba to Santiago. Such a trip will be possible in a year or two. At present this seagoing railway runs as far as Knight's Key, forty miles from Key West, and very nearly one-third of the remaining mileage has been completed. Great docks are now being built at Key West, and nearly a hundred acres of land have been made ready for the terminal buildings.

What with this wonderful railway, and his chain of nine great hotels, Henry M. Flagler has invested in Florida a sum approaching fifty millions of dollars. He has given the United States a new five-hundred-mile coast-line. Single-handed, he has accomplished a task so costly and difficult that in any other country it would have been a national undertaking. No one but a twentieth-century American would have dared to carry it through alone.

He is now a remarkably young old man of seventy-nine, this empire-builder of the new Southeast. Seventy years have passed since he was a country boy in New York State, accepting as a matter of necessity the hardships of the Northern winters; to-day, he lives in a marble castle at Palm Beach, while thousands of tourists are enjoying a semitropical winter in the wonderland he has opened to them.

Personally, Flagler cares little for luxury. He is neither a hunter nor a fisherman. He is a business man, pure and simple. He loves to do big things.

He has no fear of incidental difficulties. All he asks is that the proposed work shall be possible for human energy and brains to do.

It is said that when the plans for the seagoing railway were placed before him, he studied them for some time. Finally he turned to J. R. Parrott, his railway manager, and asked:

"Can you do this?"

"Yes," replied Parrott.

"Then do it," said Flagler.

The next day the building of the most unique railway in the world began.

THE FLORIDA OF THE FUTURE

Flagler has faith in Florida—such faith as removes jungles and builds railways in the midst of the sea. Looking south of her, he sees a new Cuba, too busy and prosperous for revolutions. He sees the shuttling of ships through the Panama Canal. He sees the union of North and South America in a confederacy of commerce. He sees Florida as a great central State, sending the product of her farms northward and the output of her factories southward. Such is Flagler's confident vision of the future, and he has backed his judgment with most of his immense fortune and

with his high reputation as a man of business.

Other men, too, in Jacksonville, Tampa, Key West, and Pensacola, have seen this vision of the future Florida. They, like Plant and Flagler, believe that in the end geography wins. They believe themselves to be the advance-guard in a new land of boundless possibilities; and at the present moment they are laying plans to conquer the Everglades, to build a new railroad to Atlanta, and to cut a waterway across the upper end of the State.

They know that when their sandy swamps are drained—a work that costs one-third as much per acre as irrigation—they will have a habitable country as large as New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts combined, with twelve hundred miles of coast-line, and land enough to make five million people prosperous. More than this, they see that their State lies midway between fifty million people in the south and ninety million people in the north; and they are confident that in the years that are near at hand it will become the center of a busy highway of commerce, adding its full share to the wealth and prestige of the Great New South.

THE CROWN OF WASHINGTON

He loved his trees, his flowers, and the yields
Of lush green meadows, and the harvest-fields.
The soul within him yearned for paths of peace;
His prayer was ever that dread war might cease—
That back once more there in his vernal bowers
He might enjoy the rest of tranquil hours,
And train his vines, and till his fertile lands

With his own hands;

That where the tocsin sounded there might swell
The pleasant chimes of some cathedral bell
To summon men to rest from daily toil.

For war-like spoil

He had no temper, yet at duty's call
Wife, home, and flowers, peace and comfort—all
He sadly left lest honor be undone,
Nor e'er knew rest again! Oh, Washington,
No crown of gold, with brilliant jeweled sheen,
Adorns thy brow, but one as fresh and green
As were the scenes you loved—the laurel leaf,
The diadem of our Unselfish Chief!

Blakeney Gray

THE CARPET-MAN

BY LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE

AUTHOR OF "THE RENAISSANCE OF PETER VAN BRUNT," "FATHER BY GRACE OF THE COURT," ETC.

UNTIL he reached the hall and rang for the elevator, the morning was much as other mornings to Fenwick. Even the subsequent delay, while the negro boy scrambled about below upon mysterious business of his own, was not unusual. But when Fenwick finally put his finger upon the electric button and kept it there, not at all as usual was that which followed.

A girl stepped off the elevator at Fenwick's floor—an utterly charming girl, even in the dimness of the hallway. Under one arm she carried a copper candlestick; under the other, a cloisonné jar. Behind her loomed a tall colored woman laden with bundles.

Fenwick, after a discreet glance, moved aside to let her pass, but she did not pass. She handed him the copper candlestick.

"Good morning," she nodded. "Have you been waiting long?"

Fenwick, equal to most occasions, accepted the candlestick, and bowed.

"About three minutes," he answered.

"Oh, you wouldn't mind that!" she said cheerily. Then she handed him the cloisonné jar. Fenwick shifted his hat to the other hand, and accepted the jar. "Pink, have you the key?" she demanded of the tall colored woman:

"Miss Lucy, it's in that jar," replied Pink, with a grim look at Fenwick.

"Why, of course," smiled the girl. "I'd lose my shoes if they weren't tied on." She approached Fenwick, and put her hand into the cloisonné jar. "The shoes they make nowadays work large, I think," she remarked to Fenwick, still smiling, as she secured the key.

She fitted it into the lock of the apartment across the way. Fenwick, although cautious by disposition, and with a New

York crust added to his original shell, allowed the elevator to depart without him.

The girl shook the door; then she pounded. Fenwick moved forward.

"Let me try," he suggested.

He returned the cloisonné jar to the girl. The copper candlestick he set upon the floor beside his hat. Then he removed the key from the lock, turned it right side up, put it in again, and opened the door.

"Thank you," sighed the girl. "I always have such trouble with keys. In Virginia, we don't use keys."

"Some of these locks are a bit stiff," returned Fenwick mildly as he picked up his hat and the candlestick.

The girl went into the apartment. The colored woman followed. Fenwick, a bit dazed, remained fixed upon the landing.

"Come right in!" called the girl. "It's here."

Fenwick, with alacrity, went into the apartment, and passed through the hall into the little drawing-room. He dimly realized that the place was piled with furniture, but so many had been his recent impressions that his mind refused to register any more. Just now it held but one, and she was waiting for him in the tiny library.

She was standing before a roll of carpet. As Fenwick came in, she pointed at it with a slim forefinger.

"There it is," she remarked. "Now, what do you think of it?"

Fenwick regarded the roll of carpet.

"Great!" he murmured.

"Oh, I don't mean the pattern," put in the girl. "There are quantities of Uncle Amos's things that I don't like at all. I never cared much for pink

roses on a green velvet ground myself. In fact, I don't like carpets." Then, with a deprecating glance at Fenwick: "Please don't think I meant to be rude."

"Rude!" exclaimed Fenwick. "Rude! How?"

"Why, not liking carpets. Most people are so proud of their—their professions, you know; and so, no doubt, you must simply love carpets."

"Why?" inquired Fenwick.

The girl, for the first time, looked at him with attention, and her serene blue eyes seemed to take a deeper shade.

"Of course," she said abruptly, "you are the carpet-man, who was to be sent up from Robinson's to estimate on laying this in the dining-room?"

"Oh—yes, of course," said Fenwick promptly, for your safe horse, when he bolts, achieves the wildest runaway. "Certainly. And I'm—er—simply crazy about carpets," he continued; "especially this carpet."

"Oh, I don't want to sell it," exclaimed the girl. "I wouldn't sell one of dear old Uncle Amos's things for anything! It doesn't seem quite the same to rent them out, do you think so?"

"Certainly not," replied Fenwick. "Are you going to rent this carpet out?"

"Why, of course," smiled the girl. "I'm going to rent the whole apartment out—furnished—if I can. I know this isn't the season, but I had to come on to see about the things. Uncle Amos left me so much furniture and so little money"—with a sigh—"but people here in New York seem to own no furniture at all. They just have clothes and trunks."

"And money," supplemented Fenwick, whose fog was lifting.

"Aunt Van Winken, who lives in the white house on the corner—Pink and I are staying with her—disapproves. She didn't like Uncle Amos or his furniture, but she utterly disapproves of all this"—with a wave of her hand toward the drawing-room. "She says I'm the first Darcy to go into trade. She says Pink and I and our bundles remind her of Chinese coolies. She washes her hands of us and our apartment. She says it

will not pay. She says the people who rent furnished apartments have been uplifted. They have ceased to demand cozy corners. They want mechanical pianos, and—as a sort of balance—antiques. So you see, I've got to succeed. I've got to rent it—just to show her; and I've had two offers. One was a woman with three dogs—"

At this point the tall colored woman appeared in the doorway. Again she gave Fenwick a grim look.

"Miss Lucy, is this here carpet-man goin' to do his measurin' soon? 'Cause if he ain't, I can start in on the dining-room."

"Certainly, Pink. He's—he's measuring now—with his eye." Once more the girl pointed at the carpet-roll. "Do you think that would be enough for the dining-room?" she asked Fenwick, with an appeal in her eyes before which he went down without a sound, without a struggle.

"May I see the dining-room?" he asked gently.

"Why, of course! Come down this hall. It's rather dark, isn't it?—and sort of thin—and twisting. But the sun shines into the kitchen," she added triumphantly. "Pink noticed that at once. This"—with a wave of the hand—"is the dining-room. You may measure as much as you like. And make it come out right, please! There are twenty yards and seven inches in that roll. And I'll begin at once on the books." With a polite little bow, a quick little smile, a gentle pat on Pink's shoulder, and a light clatter of heels upon the bare floor, she was gone.

Fenwick looked at Pink, immovable as an obelisk in the doorway. Then he paced the room from one end to the other. Then he took out a note-book and a pencil. He wished the woman would go. He couldn't make up his mind while she stood there watching him. He couldn't decide whether to drop the affair now, or to go on with it. He walked to a window and did vague sums upon his note-book.

At length he was released, for a clear voice summoned Pink, who, stony as ever, withdrew reluctantly. Fenwick put away his note-book, and gazed out of the window. There was a glimpse of the

river on this side, but he did not see it. Just now, he saw nothing but two wistful blue eyes and the shining hair that waved above them.

Never before had Fenwick indulged in a day-dream at half past nine o'clock on a business morning; but then, never before had he met this particular girl. As a rule, he dodged girls. What course to pursue he did not yet know, but one thing was certain—in this case there would be no dodging.

It was Pink, reappearing, who shattered the day-dream.

"Miss Lucy says when will you lay it?" she demanded, as one who flings down a challenge.

Fenwick turned from the window and pocketed his note-book.

"I'll see—" he began, but Pink cut him short.

"Miss Lucy's busy," she remarked. "I'll take the message. And I'll show you out."

Fenwick, encountering her eye, met suspicion so open that he dared not argue. He meekly followed Pink down the thin hall, and was shown briskly out. Just before closing the door, she spoke again:

"Are you-all comin' back, Mr. Carpet-man?" she asked with a sniff.

"I am," retorted Fenwick. "I'm coming at four."

Although the door was closed in his face, he failed to resent the fact. He gave the elevator-boy fifty cents. He patted upon the head an ugly mongrel surreptitiously introduced by the said boy into the vestibule.

On the steps, he met a hard-featured man with a bag. Fenwick took him by the arm.

"My dear sir," said Fenwick, "are you by any chance a gentleman hailing from an emporium known as Robinson's, who comes here in answer to a summons from one named Darcy, about the measuring of an exquisite carpet creation in green and pink?"

The man released his arm rudely.

"Aw, go on back and sleep it off!" he suggested.

"Are you from Robinson's?" returned Fenwick, beaming upon him.

"I'm from Robinson's—yes," acknowledged the man, with a belligerent air.

"I don't pipe your game, though, young fellow."

"Take your time," said Fenwick. "You will in a moment." Reaching into his pocket, he produced a five-dollar bill. "Now," he remarked, "if you are detained—if you don't show up here till four o'clock this afternoon, and if, when you do show up at four this afternoon, you let me help you lay that carpet—then this is yours."

The man looked at Fenwick wearily.

"Wake up!" he remarked. "It's morning."

"Never mind me," said Fenwick, waving the bill. "Will you do it?"

The man held out his hand.

"Oh, no!" said Fenwick gently. "Afterward."

The man grinned reluctantly.

"You're coming to, aren't you? Well, I'm on."

"At four," said Fenwick.

"At four," assented the man; whereupon they parted.

II

Of course, reason asserted herself. She always does. At luncheon, alone in a quiet corner, Fenwick called himself names. He vowed he would not go up town at four o'clock. He would change his mind. At two o'clock he decided to go up-town at four, and tell Miss Darcy that he had changed his mind. At three-thirty he went up-town.

There was no sign of the man from Robinson's. A fifteen-minute wait failed to produce him, and Fenwick, unable to restrain himself, went up-stairs alone. To his concealed joy, Miss Darcy herself opened the door, greeted him, led him to the dining-room, and then took up her position upon a tiny step-ladder near the window.

Fenwick became aware that the situation was increasingly difficult. The girl's serene eyes, her silence, the absence of his confederate, the lack of tools, of knowledge, and the appalling presence of the carpet, began to tell upon him. Grimly, he opened the roll, manipulated it, fought for time and ideas as he covered the floor with it. Once, backing in his confusion through a swinging door, he found himself stranded, amid waves of carpet, in a butler's pan-

try. He emerged, red with mortification, to meet squarely the merciless and unamused eyes of Miss Darcy. At something in their expression, Fenwick dropped the carpet and stood erect.

"How much longer," she inquired from her step-ladder, "are you going to keep up this farce?"

"Farce?" he echoed.

"Certainly," returned the girl. "A more painful exhibition I have never seen."

Fenwick squared his shoulders and grew rather white. He said nothing.

"Are you from Robinson's?" asked the girl.

"No," said Fenwick.

"I thought not. Are you a carpet-man?" went on the girl.

"I am not," said Fenwick.

"I saw that. Well, what do you mean," continued Miss Darcy, "by coming in here and pretending that you are?"

"At first—this morning," said Fenwick, "I didn't understand; but when you said 'Come in,' I was glad to come in as anything or anybody."

Miss Darcy flushed.

"Of course, I made a mistake. You should have known that. But why"—sternly—"have you come back again this afternoon?"

"To see you," said Fenwick sincerely, and had the sense to add nothing more.

Miss Darcy's eyes dropped to the carpet.

"Pink, come here!" she called. From the dimness of the hall Pink emerged stonily. "Pink, when you looked out of the window after this—this person—left this morning, what did you see?"

Pink glared at Fenwick.

"I saw him meet a man with a bag," she asserted. "I saw him talk and carry on, and wave his hands like a wild man."

"Steady, Pink!" put in the girl.

"Well, he wave one hand, anyhow—like this." Pink waved one hand. "I observe him talkin' to the man very stealthy, and then they both go 'way. I think he's a robber," concluded Pink.

"Never mind what you think, Pink," said Miss Darcy. "Get the man to come out here."

During the pause which followed,

Miss Darcy and Fenwick both gazed hard at the carpet. Presently Pink returned with the man from Robinson's. At sight of Fenwick the man from Robinson's grinned.

"I didn't give it away," he remarked.

"They were on all the time. I've earned my money all right. I was waitin' in the hall when Gipsy Nell here came down and got her hooks onto me. And you can help me lay it now. I've earned my money all right."

Fenwick took up his hat and walked to the hall-door. As he passed the man with the bag, he surprised that individual with the gift of a five-dollar bill. At the door he turned once and looked at Miss Darcy; then, without a word, he walked down the hall, opened the door, and closed it gently behind him. But it was reopened almost immediately.

"Do you live across the hall?" inquired Miss Darcy, holding the door open about an inch.

Fenwick wheeled about.

"I do," he cried. "I live here with the Bradburys—my married sister—but either take me or leave me. I'm a robber, or a kidnaper, or anything you please, except a carpet-man. It's all my fault. I'm all sorts of an idiot. I'm a worm at your feet; but just one thing more—please consider the temptation."

Through the crack of the door Miss Darcy shot forth a little smile.

"Is your name really—Fenwick?" she asked shyly.

"It is. Will that fact help me?"

"Well—" Miss Darcy fidgeted with the door-knob. "Cousin Ella Van Wicken and your sister went to college together. Cousin Ella told me that when I rented the apartment in this building. She wants me to meet Mrs. Bradbury. She still calls her Grace Fenwick. So this afternoon, when the elevator-boy told Pink that you lived on this floor, and that your name was Fenwick—"

"But," broke in Fenwick breathlessly, "why didn't you tell me, in Heaven's name? Why did you let me—"

"This morning I didn't know," said the girl.

"But this afternoon?"

"This afternoon, you deserved—"

"Yes," admitted Fenwick, "I did. Please open the door a little more."

"Not a crack," said Miss Darcy firmly. "I shouldn't be here at all. Pink disapproves of you."

"Does Pink disapprove of all your friends?" inquired Fenwick.

"No," answered Miss Darcy. "But she didn't want me to see you this afternoon, and—I was obliged to sit on her. So I'm going to shut the door."

"But when may I come? When may I see you?" imposed Fenwick.

"I don't know," answered Miss Darcy. "Perhaps never."

She shut the door. Fenwick gazed at it in blank dismay. Suddenly it reopened. "Unless you can get around Pink," said Miss Darcy.

Thereupon the door closed again; and this time it remained closed.

III

It was some time before Pink left the dining-room to answer the insistence of the telephone. Miss Darcy, kneeling before the book-shelves, dreamily called,

"Who is it, Pink?" but received no answer.

"Yas, sah—no, sah—I don't want to talk to nobody—yas, sah—no, I don't blame anybody fer—yas, sah—no, it wasn't that you was exactly *fresh*, Mr. Fenwick—I got to look out for Miss Lucy. She ain't got no mother—oh, no, sah—'deed she is—well, I don't so to say *disapprove* of anybody—oh, well—no, sah—when I size folks up—yas, sah—of course, that makes a difference—yas, sah—yas, sah—oh, yas, sah—a' right, sah—good-by!"

Pink, turning from the telephone, saw the girl in the doorway.

"Oh, Pink!" breathed Miss Lucy.

Pink came forward slowly, attempted a stony face, but could not compass it.

"Honey," she said, "I got a message for you. Mis' Bradbury and her brother, Mr. Fenwick, 's comin' to call on you this evenin'. And here I stand like a great ninny, when I got to go home and press out yer white dress!"

IMMUNE

THUNDER on, ye lighting bolts!
Shake the heavens with your jolts,
O'er the meadows hover;
I vex not my soul at all
With the havoc that ye call,
Or the ruin you let fall—
I'm a lover!

Blow, ye winds cyclonic, blow!
Spread abroad your stores of woe,
Drive mankind to cover;
What care I how fierce the blast—
If 'tis coming, or is past—
How the sky is overcast?
I'm a lover!

All ye miseries, pile high
Till ye touch the topmost sky,
All the green earth over;
Trouble troubles me no jot,
Weather chill or weather hot,
Rain or shine, it matters not—
I'm a lover!

In her eyes my heaven I find.
To all else completely blind,
I shall ne'er recover;
All is peace beneath her smile;
Life is free from pain and guile,
And will so continue while
I'm her lover!

Stanton West

THE SO-CALLED "TIDAL WAVES" WHICH FOLLOW GREAT EARTHQUAKES

BY PROFESSOR T. J. J. SEE

OF THE NAVAL OBSERVATORY, MARE ISLAND

EVERY one has heard of the great "tidal waves" which frequently accompany a violent earthquake along the ocean coast, and which in many cases do more damage than the earthquake itself. Such waves are not really tidal, but are produced by seismic disturbances of the sea bottom, and should properly be called seismic sea waves.

The terrible commotion of the water thus arising may inundate the shore and lay waste cities and even whole districts lying near the level of the sea. It often destroys the shipping in a harbor by dashing the vessels against the rocks or washing them far inland. Sometimes ships are torn to pieces, or borne along with the inundation and stranded high and dry; while in other cases they are capsized and lost with their whole crews. Not infrequently cities are first shattered by the shaking of the earth, and afterward overwhelmed by the sea.

A seismic wave, as it nears the shore, sometimes attains a vertical height of sixty or even eighty feet. Such a mass of water carries everything before it, and vastly augments the horrors of an earthquake. As it moves with a velocity of some five hundred feet per second, or a mile in ten seconds, its impact is so terrific that no building can withstand its force. Anything left standing by the earthquake is almost sure to be overwhelmed by the sea; and to those who are so unfortunate as to witness such ruin

of man's frail labors, all nature seems bent on their utter destruction.

A few illustrations will make clear the nature of these appalling phenomena, and enable us to grasp more fully the cause of such tremendous convulsions of the elements.

A DISASTER IN ANCIENT GREECE

In the year 373 B.C., the whole of the Peloponnesus was shaken by a terrible earthquake. Aristotle tells us that the shock caused yawning chasms to open near Bura, on the southern shore of the Gulf of Corinth, and that the Greek cities of Bura and Helike were leveled to the ground. Pausanias says that not even the sacred images in the temples at Bura were spared, but everything was literally shattered to pieces and overthrown.

Then, on the following day, while the earth was still trembling, the bottom of the Gulf of Corinth subsided, and carried down with it the ground under the ruins of Helike. The waters rushed into the resulting depression, and in the commotion which ensued ten vessels of the Lacedæmonians, lying at anchor in the harbor of Helike, perished. The sea was raised into a mighty wave, which engulfed the remains of Helike in its rushing waters and advanced far over the land. After the inundation it was found that where the city had flourished in safety since the days of Homer, the salt water was now so deep that only the tops

EDITOR'S NOTE—Professor See's article was written shortly before the recent disaster in southern Italy, but the theory it sets forth corresponds precisely with the reported phenomena of the earthquake and seismic wave that destroyed Messina and Reggio.

of the trees about the Temple of Neptune were visible above its surface. The sea bottom must have sunk about one hundred feet, or perhaps more.

Helike—"spacious Helike," as Homer described it—was the most important city in Achaia, and its obliteration from the sight of mortals naturally excited great wonder and astonishment among the Greek philosophers. Plato was then fifty-four years old, at the height of his intellectual powers, and at the head of the Academy in Athens, while Aristotle was a boy eleven years old. Thoroughly as these wise men must have discussed the disaster, which long remained a subject of speculation among their followers and their successors, the awful fate of Helike continued to bewilder and perplex the wisest of the Athenian sages. Some ascribed the catastrophe to the wrath of the gods, because of the impious conduct of the people of the Achæan city; others assigned it to natural and necessary causes.

The Greek philosophers attributed earthquakes to the agitation of vapors confined within the earth and seeking to escape and diffuse themselves in the atmosphere. Aristotle says that in the case of Helike the efflux of the vapors was obstructed till they finally broke out and caused the cataclysm. We shall see later that the Greeks were correct in ascribing earthquakes to vapors confined within the earth, but they did not understand how these vapors obtained access to the interior.

Of the seismic wave that engulfed Helike, Aristotle speaks in a way which shows that he was familiar with the fact that sea waves often accompany earthquakes. The Greeks generally attributed these aquatic upheavals to Poseidon, the god of the sea, "the earth-shaker"; and here again their poetic imagination led them very near indeed to the truth. From the earliest ages, many such waves, following upon earthquakes, had been observed in the eastern Mediterranean; and it was quite natural that both phenomena should be ascribed to the mighty power of Poseidon, who was worshiped almost everywhere in Greece, especially by those who sailed the sea. His temples usually stood on the headlands and isthmuses, and were very prominent and celebrated

throughout the Peloponnesus, which is an earthquake country. In such a region it was natural for the people to give reverence to the mightiest of the hidden forces of nature, which shook the earth beneath their feet, and raised great waves in the sea to roll in upon the land.

THE LISBON EARTHQUAKE OF 1735

As another illustration of an earthquake and typical sea wave, we may choose the destruction of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, November 1, 1735. On this occasion the disturbance was so terrible that it was felt all over Europe, and even in North America and the West Indies, where the sea was considerably agitated. In the European lakes the waters showed oscillatory movements, due to the passing undulations in the earth. The greater part of the city of Lisbon was destroyed by the shock, especially where the ground was soft.

A short time afterward, the water in the harbor withdrew and left bare the bed of the river Tagus, in which many vessels lay at their anchors. In the excitement incident to so great a calamity, the people of Lisbon congregated on the quays; and an hour or so later, they were horrified to see the sea returning in a great wall of water some fifty feet high. Its movement was so rapid that the doomed throngs had no time to escape, and about forty thousand people perished, along with the vessels which had been anchored in the harbor. The quay is said to have sunk, and it is certain that all the lower parts of the city were overflowed. At Cadiz the wave was sixty feet high, and the whole coast of Portugal suffered severely from this dreadful inundation. At Madeira, far out in the Atlantic, the water behaved as at Lisbon—first withdrawing from the shore, and returning later in a great wave; but the movement was not so extreme as on the mainland.

The center of the disturbance must have been somewhere beneath the ocean, in the region between Madeira and the Portuguese coast. The sinking of the sea bottom in this region caused the water to withdraw from the shore; then, when the currents flowed in to fill up the depression, they raised a corresponding ridge, and when it collapsed the great wave

came ashore to add to the horrors of the earthquake.

OTHER MEMORABLE SEISMIC WAVES

Another typical sea wave occurred at Callao, Peru, in 1746. On the 28th of October in that year the whole Peruvian coast was shaken by a terrible earthquake, no fewer than two hundred shocks being experienced. Twice the ocean retired from the land, and returned as a great wave, which is said to have been eighty feet high. Twenty-three ships were in the harbor of Callao; of these, nineteen were sunk, while the remaining four were carried inland and stranded at a considerable height above the sea. A large part of the coast around Callao subsided, and much of the town sank into the bay. Of its four thousand inhabitants, only about two hundred escaped alive.

On November 18, 1867, the American cruiser *Monongahela* was lying in the harbor of St. Thomas, Danish West Indies, when a severe earthquake occurred. Here, too, the sea first withdrew from the shore, and then returned in a great wave. The advancing wall of water caught up the *Monongahela* and carried her into the streets of St. Thomas.

Two other memorable waves occurred on the west coast of South America in 1868 and 1877, respectively. On August 13, 1868, the United States war-ships *Wateree* and *Fredonia* were lying in the harbor of Arica, anchored in seven fathoms of water, when the whole region was shaken by a terrible earthquake, which was felt from Valdivia to Guayaquil. The city of Arica was leveled to the ground, and devastation spread far and wide. No sooner had the great shock passed than the officers of the ships noticed the water in the harbor slowly draining away; and in a short time the ships lay on the dry bottom, unable to move. In less than an hour's time their astonishment at the withdrawal of the sea was converted into terror at the sight of its return in a great wave fifty or sixty feet high. It came with awful swiftness, advancing at the rate of a mile in ten seconds, and carrying everything before it. It picked up the stranded and helpless *Wateree* and carried her about half a mile inland, where she was deposited without material injury. The *Fredonia*

was less fortunate, for she capsized, and every one aboard her was lost.

When the wave had spent its force against the high ground behind the city, the sea again withdrew, and the harbor was laid bare as before. After a short time a second wave, not quite so high as the first, returned and swept the shore. This periodic oscillation of the sea was kept up with slowly diminishing intensity for a couple of days, before calm was finally restored. Meanwhile, the waves were propagated across the Pacific and observed all over the world. Nearly all the shipping about Arica was lost in this terrible fury of the sea, and the whole coast of Chile and Peru was devastated for hundreds of miles.

On May 9, 1877, another severe earthquake was felt along the west coast of South America, with its highest intensity near Iquique. After the worst of the shock had passed, the sea withdrew, as in the Arica wave of 1868, and in less than an hour's time returned as a mighty wall of water about sixty feet high. The whole coast, after being devastated by the earthquake, was again overflowed by the sea, and the same universal ruin spread along the shore. At Arica, the stranded hulk of the *Wateree*, which had been used as a hotel since 1868, was again picked up and carried still farther inland. This showed that at Arica the wave of 1877 exceeded that of nine years before. Nearly all the shipping in the harbor was lost, and again the waves rolled across the Pacific and were observed in Japan, the East Indies, and almost all over the world. As in 1868, when the first wave withdrew from the land, the harbor was again laid bare; then a second wave would return to sweep the shore; and thus, at intervals of something like an hour, the sea kept oscillating for fully two days, before calm was finally restored by the friction of the water against the bed of the sea.

THE CAUSE OF SEISMIC WAVES

A seismic wave is due to a sinking of the sea bottom at some distance from the shore. When this happens, the water, of course, flows in from all sides to fill up the depression. Then, when the currents meet at the center, and raise a ridge by their mutual impact, the ridge collapses

under gravity, and sends the first great wave ashore. Where the ridge of water once was, a second depression in the sea-level is thus developed; the water again flows in as in the first case, and the process keeps on repeating itself. As the water is very deep along the west coast of South America, the movement is not much obstructed by friction, and consequently the furious oscillation of the sea may be kept up for a long time.

On June 15, 1896, the northern shores of Japan were visited by terrible earthquake shocks, which were recorded on seismographs in Europe. The disturbance originated beneath the Tuscarora Deep—the great depression in the bed of the Pacific that stretches from Japan toward the Aleutian Islands. This oceanic abyss, which reaches a depth of forty-six hundred fathoms, or more than twenty-seven thousand feet, is known as the worst earthquake region in the world. On the Japanese coast, as on that of South America, the water first withdrew from the shore, and later returned in a great wave. No fewer than a hundred and seventy-six vessels were carried inland and left stranded there. Along a region seventy miles in length the coast villages were washed away, and thirty thousand people perished from the earthquake and the inundation.

In other instances the water rises suddenly, overflows the coast, and washes ships inland, without any previous withdrawal from the shore. For instance, on December 29, 1854, the city of Simoda, in Japan, was overwhelmed by a sudden inrush of the sea about an hour after a violent earthquake.

Seismic waves of this class are produced by an upheaval of the sea bottom, which lifts the overlying water bodily upward, causing it to rush in upon the shore. No doubt the reader has often heard of the upheaval of islands and volcanoes in the sea. Such uplifts might cause a sea wave on the neighboring shores. If an area of considerable size is upraised, the inundation will be all the greater and more wide-spread. Such sudden risings of the sea have been observed in many places, but they are less frequent and less dangerous than waves caused by the sinking of the sea bottom.

To sum up our investigation of the so-

called "tidal waves" that follow violent earthquake shocks, we see that they are due either to the sinking or to the elevation of the sea bottom. To complete our explanation of these terrific and wonderful manifestations of nature, we may now add that mountains are formed by earthquakes; and that earthquakes themselves are due to the secular leakage of the ocean bottoms.

THE MOLDING OF MOUNTAIN-CHAINS

The great depth and the enormous pressure of the sea water, with the aid of capillary forces, drive it through the rocky crust of the earth till it comes to the intensely hot strata some twenty miles below the surface. The earth is everywhere at high temperature inside, and steam is developed under the crust; when the pressure of the steam accumulates, it finally shakes the solid crust till it gets relief through some opening. We know how the lid of a tea-kettle on a stove becomes agitated and keeps on shaking till the steam escapes at the sides. The same thing happens when the waters of the ocean work down into the hot rock beneath the earth's crust; steam is developed, the rock slowly swells, and, finally, shakes the crust above to get more space—which is usually effected by the expulsion of lava at the edges of the sea.

Thus, along the shores of the ocean, the crust of the earth is uplifted to form mighty mountains. Geographers long ago noticed that most of the great mountain-ranges run parallel to the shores; and this is the cause of the parallelism. They have all been formed by the expulsion of lava from under the oceans in great earthquakes, millions of which have occurred in past geological ages. The lava is forced outward toward the land, because steam forms under the oceans, but scarcely at all under the land.

Now, when lava is expelled from under the sea to form mountains along the coast, the sea bottom is undermined, so that it will sooner or later give down to secure stability. This sinking of the sea bottom causes the principal class of seismic waves, of which we have given an account.

Sometimes the steam forces an island to rise in the sea, and a volcano breaks out. The fact that all volcanoes are near

the sea proves that they depend on the oceans; and the further fact that they emit chiefly the vapor of steam shows that they are caused by the leakage of the oceans.

As I have already said, the Greeks of two thousand years ago had observed the fact that great and destructive sea waves accompany earthquakes; but it is only recently that the students of terrestrial phenomena have been able to formulate a clear and satisfactory theory of the agencies that cause these terrifying up-

heavals. The explanation given in this article puts into the matter-of-fact language of modern science the truth which the Hellenic myth so gracefully foreshadowed.

Where the ancients saw in earthquake shock and tidal wave the handiwork of angry Poseidon, ruler of the sea and shaker of the earth, we recognize the working of the mighty natural forces that have molded, and are still molding, the ocean deeps and mountain crests of this ever-changing globe.

FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "THE HUNGER TEST," "UNDER BARE POLES," ETC.

ANDREW NORMAN, though on the westward side of fifty, was a bachelor—a fact in itself enough to make a marked man of him from Bald Skipper Tickle to Come-by-Chance. In addition to this questionable distinction, he persistently preached the creed of "every man for himself." Thus he acquired a reputation for selfishness; for along that coast, where folk set great store by argument and lengthy talk, a man is known by his words rather than his deeds.

When Molly Devine told how Andy had given two plugs of tobacco to her old father, and hinted her belief that the misanthrope was less hard than he pretended, he explained the matter so that his questionable reputation did not suffer.

"They two plugs was fair rotten wid mold," he said.

Of a winter night, Andy would often invite half a dozen men and women—and they could bring their babies along with them—to his cabin, to sit by his fire, drink his tea, and listen to his arguments against generosity.

"Look at me," he would say. "I be's fat as a swile, from never missin' a hearty mug-up from one end o' the year to t'other. Can ye tell me the reason? I'll tell it myself. I be's a single man, wid just myself to work for an' feed.

There don't be another house in Little Harbor what don't feel the pinch o' hunger some time between fishin' an' fishin'. Fill yer mug, Peter Walsh—the stuff'll spile if ye don't drink it up. Every man for hisself, say I. If every man on the coast cares for hisself, who'll suffer? The women an' the childer, ye say, Dave Corney? It don't be no country for women an' childer, anyhow. If ye don't be able to live widout marryn', then leave the coast. Have some more o' that desperate bad 'lassy-cake, Mrs. Walsh. Don't be afeared to eat it. I made it out o' spiled flour, so it didn't cost me much. If I be'd a rich man, now, I'd do better nor marry. I'd live on Little Gull Rock, I would, an' eat figgy-duff every day, an' hen's eggs, an' potatoes freighted clear 'round from St. John's. Aye, an' cabbage an' corned beef—an' I'd take in two noospapers, an' smoke Sailor's Sweetheart 'baccy instead o' Fisherman's Luck. There'd be one contented man on the coast, anyhow!"

By years of such talk Andrew Norman became famed as the most selfish-minded lad north of St. John's. And so it chanced that Mr. Alfred Raymond, a gentleman from New York, who was fishing for sea-trout at Bald Skipper Tickle, heard some of Andy's views of life, sec-

ond-hand, and immediately set out for Little Harbor to investigate the author of them. Mr. Raymond had plenty of time to spend on sudden whims, and was himself a bachelor. He, too, was selfish; but, unlike Andy, he did his best to conceal the fact from his friends and the world. He also considered himself a very keen student of human nature.

Raymond found the selfish man of Little Harbor drying fish on the rocks before his hut, and the two were soon in conversation. What seemed to the New Yorker to be the strangest of all Andy's views was his idea of a contented life.

"Do you mean to say that your ambition is so poor a thing as that—enough food, and no work, and a life of useless solitude on that desolate rock?" he asked severely.

"Aye, sir, that be's what I mean," replied Andy. "No more fishin'; figgy-duff an' all manner o' rich food every day; an' two noospapers from St. John's. If I be'd a rich man, now, I'd ax for no better life nor that."

"It would be an utterly useless existence," said Raymond.

"Every man for himself—that be's my motto," asserted Andy.

"You are an extraordinary individual," replied the gentleman from "up-along."

"Ye may lay whatever names ye like onto me," returned Andy; "but I holds to my argument."

"What's your idea of the yearly income of a rich man?" asked Raymond, firm in the clutches of his new whim.

"There be's rich men an' desperate rich men," said Andy. "Now, sir, I be's o' the opinion as how, in some parts o' the world, there be's men wid as much as six hunder' dollars every year o' their lives, widout ever hittin' a clip to earn it. But for myself, I'd think a lad who has a dollar a day, widout fishin' for it, be's rich enough for anything."

"Your ideas are not extravagant," said Raymond. "How much do you usually make at the fishing?"

"In a good season I's made as high as two hunder' an' eighty dollars; but one year I didn't make more nor fifty, an' lost my skiff atop o' that," replied Andy.

"Why, that must mean starvation!"

"I be's alive yet, sir."

"But you must be lazy! Now, the men with families—surely they do better than that?" queried the stranger.

"Nay, sir, I be's the smartest fisherman in the harbor," replied Andy.

Raymond got Andy to pull him out to Little Gull Rock, which lay about half a mile off the harbor. Its bleakness struck a chill right through him, and he turned to the native with increased wonder.

"If you really mean it," he said, "you are a very remarkable man! I should like to try you for a year. I'm a student of human nature, and I've often spent more than three hundred and fifty dollars on less important experiments. If you stand the test, man—if you prove your words—I'll be famous as the discoverer of the most unemotional, cold-hearted human being in the world!"

"What d'ye mean, sir?" asked Andy.

"I mean that I'll pay you three hundred and fifty dollars—no, I'll make it four hundred—if you will live for a year on that rock, alone, with never more than an hour or two ashore at the one time, and no sort of work except your cooking and pottering about the cabin. I'll send the cash around from St. John's next week, on my way home."

Andy puffed at his pipe in silence, while Raymond drew a note-book and fountain pen from his pocket and wrote out the following agreement:

I, Andrew Norman, of Little Harbor, do hereby agree to live alone on Little Gull Rock, for the space of one year, beginning within a month from this date, to prove certain sentiments which I have expressed regarding my ideas of a life of contentment. Should I, at any time within the year, leave the said Little Gull Rock for a longer period than two hours, or entertain any companions on the rock, or work at the fishing, or fail in any way in my principles of life as stated to Alfred Raymond, of New York, I shall willingly relinquish all claim to such balance of the four hundred dollars supplied me by the said Alfred Raymond as may be on hand at that time. "Every man for himself" is my motto. My idea of a happy life is to live alone on Little Gull Rock, with plenty to eat and nothing to do. Let my neighbors look out for themselves.

Raymond read it aloud; then Andy spelled it over to himself.

"D'ye mean it?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the whimsical sportsman. "Put your name to the paper, and give me your word that you will honestly observe the conditions, and the money shall be yours inside of two weeks," replied the other.

So Andy, without more ado, laboriously wrote his name at the bottom of the agreement.

II

WHEN the money arrived in cash, Andrew Norman was unable to keep to himself the story of his queer agreement. Some of his acquaintances positively refused to believe a word of it—until they saw the parcel of bank-notes. Then, of course, they could not deny that there seemed to be something in it.

Andy ordered all manner of provisions from St. John's, and built himself a small, snug cabin on Little Gull Rock. Then, as far as appearances went, he lived a life of selfish contentment for close upon three weeks. In reality, those three weeks held but little of enjoyment for the hermit. He had too much time for reflection. Argument was all very well—but reflection, he found, was a very different matter. He could not keep from thinking of the scanty fare in some of the cabins in the harbor, and from wondering what his old neighbors were saying about him. It may be amusing to say hard things of yourself; but it is quite another matter to suspect people of saying them without any urging on your part.

Just how long Andy's reflections would have allowed him to remain on the rock, if he had not been otherwise disturbed, I cannot say. He was awakened, one night, by the feel of a hand under his pillow, where he kept the three hundred dollars which remained of his money. Reaching up in the dark, he caught a man by the throat; and after a minute's struggle he lit a match and found that the housebreaker was Corney Sandys, of Rocky Cove. Corney was neither large nor strong. Also, he was considerably shaken and bruised. He burst into tears when Andy put the match to the wick of a candle.

"For the love o' mercy, ye'll not be sendin' me to jail?" he wailed.

"What be'd ye lookin' for?" asked Andy.

"Money," replied Corney, between sobs. "I be clear mad for want o' money, wid winter a comin' on, an' no warm clothin' for Mary an' the young uns, an' no luck at all wid the fish. It be's almighty hard to see the childer starve, b'y!"

Andy nodded reflectively. Then he lit the fire, put on the teakettle, and dressed himself. He put poor Corney into his own bed, and fed him with hot salt pork and tea well sweetened with molasses.

"Now, lad, ye lay quiet till I gets back," he said. "I be's a goin' 'round to Rocky Cove wid this little bag o' grub, an' to tell Mary ye'll be home to-morry—that ye had a bit o' an accident. I'll trust ye to lay quiet, b'y. In the mornin' I'll give ye some money."

"Sure, now, be ye tellin' me the truth?" whispered Corney.

"Did I ever tell ye a lie?" asked Norman.

"Aye, lad, ye've telled a thousand lies—a tellin' us about your bitter, hard heart," replied the other.

When Andy got back to Little Gull Rock, two hours after sunrise, he found Corney Sandys still asleep. Before waking his uninvited guest, or even relighting the fire for breakfast, he sat down and wrote the following letter:

DEAR MR. RAYMOND,—i has broke my agreement and so gives up the money. A friend, Corney Sandys of Rocky Cove, be now visitin' me. The money be mine no longer, and so i gives part of it to Corney, him having a wife and six little ones and no fish or money, and the rest i gives to old Bill Pently, who is sick, and some more starving people. i think you will be glad the money will be so useful to poor people.

Your obegent sarvant,

ANDREW NORMAN,
of Little Harbor.

When the folk of Little Harbor and Rocky Cove expressed their opinion of Andy's actions with the firing of sealing-guns and the blowing of horns, he seemed confused for a moment. Then, for the sake of the old argument, he roared:

"The rich food give me cramps! D'ye think I'd kill myself wid cramps just to please a gentleman from up-along?"

But the people knew Andy by that time, and the tumult of wind and powder was redoubled.

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HER FRIENDS

BY WILLIS STEELL

WHEN Mrs. Lincoln went to Washington to become mistress of the White House, she was not a stranger in the capital. Ten years before, she had lived there inconspicuously as the wife of an obscure Representative from a remote Western State, as Illinois then was; and that taste of the excitement, intrigues, extravagance, and dangers of Washington life, although it lasted for only a single term of her husband's service as Congressman, proved delightful enough to unsettle and unfit her for a narrow existence. She afterward saw Springfield with the critical eye of a worldling, and her dream was of a return to the nation's capital, clothed with power to reward magnanimously the few who had given her social recognition, and to repay in kind the neglect of others. The horizon of her social observation had widened immensely, and her ambition soared to no less extensive bounds.

There is no testimony to show that she realized the signs of the times, or measured the significance of events otherwise than by the meager standard of her personal wishes and ambitions. She assumed her lofty place unperturbed and unconcerned. There had been an exciting and rancor-breeding campaign, it is true; but other campaigns as rancorous and eventful had passed with no untoward happening; nor could she see that in the Presidency of her husband there would be more than the usual activity of politics. That a cloud of war hung black over the nation she had no discernment to perceive. Had she seen that this shadow would never leave her, although the storm might break at last and pass away, she would have crossed the threshold of the White House with trembling limbs.

As it was, she entered there proudly, as one who had labored zealously and who deserved the prize when it fell into her eager hands.

During her early years in Washington, Mrs. Lincoln had been painfully conscious of her inexperience, and had sought knowledge of the world with a thirsty soul. It was not pleasant to return to the narrow round of life in Springfield; but what she could not gain there from people she sought in books. Never doubting that she would one day return to the capital in a position of greater influence, she prepared herself to sustain it with the materials that lay near by.

From her great husband she could learn little—a child he was, and a child he would remain, in superficial social wisdom; but from his political colleagues, from the statesmen and lawyers who occasionally sat at her dinner-table, she thought she could learn much. She spared them no questions which would add to her store of knowledge regarding the circles and the cliques of the capital; and as well as she could, in her unhappy exile, she prepared to conquer them. Her mind was remarkably receptive; and the results of the catechism to which she subjected her Eastern guests satisfied her that a strong personality—or at least an unusual one—was required in any woman who should attempt to weld together the mixed and contradictory elements of Washington society. So far her deduction was correct, and she went no further. She did not realize that the elements of this society were already in course of disintegration.

At length the moment came when her ambition received its crown. She was the first lady in the land. Without nervous-

ness and without fear she prepared to enjoy her preeminence.

THE SOCIAL SUPREMACY OF THE SOUTH

In Washington, at that epoch and for many years previous to it, the women of the South had enacted the social laws. With their natural and acquired graces, with their inherited taste and ability in social affairs, it was natural that the reins should have fallen to them. They represented the aristocracy of the United States at the time; but they were kind-hearted aristocrats, for the most part, who smiled good-naturedly at the awkward and perplexed attempts of the women from the North and West—"Mrs. Senator This," "Mrs. Congressman That"—to thread the mazes of the social labyrinth. Like all aristocrats, however, they were chary of admitting such outsiders to their inner circle, and they chafed at the thought that one of these, by a turn of the political wheel, had been raised above them.

In this Southern set Mrs. Lincoln should have known that she could be welcomed only of necessity. She should have comprehended that their smiles were merely those of courtesy, that their sympathy was forced. Most of these women found it expedient to court the new mistress of the White House; but few of them really liked her, and from their covert unfriendliness arose the prejudice which spread over the entire country and followed the widow of the martyred President to her grave.

If the Southern women of the capital whispered behind their fans that Mrs. Lincoln was *gauche* and ordinary, the women of the North criticized her for what they termed her lack of seriousness, her volatile tendencies, her extravagance in dress; and they condemned her for her preference, very early shown, for the beautiful Southern maids and matrons. Between these two hostile camps Mrs. Lincoln set up her republican court. Her task of keeping them well affected toward her proved hardly less difficult than the vast and awe-inspiring work of her husband. Considering her temperament, and the slight experience which she brought to her task, it is strange that she attained even a measure of success.

Among the ladies of the Cabinet, Mrs. Lincoln found no help. With one or two exceptions, they were strangers to Washington, and their spirits were weighed down by the impending peril of the nation. Their duties of receiving and attending social functions were performed awkwardly and timidly. None of them was attracted to the President's wife, and she made her first mistake when she ignored them.

Casting about for intimates who could always be drawn upon when it was essential for a group of ladies, in the old-time phrase, to "grace the White House," Mrs. Lincoln selected as her informal ladies-in-waiting certain women whom she had heard praised for their brilliancy and courted for their beauty. Several of these were not politically attached to the administration; nearly all of them, if not Southern by birth, had strong Southern affiliations.

MRS. CRITTENDEN AND MRS. DOUGLAS

Prominent among them was Mrs. John J. Crittenden, a beautiful Kentucky woman, married to a man who had served several terms in the United States Senate, and who had been Governor of his State and Attorney-General under Presidents Harrison and Fillmore. Senator Crittenden was a prominent "war Democrat," and after the outbreak of hostilities he gave warm and eloquent support to the cause of the Union. His daughter, Mrs. Chapman Coleman, was a graceful and accomplished woman. Coming from a border State, the Crittenden family showed a striking instance of that division of sentiment which characterized the people of their section. One of Senator Crittenden's sons, Thomas L. Crittenden, volunteered for service in the Federal army, winning the rank of major-general at Shiloh. Another son, General George B. Crittenden, held an important command in the armies of the Confederacy, and more than once these brothers faced each other on the field of battle.

Another notable figure in this Southern circle was Myra Clark Gaines, the widow of a Virginian soldier, General Edmund P. Gaines. Mrs. Gaines was then prosecuting the historic series of lawsuits by which she sought to establish her title to the property that had belonged to her



MRS. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, SENATOR
DOUGLAS'S SECOND WIFE (MISS ADELE
CUTTS, OF WASHINGTON)



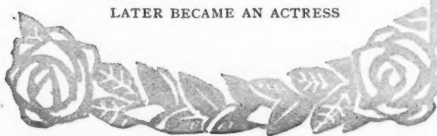
MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN
*From a photograph taken in 1861,
shortly after she became Mistress
of the White House*



MRS. JOHN E. ALLEN, ONE OF MRS. LINCOLN'S
CLOSE PERSONAL FRIENDS, WHO
LATER BECAME AN ACTRESS



MRS. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, WHO WAS A
DAUGHTER OF SECRETARY OF STATE
MARCY, AND WHOSE SON IS NOW
MAYOR OF NEW YORK





MYRA CLARK GAINES, FAMOUS AS THE
CLAIMANT OF A VAST ESTATE
IN NEW ORLEANS



MRS. ULYSSES S. GRANT—A WAR-
TIME PORTRAIT OF THE WIFE
OF GENERAL GRANT



MISS KATE CHASE, DAUGHTER OF CHIEF JUSTICE
CHASE, AND A PROMINENT FIGURE IN
THE WHITE HOUSE CIRCLE



ISABELLA HINCKLEY (MME. SUSINI), A CELEBRA-
TED AMERICAN SINGER WHO WAS A
FRIEND OF MRS. LINCOLN

father, Daniel Clark, of New Orleans. Most of this she later succeeded in recovering—though more to the advantage of her lawyers than of herself.

For a time, Mrs. Lincoln turned to the wife of Stephen A. Douglas, her husband's old rival, and begged her to lend her charming presence to the White House. Mrs. Douglas—who had been Miss Adèle Cutts, a Washington belle, before she became the Little Giant's second wife—was willing to grace Mrs. Lincoln's court, and for two or three months she was a prominent figure at the Presidential receptions. To the women of the Republican party this gave offense, without conciliating the opposition circles.

In this choice, as in every other, Mrs. Lincoln was moved by her impulses. These began to sway her with the changefulness of fever. She made "dear friends," and kept them for a week; then she ceased sending them cards to semi-public receptions. The impression became confirmed in Washington that Mrs. Lincoln was "erratic," when in reality she was simply puzzled.

While General McClellan commanded the Army of the Potomac, his wife, who had been Miss Ellen Marcy, a daughter of the famous Secretary of State under President Pierce, was a conspicuous figure at Mrs. Lincoln's receptions; as were Mrs. Maunsel B. Field, of New York, and also Mrs. John E. Allen, whose face, it is said, was made "for any part she was expected to play," and who did actually go upon the stage in after years.

These were a few of the women who "received" with Mrs. Lincoln at her request, and who were always welcomed at the White House during the early part of President Lincoln's first term of office. They were chosen as a matter of personal preference, and not as a matter of policy. Hence, very naturally, their intimacy with Mrs. Lincoln excited much jealousy among the Senators' wives and the ladies of the Cabinet.

THE CLOUD OF CIVIL WAR

Mrs. Lincoln's social position was peculiarly trying because of the gloom which hung over the nation by reason of the Civil War. It seemed almost heartless to give brilliant entertainments while hundreds of thousands of men were

struggling in battle and suffering the rigors of cold and hunger at the front. Dance-music only recalled the groans of those who lay writhing in agony upon the cots of the military hospitals. Yet, if the mistress of the White House gave no entertainments, she was sure to be criticized, and the very fact might have intensified a feeling, both in this country and abroad, that the national cause was doomed. The most elaborate function given at the White House was held on the night of February 5, 1862, admission being only by invitation. Apropos of this, Mr. Lincoln remarked in his Western way:

"I don't fancy this pass business."

The President and his wife received in the East Room. Major Poore, in his volume of reminiscences, describes her costume as a white satin dress cut *décolleté*, and trimmed with black-lace flounces, which were looped up with knots of ribbon. She wore a rather remarkable head-dress of flowers. The other principal apartments of the White House—the Red, Green, and Blue Rooms—were thrown open, and were decorated with rare flowers, while music was provided by the Marine Band in the corridor. Mrs. Lincoln's eldest son, Robert Lincoln—whom some humorist of that day nicknamed "The Prince of Rails"—assisted in receiving. A really brilliant company was gathered, including the members of the diplomatic corps with their wives and daughters, Senators, justices of the Supreme Court, and Cabinet officers. From the army came Generals McClellan and Frémont, and the two French royal princes, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, who were then nominally attached to McClellan's staff.

As a social entertainment, the affair was a success; yet it brought great censure upon both the President and Mrs. Lincoln. The details were much exaggerated. A rimester in Philadelphia wrote a scurrilous poem entitled "The Queen Must Dance." Others compared this reception to the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels on the night before the battle of Waterloo. As a matter of fact, there was no dancing; and the criticism might perhaps have been less harsh had the fact been generally known that the President's two younger

children had been taken ill after the cards were issued, and that for two nights before the reception Mrs. Lincoln had watched with them, sleepless and anxious. Indeed, it was less than two weeks afterward that young Willie Lincoln died.

MRS. LINCOLN AND KATE CHASE

About this time, a young girl scarcely out of her teens won the honors from all her would-be rivals. This was Miss Kate Chase, daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase, afterward Chief Justice of the United States. Mrs. Lincoln, true to the instinct that prompted her to have beautiful and vivacious associates about her, quickly formed a friendship with this young girl, and advanced her to what might be called the post of "first lady-in-waiting." In this, however, she made no mistake, for Miss Chase had the diplomatic instinct fully developed. As soon as she felt assured of the strength of her position, she delicately began to direct the President's wife in a way likely to gain for her some of the social prestige for which Mrs. Lincoln longed. Miss Chase warned her of the mistake she was making in constantly choosing a few women on whom to bestow her favor, and advised her to vary her attendants with every succeeding function. For a short period Mrs. Lincoln followed this prudent counsel, with the result that during the next two years of her reign, despite the increasing troubles of the state, the White House functions were on the whole more successful than before.

There could hardly have been in Washington two natures more dissimilar than Mary Lincoln and Kate Chase, and their union was bound to be short-lived. While it endured, Mrs. Lincoln tasted some of the sweets of popularity so grateful to her palate. When it dissolved, her unpopularity grew apace.

Mrs. Lincoln's characteristics were quick excitability and restlessness; her manner was too animated, her laugh too frequent. Miss Chase talked fluently and gracefully, yet always with perfect calm. She was a born woman of the world, with an air of sincerity which added to her charm; and this charm was exercised on women as well as men. None of her portraits, beautiful as they

were, did her entire justice. Her complexion was of a delicate fairness, her fine features seeming to be modeled from beautifully tinted bisque. Her eyes, bright, soft, and sweet, were of an exquisite blue, and her hair had the wonderful color of a corn-tassel in the sunlight. Her teeth were perfect, her figure was remarkably graceful, and the poets of that day—and, indeed, those of a much later day—sang the turn of her exquisite throat and the regal carriage of her head. To the day of her death, which was recent, despite cares and sorrows, this woman preserved much of her remarkable attractiveness.

From her teens, Miss Chase had been initiated into political knowledge, for which her calm and thoughtful nature well fitted her. She was ambitious for her father; and six months before the campaign of 1864, when she foresaw that neither party would nominate him for President, she turned her energy to the formation of plans and intrigues to obtain for him the nomination in 1868. His acceptance of the Chief Justiceship tendered by Lincoln disappointed her deeply.

In politics Mrs. Lincoln's influence might have been injurious had her husband ever permitted her to have her way. But he was not the man to yield his judgment, even though it was his wife who urged him; and when Kate Chase understood, as soon she did, that however great might be her ascendancy over Mrs. Lincoln, she could not reach the President in this way, the young woman tired of the burden which she had voluntarily assumed, and no longer served as an assistant at the White House functions. Besides, her brilliant marriage with Governor William Sprague, of Rhode Island, which turned out so unhappily, was at this time being arranged.

BEFORE THE FINAL TRAGEDY

For a period of several months there was no "favorite" at the White House. A new election was impending, and the gaieties which Mrs. Lincoln insisted on arranging at fitful intervals were in truth political meetings, where the Southern women, less by one half than they had been, felt sadly out of place. Mrs. Fessenden, who had been Miss Ellen Deer-

ing, of Portland, Maine, made a delightful impression on such members of the "court" as remained constant; but her nature was averse to frivolity, and she appeared at the Presidential receptions only when urged by Mrs. Lincoln. Later, the President's wife was to find in this woman a strong spirit on which she could lean, but this was shortly before the tragedy that ended at one blow her reign and her earthly happiness.

During her four years in the White House, Mrs. Lincoln's love of the theater, always strong, rose to a passion. She began to cultivate the acquaintance of actresses and singers who visited Washington, and to honor them with invitations to the Executive Mansion. Among these were Laura Keene, Isabella Hinckley (Mme. Susini), Mrs. John Wood, and Mrs. John Hoey. With Miss Keene and Mrs. Hoey she remained on terms of intimacy for several years. Their visits to Washington were occasional only, and thus the friction so apt, unfortunately, to arise between Mrs. Lincoln and the women she saw every day, was avoided in their case.

Miss Keene, whose real name was Mary Moss, was an actress of great melodramatic talent, and she was destined to be associated with Mrs. Lincoln in a very painful way. Two years before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, she had made a great success in the part of *Mary Trenchard*

in Tom Taylor's famous comedy, "Our American Cousin"; and it was while the President and his wife were watching her in that same play, at Ford's Theater, on the fateful Good Friday of 1865, that Lincoln was shot down.

Before this awful and final tragedy, the life of Mrs. Lincoln had become utterly monotonous and wearisome. At first all had been delightful. She had conquered, as she thought, the haughty prejudices of the highest Washington society. She had half compelled it to accept the favorites she selected, and to make them its reigning belles. With the increasing knowledge of her husband's power to command respect and love, she felt more and more sure of her position. She no longer begged for the countenance of any clique or circle of women. Those whom she singled out were fortunate; those whom she refused to recognize remained outside the pale.

Yet, although it seemed to her that she had accomplished all she aimed at—to rule Washington, to "make" its society, and to give laws of dress to it, nevertheless, she felt dissatisfied. Her reign had yielded only Dead Sea fruit—with ashes to choke her throat. Weariness was her portion. The "court" she set up had turned into a mocking bubble, shining in iridescent colors only in her imagination; created from sordid materials, and wholly empty.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

A DAY of joy, a holiday;
A day in festal colors dressed
To honor one who knew not play,
Nor ever tasted rest!

Oh, man of sorrows and of tears,
Would we could bring to you
Back through the pathway of the years
One touch of comfort true!

Would that your eyes might penetrate
The shadows in between,
Through all the clouds of war and hate,
And mists that intervene,

Into the hearts of all the throng
Of living men to find
Your name and fame the first among
The treasures of mankind!

John Kendrick Bangs

HAZING—ITS ANCIENT ORIGIN AND MODERN DEVELOPMENT

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

WHAT is meant by hazing? Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, if asked the question, will say something like this:

"Oh, hazing is just a kind of 'rough house' practised by college boys. Freshmen—at West Point they call them plebes—are made to do queer things, and sometimes they get hurt. Brutal? Yes, hazing is very often brutal; but it is merely one way of working off young men's animal spirits, of which they have too much. It is only limited and local."

Of course, the hazing of which we hear most is the hazing which takes place in colleges, and which long took place at the United States Military Academy. Mr. Julian Hawthorne wrote for this magazine, a few years ago, a very interesting account of hazing, giving specific details of the really savage and inhuman cruelty which passes under this name at many of our so-called higher institutions of learning. Traditionally, a freshman has always been fair game for the sophomores. Sometimes they merely make him seem ridiculous. They put him under a pump, or duck him in a fountain. They compel him to eat soap, or to stand upon a table and improvise songs, or to scan the propositions of Euclid. If he has a sense of humor, and does not "flare up," but takes this sort of thing in good part, he is not often troubled for very long. Presently, he in turn becomes a sophomore, and is privileged to practise upon incoming freshmen the same tricks that were played on him.

THE CRUELITIES OF HAZING

Unfortunately, however, hazing in colleges is often very far from being so harmless a thing as has just been described. In any gathering of men,

whether young or old, there are certain to be some who, in their heart of hearts, are bullies with a natural tendency to cruelty, and they give vent to this most evil of passions under the guise of merely "breaking in a freshman." The ingenuity which they bring to the task would be admirable if it were devoted to some other purpose.

There is, for instance, the story of the freshman who was taken out at night, and who, after being blindfolded, was led to a railway track and strapped down tightly to the rails. There he was left. Before long he felt the throbbing and quivering of an approaching train. Then his strained sense of hearing caught the distant thunder of approaching death. Nearer and nearer it came. The grinding of the wheels was audible, growing every moment louder and more terrific. At last it was fairly upon him; and with a shriek, a roar, and a rocking of the earth, the train passed by. It did not harm the boy, because the clever sophomores had really strapped him to a pair of rails which they themselves had fastened to the ground beside the actual line. When they came back to him, however, and removed the bandage from his eyes, they found him no longer a healthy, light-hearted college boy, but a raving maniac whose eyes rolled in terror, and who was destined henceforth to shriek and gibber in a padded room.

Another ingenious mode of mental torture was devised when a freshman was taken, also at night, and placed in a coffin, the lid of which was then carefully screwed down. The victim felt himself lowered into a deep pit, and shovelfuls of earth fell on the coffin-lid above him. Finally, to his frenzied imagination, he was actually buried be-

neath several feet of soil. All the sounds—the infinitely numerous and friendly sounds of the great world to which he had listened only a short time before—died out in silence.

He felt it more and more difficult to breathe. The agony of this living death came over him with all its horror. Suffocating and gasping, he became unconscious; but, fortunately, his nerves were so strong that when, somewhat later, he recovered his senses, he was not a madman, but was sitting up surrounded by his late tormentors, who told him that he had not been actually buried. They had produced the effect by lowering him down a sharp incline which seemed to him like the side of a pit, and there they had heaped earth upon the coffin; yet large holes had been bored through the upper end of it to give him air. His torture was, for the most part, an imaginary torture.

Who can deny, however, that imaginary torture is just as dreadful as reality itself? This young man became a nervous invalid for years, and it was only because of his remarkably strong constitution that he gradually outlived the horrors of that night.

One could tell many stories such as this. The cruelty is often quite as great, though the diabolical cleverness is usually less. Tarring and feathering, half drowning in a lake, hanging by the heels, and other practises which suggest the most malignant forms of Indian cruelty disgrace the annals of our colleges.

At West Point, where men are trained to become officers and gentlemen, they used to pit each plebe against an upper-class man to fight with the bare knuckles or with thin boxing-gloves. If he outmatched his adversary, another and stronger opponent was sent against him. He had no chance. No sentiment of fair play, such as saved a valiant gladiator in the murderous sports of ancient Rome, could save the plebe from receiving a bloody lesson of his own inferiority. Other modes of punishment were devised, some of them so cruel that, when Congress investigated the whole matter, the record read like the annals of a savage tribe. Only a few years ago the fact came out that young Arthur McArthur, son of the distinguished general of that

name, was so tortured that he begged to have a gag put into his mouth lest he might, out of sheer physical torment, break out into cries and sobbings.

FRATERNITY INITIATIONS

If this sort of thing were confined to freshmen and to plebes, and had no broader field, one might pass it over with strong condemnation, accepting it merely as a unique and objectionable freak of college custom. But, as a matter of fact, the same thing has its ramifications in other parts of college life—as, for instance, in the initiation to the so-called Greek letter fraternities.

This ordeal racks the nerves of those who undergo it. It is no slight matter for a nervous youth to be taken to a fraternity house and placed in a sort of dungeon, there to await his turn in darkness. Every minute is to him an hour; for he hears outside the muffled sounds which seem to tell him what others are experiencing. Groans and cries, and screams of terror, set his nerves on edge. However plucky he may be, his heart begins to sink, and a cold sweat to break out on his forehead. When the black-gowned, masked inquisitors, with skull and cross-bones gleaming on their sable robes, come at last to seek him, he is so shaken that if nothing else were done he would already have experienced a dread from which he would be a long time in recovering.

Then, while in this state of nervous agitation, he is compelled, perhaps, to walk down a gloomy flight of stairs, which suddenly end and precipitate him down, down, into a great black pool. It is strange indeed if he is not made physically ill. And the worst of it is that these barbarous ordeals are suffered, not by the stolid and the dull, who might more readily endure them, but by imaginative, sensitive, high-strung students whose superior intelligence only makes their suffering more acute, and the effects of it more lasting.

There are many men who have carried through their lives the marks of this unthinking and really dreadful cruelty—nervous wrecks, maimed in limb, scarred, or mentally affected; while the death-list, if it were actually recorded, would make one shudder. And yet so strong is

the tradition that not long ago a father whose son had been done to death in one of these initiations refused to take any measures to punish the murderers—for they were nothing less than murderers. He had himself formerly "been through the mill." He was loyal to his college. He felt that he must endure even the loss of his own son rather than prove a traitor to a barbarous tradition.

HAZING IN OTHER FIELDS OF LIFE

It is a mistake, however, to imagine that hazing is a phenomenon of college life alone. We see the same principle at work in many other fields. A study of it is needed to explain just what it means, and how this organized brutality is not peculiar either to our country or to a single department of our life.

Take, for instance, the so-called benevolent and secret societies. No one is qualified to say exactly what is done to a candidate for admission to a Masonic lodge; but the popular phrase about "riding the goat" shows that a pretty wide-spread belief prevails that the candidate has to undergo a preliminary ordeal; and this is certainly the case with many other secret societies. Take even the Stock Exchange. When a new member first appears upon the floor, he is put through a rough course of what is practically hazing. If he is wise, he will not wear a top hat, and he will don his oldest clothes before giving himself up to the boisterous handling of his fellow brokers.

It used to be very much the same in the merchant marine when sailors first crossed "the line." They were taken in hand by the older and more experienced tars, and soaped all over with a white-wash brush; after which the suds were scraped from their persons in no gentle fashion with a rusty iron hoop. In the navy, also—both the British and the American navy—young midshipmen, when first assigned to their ships, were systematically hazed. Their hammock-ropes were cut so that in the night they came crashing down while sleeping soundly; and other uncomfortable experiences were prepared for them by their messmates.

In the English public schools, fagging was very much what hazing is with us,

as any one will remember who has read the pages of "Tom Brown's School Days," with its realistic description of how *Tom Brown* and *Harry East* fought the bigger boy who bullied them. And there is in the same book the story of the little schoolboy who was held before an open fire, so close to it that his skin was scorched and he fainted with pain. In the British army, "ragging" has been the practise in many of the crack regiments: Only five years ago a rather startling state of affairs was developed as the result of a military investigation, which showed how young officers were bullied and maltreated by their fellows. On the continent of Europe, the new recruit has to go through experiences not only painful and humiliating, but even revolting—so much so that their nature cannot even be indicated here.

All these things are forms of hazing; and, as they are not peculiar to one country, so they are not peculiar to any single age of history. They exist and they always have existed, among savages as well as among civilized peoples. The young Indian who aspires to be numbered among the warriors must have his endurance and courage tested by being gashed with knives and by holding hot coals in his hands. The novice who would be a nun goes through a long apprenticeship intended to mortify the flesh, just as the aspirant to knighthood had first to submit to harsh treatment and to perform grievous tasks. When the Knights Templars were attacked and their power broken by Philip IV of France, it was discovered that secret and dreadful practises had prevailed in the order with regard to initiating new members. In a lower sphere, the same thing was practically true of the medieval guilds. Besides paying a sum of money, the apprentice could not become a full gild-member until he had wrought what was called "a masterpiece," involving the hardest kind of labor and the most patient and watchful care.

HAZING IN ANCIENT TIMES

If we go back to classical times, we find hazing in the Roman army, where the new recruit was tossed in a blanket by his comrades. But the most elaborate kind of hazing known to the ancient

world was found in the famous mysteries. There were many of these mysteries, which correspond in part to the secret fraternities of modern times. Nor were they confined to men alone. The Romans had a mystery which was darkly mentioned as "the mystery of the Good Goddess," in which no man was allowed. Even portraits of men were veiled while the ceremonies were going on. Not much is known of this; but the great Eleusinian Mysteries have been studied by writers upon mysticism, who have drawn upon every possible source of information.

The Eleusinian votaries initiated their novices according to rites that were older than Greece, and that went back to what has been called "the dark background of history and the children of the Black Earth." The initiation must have been both terrible and wonderful. The persons to be initiated were plastered with clay and drenched with the blood of swine. They were terrified by snakes, and they also beheld at midnight strange illusions created by the ingenuity of the priests, who, amid the beatings of drums of serpent-skin, produced effects of dazzling light and shifting color which must have rivaled the resources of the modern stage-manager.

Thus, hazing goes back to an antiquity so great that we cannot follow it to its source. In all ages it has been accompanied by brutality and disregard for considerations of humanity. In itself, however, we may say that the savagery and harshness that go with it spring from the nature of the men and women who have practised it. It is a relic of barbarism, and ought to be suppressed, because it can never remain simply pic-

turesque or striking or humorous, but will always, in the hands of cruel men, be an excuse for cruelty.

A FUNDAMENTAL TRAIT OF HUMANITY

Its essence, however, lies in one ineradicable fact. Whenever human beings have attained to something, they desire to make its attainment by others a difficult and even a dangerous thing. Hazing is an expression of the feeling of the Ins toward the Outs. Whether you are a member of a college, or of a secret society, or of a stock exchange, or a regiment, or a gild, or an officers' mess, you have instinctively, and as a part of your human weakness, a desire to keep others out; or, if you let them in, you wish to make them feel the great importance of their admission. And they in turn, when so admitted, show the same disposition to the other Outs.

If you have suffered in order to achieve a certain thing, it goes against the grain to let others achieve that thing without suffering as much as you did. It is this fundamental trait of our humanity which established hazing when the world was young, and which maintains it, under some form or other, after hundreds of centuries of civilization and in the world's old age. In its worst and most obnoxious form, it means physical suffering and fear and possibly even death. In its milder phases, it merely appeals to one's sense of the ridiculous. It may be diluted to something absolutely innocuous, as when, on being elected to a club, you are called upon to pay an initiation-fee. But throughout the whole gamut, it is always hazing, whether it attacks your person, your imagination, your vanity, or your purse.

MUSIC

God struck the lute
And a quivering, wonderful pæan of sound
Through the universe trembled, a song so profound
That no mortal could hear it, no mortal could know
That majestic music's grand ebbing and flow.

God touched the man,
And he, mortal, not knowing, reached forward and laid
On the quivering strings human hands, and so played,
In a key now attuned to his own earthly ears,
With the God-given impulse, the song of the spheres.

Vivian M. Moses

MAURICE MAETERLINCK AND HIS HOME AT ST. WANDRILLE

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

SOMEWHAT more than a score of years ago, a young Fleming of twenty-four, Maurice Maeterlinck, who in his native city of Ghent had felt the attraction of the French capital, came up to Paris to seek his literary fortune. His family name, which means "measurer of grain," had been given in the fourteenth century to an ancestor, a bailiff at Renaix, near Ghent, who had won the gratitude of his neighbors by distributing grain among the poor during a famine.

Maurice had received his early education in a Jesuit school, the atmosphere of which was far from congenial, and where, except for displaying a precocious literary talent, he had proved himself but an indifferent student. He had subsequently studied law at the University of Ghent, out of deference to the wishes of his family; had been admitted to the bar, and had opened a law-office; but he had practised little, having devoted his time mainly to reading the poets, to writing poetry, and to cultivating literary friendships.

"Maeterlinck and I," says his poet-friend, Charles Van Lerberghe, "formed the habit, in college, of addressing our literary efforts to each other. They were subjected on either side to criticisms both lengthy and severe; and to this I attribute the fact that neither of us dreamed of sending them to the little reviews. Maeterlinck sent me verses, especially sonnets, in the manner of Hérédia, but Flemish in color; short stories, similar to those of De Maupassant; a comedy full of humor and ironical observation, and other ventures. It is worth noting, however, that he never attempted a tragedy, never an epic poem, never anything florid and declamatory, and

never anything languorously sentimental. Neither the rhetorical nor the elegiac had any hold on him."

In Paris, Maeterlinck lodged at 22 Rue de Seine, in the heart of the Latin Quarter. He speedily became intimate with some of the so-called Symbolists, to whose review, *La Pléiade*, he became a contributor. He also made the acquaintance of a number of the better-known poets of the older schools.

"I saw Villiers de l'Isle-Adam very often," he says, "at the Brasserie Pousset in the Faubourg Montmartre. Saint-Pol-Roux, Mikhaël, Quillard, and others came there regularly. Mendès passed occasionally."

This irresponsible Paris existence, in which conviviality doubtless had its due part, was cut short by circumstances beyond Maeterlinck's control. At the end of seven months he returned to Flanders, but he does not seem to have resumed, even desultorily, the practise of law. Instead, he devoted himself zealously to literary creation, passing his winters at Ghent and his summers at Oostacker. It was at the latter place, probably, that he came under the influence of the eccentric old man from whom he acquired the interest in flowers and bees, which bore fruit later in the unique books, "*La Vie de l'Abeille*" and "*L'Intelligence des Fleurs*."

Two or three years after his return from Paris, Maeterlinck published a five-act tragedy, "*La Princesse Maleine*," which evoked from Octave Mirbeau—a caustic spirit little given to flattery—such unprecedented praise that the author, like Byron, awoke one morning to find himself famous.

"I know nothing of M. Maurice Maeterlinck," said the enthusiastic Mirbeau.

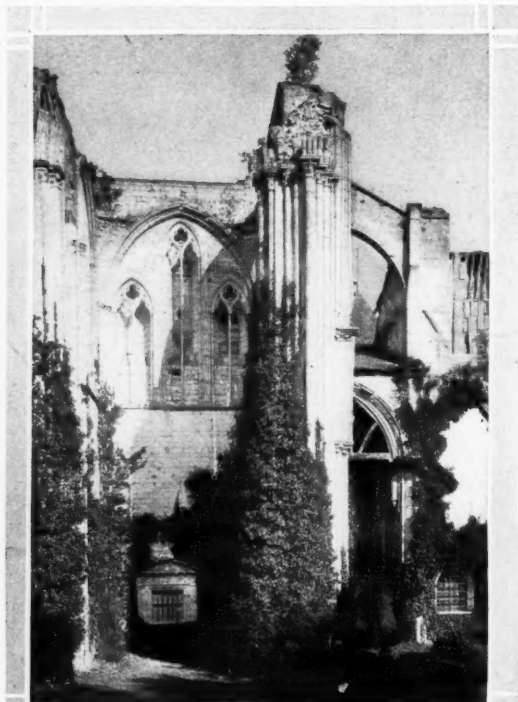


MAURICE MAETERLINCK, AUTHOR OF "PELLÉAS ET
MÉLISANDE," "LA VIE DE L'ABEILLE," AND
"LE DOUBLE JARDIN"

From his latest photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

"I do not know where he is, or what he is like. Whether he is old or young, rich or poor, I know not. I know only that no one is more unknown than he, and that he has produced a masterpiece. He has given us the most brilliant work of this period, and the most extraordinary and the most naïve also, comparable and—dare I say it?—superior in beauty to what is most beautiful in Shakespeare."

"La Princesse Maleine" was fol-



THE ABBEY OF ST. WANDRILLE—THE RUINED AND IVY-GROWN TRANSEPT OF THE ABBEY CHURCH

lowed by a series of weird, fantastic, pessimistic dramas, which were the utterance of a troubled and profoundly melancholy soul straining to find its way in the darkness. With an art whose very silences were potent, they symbolized those vague and terrible aspects of the subconscious existence which have usually been considered impossible of expression. They were dramas of doubt, of restlessness, of gloom, of moral terror, of despair; nightmares, only the more horrible for their ineffable beauty of form; poetic representations, rhythmic without rime,

of the mystery of life and the inexorableness of destiny. Their scenes were laid in crumbling castles full of secret passages, forgotten dungeons, and subterranean pools, and surrounded by black, sunless forests or by bramble-grown, weed-choked gardens strewn with broken and prostrate statues. Their characters were half-mad, half-fantom kings, queens, princes, and princesses dominated by irresistible passions which made them mere puppets of Fate.

In 1896, ten years after his first visit to Paris, Maeterlinck definitely abandoned



THE ABBEY OF ST. WANDRILLE—THE CLOISTERS, WITH DOOR LEADING TO THE REFECTORY



Belgium for France. About the same time, stagnant pools, uncanny grottoes, foul birds of night, enchanted fountains, misty moonlight, charnel-house odors, and all the other symbolic para-

of the universe, and was transformed into a teacher, even an apostle, of cheerfulness, courage, and equanimity. The somber, pessimistic dramatist became a stimulating, heartening essayist, and an



MME. MAURICE MAETERLINCK, WHO BEFORE HER MARRIAGE WAS THE PARISIAN ACTRESS-SINGER, GEORGETTE LEBLANC

From a photograph by Boyer, Paris

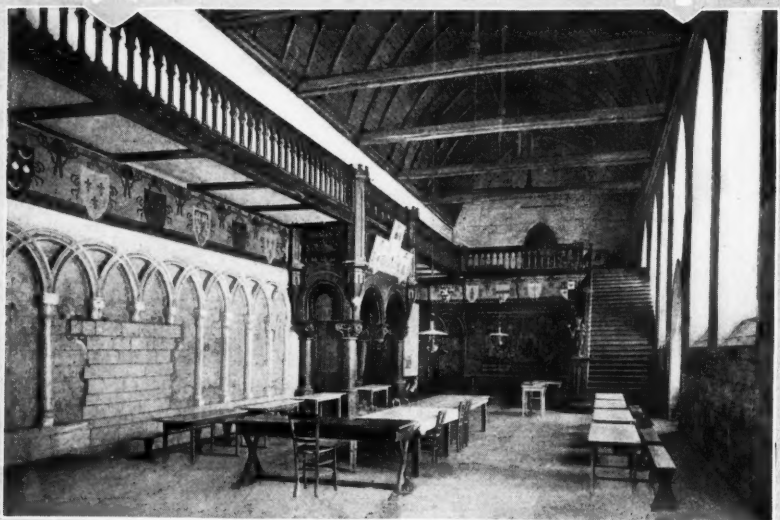
phernalia of terror practically disappeared from his writings. He had come under the spell of an interpreter of his plays—the radiant actress-singer, Georgette Leblanc, who was later to become Mme. Maeterlinck. Under the wonder-working influence of love, he emerged from the chilling fogs of foreboding and despair into the pure white sunlight of comprehension of the laws

optimistic philosopher. It was as if a Euripides had developed into a Plato, as if the author of "The Raven" had become the author of "The Over-Soul."

For more than a decade, Maeterlinck has consistently glorified the serene wisdom (*sagesse*) that is superior to destiny. The work, "La Sagesse et la Destinée," in which he exhaustively expounded his new-found creed, he offered



THE ABBEY OF ST. WANDRILLE—THE GARDEN
AND THE WING OF THE ABBEY USED AS
A RESIDENCE BY THE MAETERLINCKS



THE ABBEY OF ST. WANDRILLE—THE RE-
FECTORY, WHICH DATES PARTLY FROM
THE TWELFTH AND PARTLY FROM
THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

to Mme. Leblanc as a tribute of gratitude and admiration, with the following graceful dedication:

I dedicate to you this book, which is, in effect, your work. There is a collaboration more lofty and more real than that of the pen; it is that of thought and example. I have not been obliged to imagine laboriously the resolutions and the actions of a wise ideal, or to extract from my heart the moral of a beautiful reverie necessarily a trifle vague. It has sufficed to listen to your words. It has sufficed that my eyes have followed you attentively in life; they followed thus the movements, the gestures, the habits of Wisdom herself.

The vogue of Maeterlinck's books in his second manner—"Le Trésor des Humbles," "La Sagesse et la Destinée," "Le Double Jardin," "Le Temple Enseveli," and those two remarkable interpretations of the phenomena of natural history—"La Vie de l'Abeille" and "L'Intelligence des Fleurs"—has been even greater than that of his earlier works.

There may well be two opinions regarding the relative merit of these two literary forms. Many people discern more of sheer genius in the product of his first period; but there can be only one opinion as to the importance of Maeterlinck's later production as a moral force. Like the sage of Yasnaya Polyana—or the sages of Concord and of Chelsea in their time—the author of "La Sagesse et la Destinée" is the intellectual guide and spiritual director of many hitherto unquiet spirits in lands far separated, whom his luminous thought has lifted out of the Slough of Despond and endowed with a reinvigorating love of life and of duty.

MAETERLINCK'S NORMAN ABBEY

It was Maeterlinck's "good genius," doubtless, who suggested to him a retreat in Normandy—for Mme. Maeterlinck is Norman by birth. For several years she and her husband had a country house in the hamlet of Gruchet-St.-Simon, near Dieppe. It was while taking an automobile ride from there that they discovered their present home, the old abbey of St. Wandrille, which had been put upon the market because of its abandonment by its former occupants—a con-

gregation of Benedictine monks who had refused to submit to the French law of 1901.

The abbey, which was founded in the seventh century, first bore the name of Fontanelle, from a crystal-clear rivulet which traverses its enclosure and empties into the Seine, a mile or so below. Practically all the original building was destroyed by fire in the thirteenth century, and some of the later additions are now in ruins. They include a chapel of the eleventh century, dedicated to St. Saturnin, crypts containing tombs of the thirteenth century, a refectory of the twelfth and fifteenth centuries, a cloister of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, and a section of the transept of the large abbey church, dating from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The principal gateway—a monumental affair inscribed "Fontanelle"—and the buildings used as a residence by the Maeterlincks, belong mainly to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

A great part of the grounds is covered by a dense grove of venerable, rook-tenanted trees, which keep the soil moist and the air cool even during the heat of midsummer. Under these trees half-buried fragments of moss-grown, ivy-twined pillars, capitals, and arches abound on every hand.

THE PERSONALITY OF MAETERLINCK

Maeterlinck is a tall, broad-shouldered man, rubicund of face, almost corpulent, and of phlegmatic mien. In a crowd, he might pass for almost anything—a butcher, a baker, or a candlestick-maker—rather than for the highly imaginative and delicate artist he really is. Nor is there anything in his casual conversation to differentiate him from the average member of society. During a visit I was recently privileged to pay him at St. Wandrille, I could not but remark a resemblance between his placid, somewhat stolid physiognomy and the head of the sleepy yellow bulldog, Golaud—named after the prince in "Pelléas et Mélisande"—who remained as if riveted to the floor under his master's chair during our chat, and who accompanied us gravely on our walk through the abbey grounds. The resemblance was rendered the more striking

by the absence of Maeterlinck's mustache, which appears in the photographs with which the public is familiar, but which—as the portrait on page 629 shows—has recently been sacrificed.

If Maeterlinck's personal appearance accords not too ill with his later rôle of cheerful sage, it is almost impossible to think of this robust country gentleman as the author of such tragic allegories as "Alladine et Palomides," "Pelléas et Mélisande," and "La Mort de Tintagiles." One recalls, however, the difficulty of seeing, in the bourgeois bust of Shakespeare in the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon, the slightest hint of the genius that created "Hamlet" and "Lear."

It was something of a disappointment to find that the author of "La Vie de l'Abeille" keeps no bees at St. Wandrille.

"I have no bees here," he explained, "because I do not stay here in winter. Not being able to watch over them myself, I have been obliged to give them up. When I have turned them over to mercenaries, I have come back each spring to heartrending disasters—for it is in winter, especially, that the hive demands the careful and judicious attention of the good apiculturist."

At first, too, it was disillusionizing to learn that the philosopher who wrote "Le Trésor des Humbles" takes very little interest in his rustic neighbors, and—as he frankly admits—has practically no intercourse with them. It should be said, by way of extenuation, that the Norman peasantry are notoriously suspicious and inhospitable toward those whom they regard as outsiders—particularly if the latter do not go regularly to mass—and that any newcomer among them, however well disposed, would find it exceedingly difficult to establish hearty and wholesome relations with them. To undertake the demolition of so formidable a social barrier is not a task that would be at all likely to appeal to a man like Maeterlinck.

Anent his first meeting with Mme. Maeterlinck, one of his friends says:

"According to the testimony of his earliest literary comrades, Maurice Maeterlinck was still very Flemish—that is to say, infinitely timid and a bit awk-

ward—when he encountered for the first time, at the theater, the 'visage of his destiny'—I mean Mlle. Georgette Leblanc. After they had been introduced, the young woman gracefully expressed to the author her unbounded admiration and sympathy. He, however, could find nothing to say in reply to the talented actress. Maurice Maeterlinck, you see, is not only the painter of the inexpressible; he is also the man of the unexpressed."

A MAN OF RETICENCE AND RESERVE

It is not to be expected, of course, that a renowned writer will deliver his innermost sentiments to every person he meets. Maeterlinck's well-known lack of expansiveness, which has commonly been attributed to timidity, may very well be due primarily to a reasoned and deliberate reticence. As he himself has said, "the frankest and most loyal man has the right to conceal from others the greatest part of what he feels."

Nevertheless, in spite of his gray hair, and in spite of the fame he has won, he has never ceased to be, in many respects, just a big, overgrown boy. He is a boy, especially, in his unaffected love of vigorous sport. His college-mates say that while at the law school he was "always on a bicycle or in a sailboat—a student such as one imagines the Yale or Harvard type to be." Without stopping to discuss this incidental characterization of American university life, we may add that nowadays Maeterlinck's favorite amusements are automobiling, roller-skating in one or other of the great empty halls of St. Wandrille, and fishing in the stream that flows through his back yard—if so august a residence may be said to have a back yard—whence he is almost always sure of drawing out trout enough for dinner.

Maeterlinck passes his winters in the south of France, at Les Quatre Chemins ("The Four Roads"), near Grasse, in a house which once belonged to a family of the old Provençal nobility, and which stands in a garden containing four hectares of olive-trees, grape-vines, and roses. He also has a quaint Paris domicile in the picturesque Passy quarter; but it is rarely, indeed, that he remains for any length of time in Paris.

THE WHITE SISTER*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORLEONE," "FAIR MARGARET,"
"THE PRIMA DONNA," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

SUDDEN and terrible misfortune has overtaken Angela Chiaromonte. Her father, the head of an old Roman house, has been killed in a street accident; and the dead man's sister-in-law, the Marchesa del Prato, has told the young girl that she is not her father's legitimate daughter, and will not inherit a penny of the family estate. It appears that in the controversy between church and state in Italy, the prince was so devoted an adherent of the papal cause that he refused to be married by civil ceremony, and to register his daughter's birth as required by the government regulations. In consequence, it is true that in the eye of the law she is illegitimate. The *Marchesa*—who hates Angela because she herself had desired the late prince for a husband, and had made a loveless match with his younger brother when the elder Chiaromonte married another—follows up this disclosure by warning her niece that she need expect no help from the family, and by recommending her to apply to one of the two convents on which her dead father had lavished money.

Angela has two friends—Giovanni Severi, a young officer whom she loves and hopes to marry, and Mme. Bernard, her old French governess; and the latter takes the girl to her own lodging in the Trastevere district of Rome. Severi is anxious to marry her as soon as possible; and as he has no income beyond his pay, he tells her that he will leave the army and enter civil life, in which, being a skilled engineer, he counts on finding remunerative work. Angela, however, makes him promise to wait a month before resigning.

Before the month passes, Severi is ordered to join a surveying-expedition on the Red Sea coast—a service of some difficulty and danger. He wishes to refuse the commission; but when he goes to Mme. Bernard's to see Angela, the girl tells him that it is a call of duty, which he cannot honorably decline.

VII

GIOVANNI stayed barely half an hour, for Mme. Bernard showed no disposition to leave the room again, and he felt the difficulty of keeping up an indifferent conversation in her presence, as well as the impossibility of talking freely to Angela of what was uppermost in her thoughts and his own. It was true that the governess knew all about it, and there are excellent women of that sort whose presence does not always hinder lovers from discussing their future; but either Mme. Bernard was not one of these by nature, or else the two felt the difference of her nationality too much.

The French are perhaps the only civilized nation whom no people of other nations can thoroughly understand, and

who, with very few individual exceptions, do not understand any people but themselves. They have a way of looking at life which surprises and sometimes amuses men of all other nationalities; they take some matters very seriously which seem of trivial consequence to us, but they are witty at the expense of certain simple feelings and impulses which we gravely regard as fundamentally important, if not sacred. They can be really and truly heroic, to the point of risking life and limb and happiness, about questions at which we snap our fingers; but they can be almost insolently practical, in the sense of feeling no emotion while keenly discerning their own interest, in situations where our tempers or our prejudices would rouse us to recklessness.

In their own estimation they are always right, and so are we in ours, no

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doubt; but whereas they consider themselves the Chosen People and us the Gentiles, or compare themselves with us as the Greeks compared themselves with the barbarians, we, on our side, do not look down upon their art and literature as they undoubtedly do on ours, and a good many of us are rather too ready to accept them as something more than our equals in both. When I say "we," I do not mean only English-speaking people, but other Europeans also. I have overheard Frenchmen discussing all sorts of things in trains, on steamers, in picture-galleries, in libraries, in the streets, from Tiflis to London and from London to the Pacific, but I have never yet heard Frenchmen admit among themselves that a modern work of art, or book, or play was really first rate, if it was not French.

There is something monumental in their conviction of their own superiority, and I sincerely believe it has had much to do with their success, as a nation, in the arts of peace as well as in war. A man who is honestly convinced that he is better than his opponent is not easily put down in peaceful competition, and will risk his life in action with a gallantry and daring that command the admiration of all brave men. It is a singular fact that German soldiers did not call Frenchmen cowards after the great war, whereas it was a very common thing to hear Frenchmen inveigh against "those dirty, cowardly Prussians" who had got the better of them. Men who can take such a point of view as that must be utterly unlike other people.

This little digression may explain why Angela and Mme. Bernard never quite understood each other, in spite of the elder woman's almost motherly love for the girl and the latter's devoted gratitude. They talked about Giovanni when he was gone, of course, but neither said all she thought about him, because she feared that the other would think a little differently.

The cheerful Frenchwoman had gone through life with the belief that it is better, on the whole, to make oneself comfortable in this world, if it can be managed on honest principles, than to worry oneself about heroics, and in the calm recesses of her practical little soul she was sure that, in Angela's place, she

would have told Giovanni to resign as soon as possible, and to find some pleasant and well-paid occupation for his married life. All Angela's talk about a man's duty to his country would be very well in time of war, when there was glory to be got; but it was nonsense in ordinary times, where one man would do as well as another, to risk his life in a small expedition, and when it was distinctly advisable not to be that one. But she knew also that she had better not try to explain this to Angela, who was evidently a little mad on the point, most probably because she was an Italian. For Italians, Germans, Spaniards, Englishmen, and Americans were all completely insane; there was some little hope for Austrians and a good deal for Russians, in Mme. Bernard's opinion, but there was none for the rest, though they might be very nice people. The safest thing was to humor them.

She had given lessons in Roman families that were half Austrian and even half Russian, for the Romans have always been very cosmopolitan in their marriages; but Angela was quite Italian on both sides, and so was Giovanni. It was therefore pretty certain that they would behave like lunatics, sooner or later, the good lady thought; and they apparently were beginning already.

It is needless to dwell long on what followed, since what has been narrated so far is only the introduction to Angela's story—the exposition of the circumstances which determined her subsequent life. As in most cases, it happened in hers that the greatest events were the direct consequences of one very small beginning. If she had not urged Giovanni to wait some time before leaving the army, he would not have been obliged to remain in the service almost as a matter of honor; yet it had seemed very sensible to advise him to do nothing in a hurry. Everything else followed logically upon that first step.

It was the inevitable, and it was therefore already in nature tragic, before active tragedy took the stage. Yet Angela did not feel its presence, nor any presentiment of the future, when she bade Giovanni farewell ten days after he had first been to see her in Mme. Bernard's apartment.

What she felt was just the common pain of parting that has been the lot of loving men and women since the beginning. It is not the less sharp because almost every one has felt it, but it is as useless to describe it as it would be to write a chapter about a bad toothache, a sick headache, or an attack of gout.

Angela was a brave girl, and set herself the task of bearing it quietly because it was a natural and healthy consequence of loving dearly. It was not like the wrench of saying good-by to a lover on his way to meet almost certain death. She told herself, and Giovanni told her, that in all probability he was not going to encounter any danger worse than may chance in a day's hunting over a rough country or in a steeplechase, and that the risk was certainly far less than that of fighting a duel in Italy, where dueling is not a farce, as it is in some countries. He would come back within a few months, with considerable credit and the certainty of promotion; it was a hundred to one that he would, so that this was merely a common parting, to be borne without complaint. He thought so himself, and they consoled each other by making plans for their married life, which would be so much nearer when he came home.

Mme. Bernard left them alone for an hour in the sitting-room and then came in to say good-by to Giovanni herself, bringing Coco perched upon her wrist, but silent and well behaved. Angela was pale, and perhaps her deep mourning made her look paler than she was, but her face was as quiet and collected as Giovanni's. He took leave of the governess almost affectionately.

"Take care of her, *madame*," he said, "and write me some news of her now and then through the War Office. It may reach me, or it may not!"

He kissed Angela's hand, looked into her eyes silently for a moment, and went out.

"*Marche! 'Cré nom d'un nom!*" screamed the parrot after him, as if he were going too slowly.

But this time Angela could not speak of him with her friend just after he was gone; and when Mme. Bernard tried to talk of other things with the idea of diverting her attention, she went and

shut herself up in her own room. It was distracting to know that he was still in Rome, and that until nearly midnight, when the train left for Naples, it would be possible to see him once more. If she had insisted, Mme. Bernard would have consented to go with her in a cab to find him. It was hard to resist, as she sat by the window, listening to the distant sound of wheels in the street; it was the first great temptation she had ever felt in her life, and as she faced it she was surprised at its strength. But she would not yield.

In her own gentle womanliness she found something she recognized, but could not account for; was it possible that she had some strength of character, after all? Could it be that she inherited a little of that rigid will that had made her father so like her idea of a Puritan? He had always told her that she was weak, that she would be easily influenced by her surroundings, that her only hope must be to obtain divine aid for her feeble, feminine nature. She had believed him, because he had taught her that she must, even in the smallest things, and this was a great one.

But now something cruelly strong was tearing at her, to make her go into the next room and beg Mme. Bernard to help her find Giovanni, if only that she might see his face and hear his voice and say good-by just once more. She laid her head on the window-sill, as if she would hold herself down in her chair, and she refused to move; not because it looked foolish, for that would not have mattered, but because she chose not to yield. Perhaps she was too proud to give way, and pride, they told her, was always a sin; but that did not matter either. There was an unexpected satisfaction in finding one thin strand of steel among the pliant threads of her untried young will.

Besides, she would have much to bear, and if she did not begin at once she would never grow used to the burden. That was another reason for not following her instinct, and a very good one.

To help herself, she began to say one of those prayers of which she knew so many by heart. To her surprise, it disturbed her instead of strengthening her determination. While her lips were mov-

ing, she felt an almost overwhelming impulse to do what she was determined not to do at any cost. The sensation startled her, and in a moment she felt that tide of darkness rising to drown her that had almost overwhelmed her while she was kneeling beside her dead father. Her hand pressed the stone window-sill in terror of the awful presence.

It is familiar to those few who have knowingly or unwittingly tried to penetrate the darkness to the light beyond. It has been called the Guardian, the Dweller on the Threshold, the Wall, the Destroyer, the Giant Despair. Many have turned back from it as from death itself; some have gone raving mad in fighting their way through it; some have actually died in it, of failure of the heart from fright. Some come upon it unawares in their reasoning; some in the hour of profound meditation. Some know by long experience where it is and keep away from it. Some are able to pass through it with unshaken mind and unbroken nerves. Scarcely one in a million even guesses that it exists; of those who do, ninety-nine in a hundred turn from it in horror; of the remaining score of those who face it in a whole generation of men, more than half perish in mind or body; the last ten, perhaps, win through, and these are they that have understood the writing over the temple door, the great "Know thyself," the precept of the Delphic Oracle and of all mystics before Trophonios and since.

Angela's lips ceased moving, and very soon she was herself again, quietly sitting there and wondering what had frightened her so badly, and whether there might not be something wrong with her heart, because she remembered how it had beat twice quickly in succession and then had seemed to stand still while she could have counted ten, quite slowly.

What she called her temptation left her at peace till she knew that Giovanni's train had started. In imagination she could hear the engine's whistle, the hissing of the steam at starting, the quickening thunder of the high-pressure exhaust, the clanking noise as the slowly moving train passed over the old-fashioned turntables, and the long retreating rumble as the express gathered speed and ran out of sight.

Then it was over, for good and all; Giovanni was gone beyond the possibility of seeing him again, and the strain relaxed. Angela put out her light, and when she fell asleep a quarter of an hour later, drops she did not even feel were slowly trickling from her lids to the pillow; for there are women who do not easily cry when they are awake, but when they are sleeping their tired eyes shed the pent-up tears and are refreshed by them.

After the first few days, Angela was not left alone with Mme. Bernard as much as she had expected, nor even as much as she might have wished. The feeling against the Princess Chiaromonte was strong, and as soon as it became known that Angela had found a safe refuge with her former governess, she received several invitations from more or less distant connections to spend some time with them in the country during the coming summer. At the present juncture, in the height of the season, it was natural that no one should want a forlorn young girl in deep mourning to make a town visit. She would have been a kill-joy and a wet blanket in any house, that was clear, and nothing could be more thoroughly respectable and proper than that she should spend the first weeks under Mme. Bernard's roof and protection.

Some of Angela's friends of her own age came to see her by and by, and offered to take her to drive in their mothers' carriages or motor-cars, but she would not go. Though she thanked them with grateful words for thinking of her, most of them thought, and told one another, that she had not been very glad to see them, and would rather be left alone. They supposed that she was still too much overcome to wish for their society; and as young people who drop out of the world after being in it a very short time are soon forgotten, they troubled themselves very little about her. If she ever chose to come out of her solitude, they said, she would be welcome again, but since she wished to be left to herself it was very convenient to humor her, because the Princess Chiaromonte had as good as declared that there were "excellent reasons" for her own apparently heartless conduct.

No one knew what that meant, but

when the princess spoke in that way, it was more blessed to accept her statement than to get her enmity by doubting it. The Chiaramonte family were at liberty to settle their own affairs as seemed best in their own eyes; and as the law could not interfere, no one else felt inclined to do so. Angela had no near relations on her mother's side to protect her or take her in.

Six weeks passed away without incident after Giovanni had left, and she had received three letters from him—one from Naples, written before going on board the steamer, one from Port Saïd, and one from Massowah, after his arrival there. The expedition was to start in three days, he said; it had been waiting for him and the officer who was to take the command, and who had gone with him.

A short time after receiving this last letter, Angela was reading the news from an evening paper to Mme. Bernard, translating the paragraphs offhand into French, by force of habit, because her old governess had often made her do it for practise. Suddenly her eyes became fixed, the color left her face, and she dropped the newspaper with a short, loud cry, falling back in her chair at the same moment.

Mme. Bernard snatched up the sheet and glanced at the place where the girl had last been reading.

The expedition had fallen in with hostile natives a week after starting, and had been massacred to a man. The names of the dead were given, and the second on the list was that of Giovanni Severi.

VIII

ANGELA lived for weeks in a state of sleepless apathy, so far as her companion could see. She scarcely spoke, and ate barely enough to keep herself alive. She seemed not to sleep at all, for two or three times during every night Mme. Bernard got up and came to her room, and she always found her lying quite motionless on her back, her eyes wide open and staring at the tasteless little pattern of flowers stenciled in colors on the ceiling.

Once Mme. Bernard proposed to take away the night-light that burned in a

cup on the floor, but Angela shook her head almost energetically. She never opened a book, either, nor occupied herself in any way, but seemed content to sit still all day and to lie awake all night, never complaining, and never even speaking, unless her friend asked her a direct question.

Every morning, at sunrise, she put on her hat and went to the ancient church of San Crisogono, which is served by Trinitarian monks. Sometimes Mme. Bernard went with her, but more often she was accompanied by the one woman servant who cooked and did the housework.

The unhappy girl found neither consolation nor hope in the daily service; she went to it because, somehow, it seemed to be the only thing she could do for the dead. She knelt down every day on the same spot, and remained kneeling till after the priest and the acolyte were gone. She took her missal with her, but never looked at it, and her lips never moved in prayer. She felt no impulse to go to confession, nor any devotional craving for the communion.

The mass was a mere form to her, but she attended it regularly, as if she expected it of herself and would not do less than the least that seemed to be her duty. That was all. Prayer in any form of words frightened her, for it soon brought her near to that blinding darkness which she had already met twice and had learned to dread. Her present misfortune was incomparably greater than those that had gone before, and she was sure that if the outer night rose round her again, it would take her soul down into itself to eternal extinction.

If she had been physically stronger, she might have tried to call this a foolish delusion. Weak as she was, and growing daily weaker, it seemed as certain as that her body must perish instantly if she walked over a precipice. The past was distorted, the present had no meaning, and there was no future. She vaguely understood Dante's idea that the body may be left on earth, apparently alive, for years after the soul has departed from it, for the evil Alberigo's spirit told the poet that his own body and Branca d'Oria's were still animated by demons

when their souls were already in the torment of the eternal ice. But Angela felt rather as if her living self were a mere senseless shell, uninhabited by any spirit, bad or good, and moved by the mechanics of nature rather than by her own will or another's.

Mme. Bernard watched her with growing anxiety as the days and weeks brought no change. The little lodging in Trastevere was very silent, and Coco sat disconsolately drooping his wings on his perch when his mistress was out, as she was during more than half the day, giving the lessons by which she and Angela lived. The girl sometimes did not move from her chair throughout the long morning, any more than if she had been paralyzed; or, at most, she tried to tend the flowers. The roses were blooming now, and on fine days, when the windows were open, the aromatic perfume of the young carnations floated in with the sunbeams. Angela did not notice the scent, and for all the pleasure the blossoms gave her, they might have been turnips and potatoes. But there was a feeble underlying thought of duty in plucking off a small withered leaf here and there, and in picking out the tiny weeds that tried to grow round the flower-stems. From very far away she heard Mme. Bernard telling her, an age ago, that she could tend the flowers and take care of the parrot by way of helping in the house.

Coco regarded her efforts with melancholy contempt, and turned his back on her when she came near him, and even when she changed the water in his tin cup. As he only drank three or four drops in a day, it probably seemed to him a work of supererogation. While his mistress was out he rarely uttered a sound; but when he heard her footsteps in the short passage outside, he gave vent to his feelings, and hailed her return with boisterous shouts and unearthly whistling of old French military tunes. Even the noise he made did not disturb Angela; she hardly heard him, for her nerves were not overwrought, but deadened almost to insensibility.

Mme. Bernard consulted a young doctor, a man of talent, who was taking lessons of her for the sake of his practise among foreigners. She used to say

that between her pupils and their friends and relations, she could get the best advice on any matter without paying a penny for it. The young physician answered that he could not help her much without seeing the patient, but that the best thing for Angela would be to eat and sleep well and not to fret.

Some such idea had probably occurred to the little Frenchwoman, for she laughed gaily in the doctor's face, and he, not being paid to look serious, joined in her laughter.

"You cannot say it is bad advice," he said, "and you wanted me to say something. Let me see the young lady, and I will tell you honestly whether I know of anything that will do her good, as I would tell a colleague."

They agreed that he should call one evening, on pretense of taking an extra lesson in a leisure hour. He came at the appointed time, and watched Angela narrowly during the few minutes she remained in the room. When she was gone, he gave his opinion without hesitation.

"The best thing for her would be a good illness," he said. "You look surprised! I will try to explain. That young lady is stronger than you think. It would do her a world of good to shed tears, but she cannot, because her unconscious power of resistance has been exercised till it has grown rigid. You have heard of Hindu devotees who hold up one arm till it stiffens in that position, so that they could not move it if they tried. That is an image of what I mean, unless it is the thing itself. After learning the terrible news, Donna Angela unconsciously steeled herself against her natural impulse to break down. She has a strong will, and the result is what you see. The strain of resisting was so great that in a few hours it deadened her to all sensation. If she could fall ill, the tension would relax. In my opinion, it will do so when her physical strength is worn out by starvation and lack of sleep; but a simple specific malady, like the whooping-cough or the measles, would be better for her. If you cannot break up her present condition, and if she has any organic weakness of the heart, it may stop beating one of these days. That is what is called dying of a broken heart,

my dear Mme. Bernard. There is no medicine against that like a broken leg!"

"Fie!" cried Mme. Bernard. "You have no human feeling at all!"

"I am sorry," answered the physician with a smile, "but it is my business to have a head instead. You asked my opinion, and I have given it, as I would to another doctor. The old-fashioned ones would laugh at me, the younger ones would understand."

"If you could only make the poor child sleep a little! Is there nothing?"

"She is not neurasthenic," the doctor objected. "It would be of no use to give her sleeping-medicines, for after a few days they would have no effect, except to excite her nerves unnaturally."

"Or something to give her an appetite," suggested Mme. Bernard vaguely.

"She has an excellent appetite, if she only knew it. The reason why she does not eat is that she does not know she is hungry, though she is half starved. I served in the African campaign when I was a young military surgeon. I have seen healthy men faint for want of food when they had plenty at hand, because they could not realize that they were hungry in their intense preoccupation. Great emotions close the entrance to the stomach, often for a considerable time. The fact is well known, and it is easier than you think to form the habit of living on next to nothing. It is the first step that counts."

"As they said of St. Denis when he carried his head three steps after it was cut off," said Mme. Bernard thoughtfully and without a smile.

"Precisely," the doctor assented. "I myself have seen a man sit his horse at a full gallop, without relaxing his hold, for fifty yards after he had been shot through the head. The seat of the nerves that direct automatic motion is not in the brain, but appears to be in the body, near the spine. When it is not injured, what used to be called unconscious cerebration may continue for several seconds after death. Similarly, bodily habits, like feeling hunger or being insensible to it, appear to have their origin in those ganglions, and not in any sort of thought. Consequently, thought alone, without a strong exercise of the will, has little effect upon such habits

of the body. When a man does a thing he does not mean to do, and says, "I cannot help it," he is admitting this fact. If you were to ask Donna Angela if she means to starve herself to death deliberately, she would deny it with indignation, but would tell you that she really cannot eat, and meanwhile she is starving. Give her a comparatively harmless illness like the measles, severe enough to break up the ordinary automatic habits of the body, and she will eat again, with an excellent appetite. In all probability I could give her the measles by artificial means; but, unfortunately, that sort of treatment is not yet authorized!"

The young doctor, who was not by any means a dreamer, seemed much amused at his own conclusion, which looks absurd even on paper, and Mme. Bernard did not believe a word he said. In questions of medicine, women are divided into two great classes, those who will consult any doctor and try anything, and those who only ask the doctor's opinion when they are forced to, and who generally do precisely the opposite of what he suggests. This is a more practical view, and is probably the safer, if they must go to one of the two extremes. Moreover, doctors are so much inclined to disagree that when three of them give a unanimous opinion, it is apt to be worthless.

The only immediate result of Mme. Bernard's consultation with the doctor was that she disappointed one of her pupils the next day in order to gain an hour, which she devoted to making a very exquisite *mousse de volaille* for Angela. The poor girl was much touched, but could only eat two or three mouthfuls, and the effort she made to overcome her repugnance was so unmistakable that the good little Frenchwoman was more anxious for her than hurt at the failure.

She had tried two sciences, she said to herself, but the doctor of medicine had talked the nonsense of theories to her, and the combined wisdom of Vatel, Brillat-Savarin, and Carême had proved fruitless. A person who could not eat Mme. Bernard's *mousse de volaille* could be cured only by a miracle. Accordingly, she determined to consult a churchman without delay, and went out early in the

afternoon. Angela did not notice that she was dressed with more than usual care, as if for a visit of importance.

IX

MME. BERNARD had been gone about half an hour, and the young girl was sitting in her accustomed place, listless and apathetic as usual, when the door-bell rang, and a moment later the woman servant came in, saying that a foreign gentleman was on the landing who insisted on seeing Angela, even though she was alone. After giving a long and not flattering description of his appearance, the woman held out the card he had given her. Angela glanced at it and read the name of Filmore Durand, and above, in pencil, half a dozen words: "I have brought you a portrait."

Angela did not understand in the least, though she tried hard to concentrate her thoughts.

"Ask the gentleman to come in," she said at last, hardly knowing what she said.

She turned her face to the window again, and in the course of thirty seconds, when she was roused by Durand's voice in the room, she had almost forgotten that he was in the house. She had not heard English spoken since she had left his studio on the morning when her father died, and she started at the sound. For weeks, nothing had made such an impression on her.

She rose to receive the great American painter, who was standing near the table in the middle of the room, looking at her in surprise and real anxiety, for she was little more than a shadow of the girl he had painted six weeks or two months earlier. He himself had brought in a good-sized picture, wrapped in new brown paper. It stood beside him on the floor, reaching as high as his waist, and his left hand rested on the upper edge. He held out the other to Angela, who took it apathetically.

"You have been very ill," he said in a tone of concern.

"No," she answered. "I am only a little tired. Will you not sit down?"

She sank into her seat again, and one thin hand lay on the cushioned arm of the chair. Instead of seating himself, Durand lifted the picture, still wrapped

up, and set it upright on the table, so that it faced her.

"I heard," he said in a low voice; "so I did this for you from memory and a photograph."

There was a sudden crackling and tearing of the strong paper as he ripped it off with a single movement, and then there was absolute silence for some time. Angela seemed not even to breathe, as she leaned forward with parted lips and unwinking, wondering eyes. Then, without even a warning breath, a cry broke from her heart.

"He is not dead! You have seen him again! He is alive—they have cheated me!"

Then she choked and leaned back, pressing her handkerchief to her mouth.

Instead of answering, the painter bent his head and looked down sideways at his own astounding handiwork, and for the second time in that year he was almost satisfied. Presently, as Angela said nothing more, he was going to move the canvas, to show it in a better light. She thought he meant to take it away.

"No!" she cried. "Not yet! Let me see it—let me understand—"

Her words died away and she was silent again, her eyes fixed on the portrait. At last she rose, came forward, and laid both her thin hands on the narrow black-and-gold frame.

"I must have it," she said. "You must let me have it, though I cannot pay for it. But I will some day. I will work till I can earn enough money, or till I die—and if that comes soon, they will give you back the picture. You cannot take it away!"

Durand saw that she had not understood.

"It is for you," he said. "I painted it to give to you. You see, after your father died, I kept yours—I never meant them to have it, but it seemed as if I owed you something for it, and this is to pay my debt. Do you see?"

"How kind you are!" she cried. "How very, very kind! I do not quite follow the idea—my head is always so tired now—but I knew you would understand how I should feel—if I accepted it without any return!"

So far as arithmetic went, the man of genius and the broken-hearted girl were

equally far from ordinary reckoning. Durand knew that by a turn of luck he had been able to keep the only portrait he had ever been sorry to part with when it was finished, and he was convinced that he owed somebody something for such an unexpected pleasure. On her side, Angela was quite sure that unless the portrait of the man she had loved was to be an equivalent for some sort of obligation, she could not be satisfied to keep it all her life unpaid for.

It filled the little sitting-room with light and color, as a Titian might have done. It was as intensely alive as Giovanni Severi had been—the eyes were full of those quick little coruscations of fire that had made them so unlike those of other men, the impulsive nostrils seemed to quiver, the healthy young blood seemed to come and go in the tanned cheeks, the square shoulders were just ready to make that quick, impatient little movement that had been so characteristic of him, so like the sudden tension of every muscle when a thoroughbred scents sport or danger. No ordinary artist would ever have seen all there was in the man, even in a dozen sittings, but Durand's twin gifts of sight and memory had unconsciously absorbed and held the whole, and a skill that was never outdone in its time had made memory itself visible on the canvas. Something that was neither a "harmless illness" nor a "miracle" had waked Angela from her torpor.

"How can I thank you?" she asked, after a long pause. "You do not know what it is to me to see his living face—you will call it an illusion—it seems as if—"

She broke off suddenly and pressed her handkerchief to her lips again.

"Only what you call the unreal can last unchanged for a while," the painter said, catching at the word she had used, and thinking more of his art than of her. "Only an ideal can be eternal, but every honest attempt to give it shape has a longer life than any living creature. Nature makes only to destroy, but art creates for the very sake of preserving the beautiful."

She heard each sentence, but was too absorbed in the portrait to follow his meaning closely. Perhaps it would have escaped her if she had tried.

"Only good and evil are everlasting," she said, almost unconsciously repeating words she had heard somewhere when she was a child.

Durand looked at her quickly, but he saw that she was not really thinking.

"What is 'good'?" he asked, as if he were sure that there was no answer to the question.

It attracted her attention, and she turned to him; she was coming back to life.

"Whatever helps people is good," she said.

"The French proverb says, 'Help thyself, and God will help thee,' suggested Durand.

"No; it should be, 'Help others, and God will help you,'" Angela answered.

The artist fixed his eyes on her as he nodded a silent assent; and suddenly, though her face was so changed, he knew it was more like his portrait of her than ever, and that the prophecy of his hand was coming to fulfilment.

He stayed a moment longer, and asked if he could be of any service to her or Mme. Bernard. She thanked him vaguely, and almost smiled. He felt instinctively that she was thinking of what she had last said, and was wishing that some one would tell her how she might do something for others, rather than that another should do anything for her.

She went with him to the door at the head of the stairs, and let him out.

"Thank you," she said, "thank you! You don't know what you have done for me!"

He looked at her in thoughtful silence for a few seconds, holding her hand as if they were old friends.

"There is no such thing as death," he said gravely.

And with this odd speech he left her and went slowly down the narrow stone steps; and though she watched him till he disappeared at the next landing, he did not once turn his head.

When she was in the sitting-room she set the framed picture on a straight chair near the window and sat down before it in her accustomed seat; and Durand's last words came back to her again and again, as if they were begging to be remembered and understood. Her memory brought with them many exhortations

and sayings from the sacred books, but none of them seemed to mean just what she knew that little speech of his must mean if she could quite understand it.

She had come to life again unexpectedly, and the spell of her dreadful solitude was broken. She did not think it strange that her eyes were dry as she gazed at the well-loved face, while the inner voice told her that there was "no such thing as death." He had done his duty, and he expected her to do hers until the time came for them to meet forever.

In the aimless wandering of her thoughts during the past weeks she had only understood that he was gone. In an uncounted moment, while she had been turning over the leaves of a book, or idly talking with Mme. Bernard, or plucking a withered leaf from one of the plants outside the window, he had been fighting for his life and had lost it. Perhaps she had been quietly asleep just then. She had heard people say they were sure that if anything happened to those they dearly loved, some warning would reach them. She had heard tales of persons appearing at the moment of their death to those dearest to them, and even to indifferent people. Such stories were but idle talk, for while she read out the news to Mme. Bernard, she had been expecting to hear that the expedition was advancing successfully on its way, she had been wondering what chance there was of getting a letter from the interior, she had been intimately convinced that Giovanni was safe, well, and making good progress, when he had been dead for a fortnight.

Mme. Bernard had read the details, so far as they were known, but she had wisely said nothing except that the news was fully confirmed. Angela herself had refused to touch a newspaper since that day. It had been enough that he was gone—to know how, or even to guess, would be a suffering she could not face. What had been found of the poor man who had perished had been brought home; there had been a great military funeral for them; their names were inscribed forever on the roll of honor. In time, when the political situation changed, an effort would be made to avenge their death, no doubt; for every

man who had been murdered a hundred would be slain, or more, if possible, till even a Scythian might feel satisfied that their angry spirits were appeased by blood. Angela knew nothing of all this, for she never left the house except to go to early mass every day, and Mme. Bernard never spoke of the dead man nor of the lost expedition.

When the governess came home, a little after sunset, Angela was still sitting before the picture, her chin resting on her hand and her elbow on her knee as she leaned forward to see better in the failing light. With a bright smile the girl turned her head, and Mme. Bernard started in surprise when she saw the portrait.

"It is he!" she cried. "It is he, to the very life!"

"Yes," Angela answered softly, "it is Giovanni. He has been telling me that I must do my part, as he did his. He is waiting for me, but I cannot go to him till my share is done."

She was gazing at the face again, while Mme. Bernard looked from it to her in undisguised astonishment.

"I do not understand, my dear," she said very gently. "Who has brought you this wonderful picture?"

She hardly expected an explanation, and she guessed that the portrait was Durand's work, for few living painters could have made such a likeness, and none would have painted it in that way, which was especially his own. To her surprise, Angela turned on her chair without rising, and told her just what had happened, since he had come in early in the afternoon bringing the picture with him. When she had finished she turned to it again, as if there were nothing more to be said, and at that moment Coco began to talk in a tone that made further conversation impossible. Mme. Bernard took him on her hand and disappeared with him.

When she came back, Angela was standing on a chair holding up the portrait with both hands and trying to hang it by the inner edge of the frame on an old nail she had found already driven into the wall. Mme. Bernard at once began to help her, as if not at all surprised at her sudden energy, though it seemed nothing less than miraculous.

They succeeded at last, and both got down from their chairs and drew back two steps to judge of the effect.

"It is a little too high," Angela said thoughtfully. "To-morrow I will get a cord and two rings to screw into the frame at the back, and then we will hang it just as it should be."

"Perhaps we could put it in a better light," Mme. Bernard suggested. "The room is so dark now that one cannot judge of that."

"He must be where he can see me," Angela said.

Her friend look puzzled, and the young girl smiled again, quite naturally.

"I am not dreaming," she said, as if answering a question not spoken. "I do not mean that the picture can really see, any more than I believe that what they call 'miraculous images' of saints are the saints themselves. But when I see the eyes of the portrait looking straight at me, I feel that he himself must see me, from where he is; and he will see me do my part, as he has done his. At least, I hope I may."

She went to her own room, and Mme. Bernard followed her to light the little lamp for her, as she had always done of late. But to-day Angela insisted on doing it herself.

"You must not wait on me any more," said the girl. "I have been very idle for weeks, but I did not understand, and you will forgive me, because you are so good and kind."

"You are a little angel, my dear!" cried Mme. Bernard, much affected. "They did right to name you Angela!"

But Angela shook her head as she put the paper shade over the lamp, and then went to the window to close the inner shutters before drawing the curtains.

"I have been a very useless little angel," she answered, "and I am sorry for it. But I mean to do better now, and you will help me, won't you?"

"That is all I ask. But, to tell the truth, I was discouraged to-day, and I have been to ask the advice of a very good man. There, I have told you, and I am glad of it, because I hate secrets! He has promised to come and see you, and talk to you, but now that you are yourself again—" She stopped, as if embarrassed.

"Who is he?" asked Angela with a shade of distrust. "A priest?"

"Please do not be angry!" Mme. Bernard began to repent of what she had done. "I was so much distressed—I felt that you were slipping out of the world day by day, just dying of a broken heart, so I went to see him."

"I am not going to die," Angela said. "Who is he? I think I know at last what I must do, without the advice of a priest. But tell me who he is."

"He is such a good man, my dear—Monsignor Saracinesca."

"That is different," Angela said, changing her tone at once. "I shall be very glad to see Monsignor Saracinesca. He is a real saint, if there is one living."

X

THERE is a religious house in Rome, beyond the Tiber and not far from Porta Portese, which I will call the Convent of the Nursing Sisters of Santa Giovanna d' Aza. Their order is a branch of a great and ancient one, though it has not had a separate existence for very long. The convent contains one of the best private hospitals in Italy, and the sisters also go out as trained nurses, like those of several other orders. But they do something more, which the others do not; for almost every year two or three, or even four of them, go out to the Far East to work in the leper hospitals which missionaries have established in Rangoon and elsewhere. A good many have gone in the last ten years, but few will ever return.

The convent is much larger than any one would suppose who judged merely from the uninteresting stuccoed wall which faces the quiet street, and in which there are a few plain windows without shutters, and a large wooden door, painted a dull green. This door, which is the main entrance, is opened and shut by the portress as often as a hundred times a day and more; but when it is open there is nothing to be seen within but a dark vestibule paved with flagstones; and the portress's wooden face is no more prepossessing than the wall itself. If any one asks her a question, she answers civilly in a business-like tone, with a hard foreign accent, for she is the widow of one of the Swiss

Guards at the Vatican; but she is naturally silent, stolid, mechanical, and trustworthy.

She is a lay sister, and is called Sister Anna. She lives in a small room on the left of the vestibule as you go in, five steps above the stone pavement. She is very rarely relieved from her duties, and then only for a few hours at a time; and all the patients must pass her when they enter or leave the house, as well as the doctors, and the visitors whose smart carriages and motor-cars often stand waiting in the narrow street. Fifty times a day, perhaps, the door-bell rings and Sister Anna deliberately flaps down the five steps in her heavily soled slippers to admit one person or another, and fifty times, again, she flaps down to let them out again. The reason why she does not go mad or become an imbecile is that she is Swiss. That, at least, is how it strikes the celebrated surgeon, Professor Pieri, who is at the convent very often, because he has many of his patients brought there to be operated on and nursed.

There is a still and sunny garden within, surrounded by a wide and dry cloister, above which the ancient building rises only one story on the three sides of the square; but on the fourth side, which looks toward the sun at noon, there are three stories, which have been built lately, and the hospital wards are in that wing, one above the other. On the opposite side, a door opens from the cloister to the choir of the church, which has also an outer entrance from the street, now rarely used; for the chaplain comes and goes through the cloister, the vestibule, and the green door where the portress is.

Beyond her lodge there is a wide hall, with clearstory windows and glass doors opening to the cloister and the garden; and from this hall the hospital itself is reached by a passage through which all the patients are taken. The mother superior's rooms are those above the cloister on the farther side of the garden, and have three beautiful thirteenth-century windows divided by pairs of slender columns.

In the middle of the garden there is an old well with three arches of carved stone that spring from three pillars and

meet above the center of the well-head, and the double iron chain runs over a wheel, and has two copper buckets, one at each end of it; but the water is now used only for watering the flowers. There are stone seats round the well, too, on which three old nuns often sit and sun themselves on fine days. They are the last of the sisters of the old time, when there was no hospital and no training-school, and the nuns used to do anything in the way of nursing that was asked of them by rich or poor, with a good heart and a laudable intention, but without even the simplest elements of modern prophylaxis, because it had not been invented then. For that has all been discovered quite recently, as we older men can remember only too well.

If this description has seemed tedious, you must know that Angela lived in the convent and worked there for five whole years after Giovanni was lost in Africa; so that it was needful to say something about her surroundings.

What has happened must be logical, just because it has happened; if we do not understand the logic, that may or may not be the worse for us, but the facts remain.

It is easy, too, to talk of a "vocation" and to lay down the law regarding it, in order to say that such and such a woman acted wisely in entering a religious order, or that such another made a mistake. The fact that there is no such law is itself the reason why neither a man nor a woman is permitted nowadays to take permanent vows until after a considerable period of probation, first as a "postulant," and then as a novice.

For my own part, when Angela Chiaromonte left Mme. Bernard's pleasant rooms in Trastevere and went into the convent hospital of Santa Giovanna d' Aza through the green door, I do not believe that she had the very smallest intention of becoming a nun, nor that she felt anything like what devout persons call a "vocation." It was not to disappear from the world forever that she went there, and it was not in order to be alone with her sorrow, though that would have been a natural and human impulse; nor was it because she felt herself drawn to an existence of asceticism and mystic meditation.

The prospect of work was what attracted her. She was a perfectly healthy-minded girl, and though she might never cease to mourn the man she had loved, it was to be foreseen that in all other respects she might recover entirely from the terrible shock and live out a normal life. Under ordinary circumstances, that is what would have happened. She would have gone back to the world after a time, outwardly the same, though inwardly changed in so far as all possibilities of love and marriage were concerned. She would have lived in society, year after year, growing old gracefully and tenderly, as some unmarried women do whose stories we never knew or have forgotten, but whose hearts are far away, watching for the great To-morrow, beside a dead man's grave, or praying before an altar whence the god has departed. They are women whom we never call "old maids," perhaps because we feel that in memory they are sharing their lives with a well-loved companion whom we cannot see. That might have been Angela's future.

But a brutal fact put such a possibility out of the question. She was a destitute orphan, living on the charity of her former governess, whereas her nature was independent, brave, and self-reliant. When she rose above the wave that had overwhelmed her, and opened her eyes and found her senses again, her instinct was to strike out for herself. Though she talked with Monsignor Saracinesca again and again, she had really made up her mind after her first conversation with him. She saw that she must work for her living, but at the same time she longed to devote her life to some good work for Giovanni's sake. The churchman told her that if she could learn to nurse the sick, she might accomplish both ends.

He never suggested that she should become a nun, or take upon herself any permanent obligation. He had seen much of human nature; the girl was very young, and perhaps he underrated the strength of her love for the dead man, and thought that she might yet marry happily and live a normal woman's life. But there was no reason why she should not become a trained nurse in the meantime, and there was room for her in the

nun's hospital of Santa Giovanna d' Aza, an institution which owes its first beginnings and much of its present success to the protection of the Saracinesca family, and more particularly to the princess herself, the beautiful Donna Corona of other days, and to her second son, Monsignor Ippolito. The hospital was always in need of young nurses, especially since a good many of the older ones were going to the Far East; and when there was a choice, the mother superior gave the preference to applicants from the better classes.

The matter was therefore settled without difficulty, and Angela was soon installed in the tiny room which remained her cell for years afterward. It contained a narrow iron bedstead, and during the day a small brass cross always lay on the white coverlet. There were a chest of drawers, one rush-bottomed chair, and a very small table, on which stood an American nickeled alarm-clock. The only window looked westward over the low city wall toward Monteverde, where the powder-magazine used to stand before it was blown up.

She wore a plain gray frock at first, but when she was in the wards it was quite covered by the wide white cotton garment which all the nurses wore when on duty. Occasionally Mme. Bernard came and took her for a walk, and sometimes she went out on an errand with one of the nuns; but she did not care very much for that, possibly because she was not under any restraint. The beautiful enclosed garden was wide and sunny, and she could generally be alone there. When the weather was fine, she could wander about between the beds of roses and carnations, or sit on a bench; and if it rained, she could walk up and down under the cloisters.

The three old nuns who came out to sun themselves paid no attention to her, beyond nodding rather shakily when she bent her head to them in respectful salutation. They had seen more than a hundred girls enter the convent, to work and grow old like themselves, and one more neither made any difference to them nor possessed for them the least interest. That strange petrification had begun in them which overtakes all very old monks and nuns who have never had very active

minds. From doing the same things, with no appreciable variation, at the same hours, for fifty, sixty, and even seventy years, they become so perfectly mechanical that their bodies are always in one of a limited number of attitudes, less and less pronounced as great age advances, till they at last cease to move at all and die, as the hands of a clock stop when it has run down.

But the three old nuns belonged to a past generation, and it was not probable that the younger sisters would ever be like them. The mother superior was a small and active woman, with quick black eyes, a determined mouth, and a strangely pale face. She seemed to be incapable of being tired. Among themselves, the novices called her the little white volcano. When the one who had invented the epithet repeated it to Monsignor Saracinesca in confession, and he gently told her that it was wrong to speak disrespectfully of her superior, she rather pertly asked him whether any one who lived under a volcano could fail to respect it; whereat he shook his head gravely inside the confessional, but his spiritual mouth twitched with amusement, in spite of himself.

The four novices were inclined to distrust Angela at first, however, as she was not even a postulant, and it was not till she became one of themselves that she was initiated into their language. It was not long before this took place, however. From the first, she showed a most unusual aptitude in learning the mechanical part of her profession, and her extraordinary memory made it easy for her to remember the lectures which were given for the nurses three times a week, generally by the house surgeon, but occasionally by the great Dr. Pieri, who had been a pupil of Basini of Padua, and was a professor in the University of Rome. He showed especial interest in Angela, and the pert little novice wickedly suggested that he was falling in love with her; but the truth was that he distinguished in her the natural gifts which were soon to make her the most valuable nurse at his disposal.

The mother superior expected that she would become vain, and gave her some energetic lectures on the evils of con-

ceit. There was a sort of fury of good about the pale woman that carried everything before it. She was just, but her righteous anger was a ready firebrand, and when it burst into flame, as often happened, her eloquence was extraordinary. Her face might have been carved out of white ice, but her eyes glowed like coals, and her words came low, quick, and clear, and wonderfully to the point. As a girl, her temper had been terrific, and had estranged her from her own family; but her unconquerable will had forged it into a weapon that never failed her in a just cause and was never drawn in an unjust one. Monsignor Saracinesca sometimes thought that St. Paul must have had the same kind of fiery and fearless temperament.

It sometimes outran facts, if it always obeyed her intention, as happened one day when she privately gave Angela a sermon on vanity which would have made the other novices tremble at the time and feel very uncomfortable for several days afterward. When she had wound up her peroration and finished, she drew two or three fierce little breaths and scrutinized the young girl's face; but to her surprise it had not changed in the least. The clear young eyes were as steady and quiet as ever; if they expressed anything, it was a quiet admiration which the older woman had not hitherto roused in the younger members of her community.

"Pray for me, mother," Angela said, "and I will try to be less vain."

The other looked at her again very keenly, and then, instead of answering, asked a question:

"Why do you wish to be a nun?"

Angela had lately asked herself the same thing, but she replied with some diffidence:

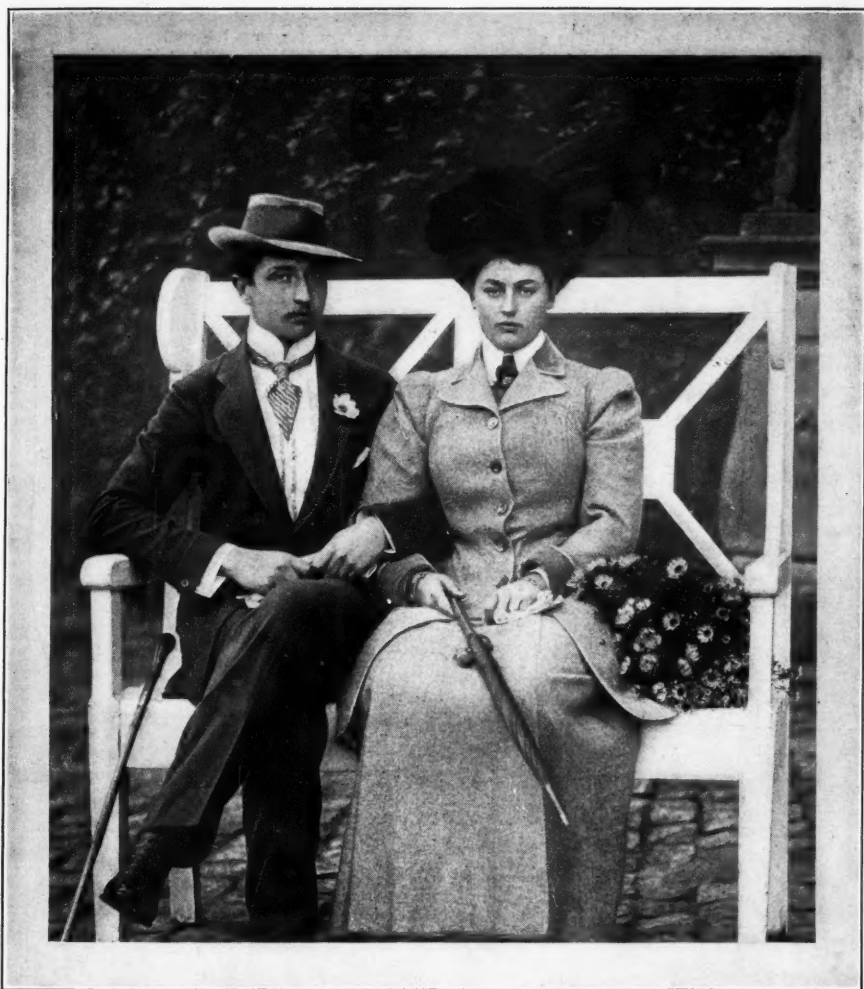
"If I can do a little good by working very hard all my life, I hope that it may be allowed to help the soul of a person who died suddenly."

The mother superior's white face softened a little.

"That is a good intention," she said.

"If it is sincere and lasting, you will be a good nun. You may begin your novitiate on Sunday, if you have made up your mind."

(To be continued)



PRINCE AUGUST WILHELM OF PRUSSIA, THE KAISER'S FOURTH SON, AND HIS BRIDE,
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN

From a photograph by Liersch, Berlin

THE YOUNGER CHILDREN OF THE GERMAN KAISER

BY THEODORE SCHWARZ

THE German Kaiser has impressed himself on the world's imagination after a fashion which the passing of years does not seem to alter. One thinks of him as an alert, energetic,

virile figure, neither old nor young, but a sort of incarnation of restless activity and strength. When he first came to the throne, there was much unauthenticated gossip about his alleged infirmity

of body; but all this talk has long since died away, because of his life of intense application to the interests of his empire, his enormous capacity for work, and his

prime of life and the maturity of his physical and mental powers.

Like the American President, the German Kaiser lately celebrated his fiftieth



PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE OF PRUSSIA, THE KAISER'S YOUNGEST CHILD AND ONLY DAUGHTER, NOW SIXTEEN YEARS OLD

From a photograph by Sellin, Berlin

feats as a horseman and a hunter. In this respect, as in so many others, he resembles President Roosevelt, whom no one can think of except as in the very

birthday; yet the fact made no particular impression. Each of these two men has a natural endowment of astonishing energy which it will probably require

many years to sap. The Kaiser, though he is just three months younger than Mr. Roosevelt, has now become a grandfather. One thinks of it with a certain shock of surprise; but it must be remembered that he was married very young, in his twenty-second year. His family is a large one, numbering seven children.

His fourth son, Prince August Wilhelm, is the latest Hohenzollern to take a bride. Americans have an especial interest in this prince. When he was only nineteen, he fell in love with the Princess Alexandra, daughter of Duke Ferdinand of Schleswig-Holstein, and asked his father's permission to marry her at once. The desired consent was withheld, and the order was given that August Wilhelm must continue his studies at some university until he should attain his twenty-first year. He decided to remain in Germany for a while longer, and then to come to the United States and take a course at Harvard—a plan which the Kaiser himself thoroughly approved. However, the ardor of the lover prevailed over the purpose of the student; and so in October last, having come of age, the prince was married in the chapel of the Royal Schloss at Berlin.

It is interesting to recall the brief speech which the Kaiser made on that occasion in toasting the newly wedded pair. The words are very characteristic of his own ideals. He said:

"You are about to establish your household and start life together. Life means work. Work means achievement.

Achievement means striving for others, for the fatherland, for our people, and for our royal house. After the happy hours of the first days and months, you will be confronted with the seriousness of life, with its duties as they are performed by each member of our family."

The Kaiser now has three married sons, the other two being the Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm and Prince Eitel Fritz. The third son, Adalbert, who is now twenty-four years old, is still a bachelor. There are three other children younger than August Wilhelm. One is Prince Oscar, now twenty years of age. The next is Prince Joachim, who is in his nineteenth year; and the youngest of all is the Princess Victoria Louise, who was born in 1892. We give her portrait, the latest that has been taken of her. It was given out on the occasion of her sixteenth birthday, on the 13th of last September.

The portrait of Prince August Wilhelm and his bride is particularly interesting because of the very lover-like way in which their arms are intertwined. These two young people are very fond of each other, and are not in the least ashamed of showing it.

It is worth noting, too, that they are first cousins, the bride's mother being the Princess Caroline Mathilde of Schleswig-Holstein, a sister of the German Empress. The bride's father and mother are also cousins, but many times "removed," as they belong to different branches of the ducal house of Schleswig-Holstein.

REVELATION

I HAVE marked this day in my calendar
As sacred and set apart,
For I held in my fumbling hand to-day
A woman's heart.

I never shall know by what master-touch
Of undreamed and blundering power
Her soul was charmed to such perfect trust
For one white hour;

But of all the days in my calendar
This one shall have honored place,
For I looked through a woman's heart to-day
And saw God's face!

Peter McArthur

LA TAMBOURINE

BY C. BRYSON TAYLOR

AUTHOR OF "IN THE DWELLINGS OF THE WILDERNESS," "NICANOR,
TELLER OF TALES," ETC

WITH A DRAWING BY E. M. ASHE

HANS stopped his horse at the foot of the steep ascent of the Kaiserstrasse, in the swirling storm of hail and snow, to stare through the dusk at a small group of people gathered in the square below him. Hans was big and broad and burly, with hulking shoulders and great red hands, gnawed rough and raw by the tooth of the bitter cold. Presently he left his horse and went down toward the group; he felt sure that men would not stop at that hour and in that temperature save for vital causes.

He pushed through the crowd, and stopped and stared with a guttural oath of amazement. Two people—a man and a girl—held the center of the ring formed by those around them. At the man Hans glanced but casually. He was small and shriveled, with a keen, foxy face and narrow, glinting eyes. He scraped on a wailing fiddle a wild and eldritch tune, which played hide-and-seek through the steady diapason of the storm.

But at sight of the man's companion, Hans's stolid blue eyes woke to sudden interest. She was small and slight and dark-haired, this weary singing-girl, and thinly clad against the cold. Violet rings were smeared beneath her sunken eyes, but her thin cheeks were radiant as a rose-leaf; and her lips, panting with their endless tune, were scarlet. Her dress was of velvet, clinging close to her slender body; it was fantastic, with much trimming of spangles; but it was draggled with rain and mud, and soaked through. Her worn shoes, also soaked, were as so much paper on her feet.

The girl held a tambourine, which she

tapped mechanically with knuckle and elbow in time to her song, as she swayed her little body to and fro, and shivered. As an entertainment, it was beyond all words doleful. At intervals the fox-faced man turned his head as he played, and muttered:

"Dance—dance, little fool! It is our last chance to-night. Dance, or thou'lt go supperless to sleep!"

"I cannot dance better than this!" the girl panted, and took up again her mockery of a song.

Hans heard the man's order and the girl's reply, and pushed closer. Never had he seen such a woman. Her slenderness, her grace, her strange costume, her tambourine—all were strange, all alluring. He uncouthly admired the radiance of her soft cheeks, and never saw beneath her eyes the black hollows which no art could obliterate, nor the droop of her mouth. He produced three kreutzers, and held them out to her.

She looked at him with sick and sullen eyes, and went to him, holding out the tambourine that he might drop his offering into it. He did so, his eyes always on her face. She thanked him with a muttered word; then she stepped back to the man's side, and resumed her weary dance and song.

One of the men on the opposite side of the ring tossed a coin into the tambourine. Hans saw it with a small stab of jealousy—though why he was jealous he could not have told to save his soul.

"*Fräulein!*" he said sharply, and held up another coin.

Some one in the crowd laughed. Hans did not know it; if he had, he would not

have cared. But as the girl approached, still heedless of him, moving like one in a half-stupor, he became conscious of what he was doing. His face, under his thick woolen cap, flushed a slow and heavy crimson. In an access of embarrassment he tossed the coin at her, and started to shoulder his way out of the crowd.

A movement of those around arrested him. Turning, he saw the girl, in the act of stooping to pick up the bit of money, lurch to her knees like a spent horse, and settle face downward in the snow. The squealing of the fiddle stopped; he saw the fox-faced man on one knee beside the dark huddle on the ground, and heard a buzz of talk and comment.

The fox-faced man lifted his head and said in a shivering whimper:

"For the love of God, a little charity! Will no one give the child a corner by the fire to-night? She is all but frozen!"

Then Hans, the silent, did a mighty thing. He pushed aside one in his path, and touched the kneeling man upon the shoulder.

"Come!" he said briefly.

The man rose, with alacrity and fulsome expressions of gratitude. Hans put him aside. He forgot even to speak, in his excitement. He forgot all things save the rose-tinged face and the scarlet lips of the girl at his feet—the girl who was like no other that in all his sodden life he had met before. He picked her up awkwardly, yet with the ease of his huge, untutored strength; and the touch of her slim, cold body set his blood racing. In the darkness his eyes were greedy.

Black night had descended upon them, blotting out the high line of the encompassing mountains and the village which nestled in the cup of the valley below. The stone streets, clinging to the steep slopes of the mountainside, were deep in snow, through which narrow lanes had been trodden for the passing of men and beasts. At intervals, from houses hanging far up the heights, a gleam of light glowed redly into the night, bespeaking warmth and homely comfort.

High at the end of the ragged, climbing street was the Inn of the Three Children, kept by old Karl Baer for the entertainment of peasants and poorer folk. At

its door Hans pulled up his horse with a jerk, caught his charge as she fell off the horse's back, and kicked at the door until it was opened by an astonished lump of a servant-girl. A flood of light and warmth greeted them as they staggered over the threshold.

Old Karl Baer, red of face, short and immensely broad, looked up from where he sat smoking his long-stemmed pipe on one side of the wide-gulleted fireplace. In front of the fire his *frau* was frying sausages in a long-handled pan, her face flaming in the heat. She also was short, and of the overflowing shapelessness to which most women of her class attain when their prime is past. She whipped the pan off the fire, resting its handle in a three-legged iron crotch, and turned toward the door.

"Dear *Gott!*" she cried. "My son, what hast thou there, then?"

Hans placed the girl on the wide, low settle, and stood looking down at her.

"Eh, a girl! The poor thing!" cried Frau Baer. "Trudel! Here, thou lazy wench! Bring some warm blankets and the copper kettle; and after, two rooms prepare."

Trudel entered, and she and her mistress helped the girl away, bidding the man follow. Hans, sitting on the settle where the girl had been, stared at the door through which they had taken her. His heavy blond face was expressionless, but his blue eyes were hot and eager. He gazed straight before him, his great cracked hands hanging limp between his knees.

Old Karl, in the act of raising the pipe-stem to his mouth, caught the look on his son's face and lowered his hand again. He sat for long, motionless, watching the younger man with small, unwinking eyes.

II

WHEN Hans returned from work the next night, he found the fox-faced man on the settle before the fire, tuning his battered fiddle. Old Karl again held his corner; beside him sat his *frau*, a bit of knitting in her fat, red hands. The fox-faced man, having got his instrument in shape, laid it across his knees and addressed the company:

"Friends, to-morrow, if the storm

abates, my daughter and I will leave this so hospitable roof and go our way. We are poor; therefore, we are grateful. If it please you, we will sing and dance for you. It is all that we can do by way of payment; but, for so long as it may please you, we will do it with a very good will."

He went to the door and called. After a time, the girl appeared on the threshold. She was in her velvet dress, which was dry now, and furbished to some pitiful semblance of its pristine splendors. On her feet she wore a pair of cheap white shoes or slippers. Her cheeks were pink and white; her lips were scarlet. But her face was more than ever gaunt and pinched, and beneath her tired eyes the violet shadows were even deeper than before.

From the instant she entered, Hans saw no one else. Her feet, so small—smaller than his hand; her costume, with its cheap spangles, which glittered like jewels—everything about her, indeed, from crown to toe, was to him wholly wonderful. A vision grew into his slow mind and burned there, of his mouth pressed to that crimson mouth of hers. The thought shook him to his sluggish soul; his hands gripped the edges of his stool until the knuckles stood out white under the raw flesh. As she entered the room, the cuckoo clock in the corner crowed seven times.

The fox-faced man spoke to her. She nodded, walked to the middle of the room, and stood there, her tambourine at her hip. A quaint and haunting melody rippled into the quiet of the room as, from the battered hulk of his instrument, the man drew forth all its longing soul. A poverty-ridden, strolling minstrel, nothing more; yet somewhere in his shriveled fingers lurked the little demon of genius—untaught, unknown—singing its happy life away in the strings of a patched and common fiddle.

The girl stood swaying slightly, marking the rhythm of the music. Suddenly she began to sing. Voice?—she had none—only a reedy pipe, cracked and broken by merciless use, by straining, and by ignorant handling. Passion, art?—of these, by some native instinct, she had large measure.

Frau Baer dropped her knitting in her capacious lap and closed her eyes. Her face was wreathed in fatuous smiles. Hans sat leaning forward, his mouth agape, his eyes following every sinuous curve of the girl's lithe body.

The song ceased. The notes of the violin lingered and died. Old Karl muttered, "*Gut, gut!*" in growls of approval. Hans shut his mouth with a gulp, breathed heavily, and said:

"More!"

For the first time, that he knew of, the girl looked full at him. She smiled slightly, with a gleam of white teeth. The violin dashed into a dance tune, a thing of deviltry and reckless merriment. With a bound the girl flung herself into the midst of it and danced, her white-slipped feet twinkling on the spotless floor and her tambourine rattling and thumping. The spectators settled with grunts of satisfaction to the business of being entertained.

She stopped suddenly, with a final whirl, and sank down at the feet of the fox-faced man, panting. Frau Baer loudly proclaimed her enjoyment. The fox-faced man bowed his thanks, and put aside his violin. It was apparent that he considered the debt cleared and his duty at an end; but Hans, lost to all things save the sight of the slim figure in the abandon of its poses, called again for more.

The girl cast a glance of protest at her companion.

"I promised—'for so long as it may please you,'" he said low at her ear.

The girl got up and danced again, and sang; and sang again, and danced; and always the thick voice in the corner cried for more. He did not see when the man's fingers played slower over the strings, when the girl's eyes became wide and strained, and she reeled from very weariness. Steeped in a pleasure such as he had never known before, he wished to drain it to the last drop, to glut himself with it, to make himself drunk with gazing at the dancing girl. He was insistent, not to be denied. His face, no longer stolid, was heavily flushed; his blue eyes burned.

The cuckoo hurled himself out of his little door in the front of the clock, and shrieked twelve times.

At the sound, the girl, in the midst of her dance, cast the tambourine aside and flung herself on the floor at the musician's feet, her face hidden in her hands.

"He will kill me!" she sobbed hysterically. "I am ill with it—I can do no more!"

The violin tripped on a discord and fell into silence. Hans rose, and stood staring at the prostrate figure on the floor. His face settled into heavy lines of astonishment.

"But—I do not understand," he muttered. Suddenly he turned upon them—huge, hulking—dominating them by sheer strength. "Go away, all of you! I will to her talk alone."

Old Karl set the example. He rose and marched gravely doorward. The fox-faced man caught his arm.

"I'll not have it! Come back, *mein herr*, and bid him—"

"There will no trouble come," old Karl assured him. "Hans is a good boy. We will go; it is better so."

The door closed upon them.

III

By degrees the girl's sobs ceased. In time she sat up, drawing the back of one hand across her eyes. Seeing Hans, she shrank away with a quick indrawn breath, and shot a wary glance around.

"The others! Where are they?" she said. Her German was a foreigner's—crude, though fluent.

"They will come presently," said Hans.

She got up from the floor.

"I will go to them!"

"Not so," Hans said. "I would talk with you." There was no shyness about him. He seemed lunging straight for whatever object he had in view, sure of himself, of what he wanted, yet awkward with ideas—still more with speech.

"Is he your father?"

His questions came with eager insistence; she answered obediently, deeming it quite useless to refuse.

"I—do not know. He says he is."

"Do you love him?"

She stared.

"No—oh, no! Sometimes he beats me."

"He will go to-morrow?"

She nodded.

"But you shall not! You shall stay here."

He brought it out with obvious triumph; it was the point at which he had been aiming. Her glance at him was half of doubt, half of fear.

"He will not let me," she said.

Hans considered, his slow wits working desperately.

"If he beats you, he will for gold give you up," he said. "I have gold."

She sat down suddenly on the settle, laid her arms on its back, and hid her face in them, crouched together like a child. Hans looked down at her in stolid perplexity. Presently he got very deliberately on his knees beside her, bringing his face nearer on a level with hers.

"My mother will be good to you when you stay here," he said. "You shall work in the house with her, and be warm, and sing."

"Shall I?" the girl asked. For the first time her eyes lightened to a slow spark of interest. "In the house, not to be always going, going, in the rain and the cold—"

The door opened, and old Karl entered, followed by the fox-faced man. Hans went straight to the latter.

"She will stay when you go," he said curtly, and jerked his thumb back toward the girl.

The man's sharp face went livid with rage.

"But, no!" he cried. His German failed him; he struggled visibly for words. "But, no! She is my daughter—no!"

"I have gold," quoth Hans stubbornly. He saw nothing wrong in the proposition. He wanted something, and he was going to get that something somehow.

The fox-faced man looked at him with a crafty eye. Hans Baer was a being to be held in respect, not alone for the mere massive strength of him, but for the very cloak of stolidity which, effectually masked, one might only guess what slow-moving, irresistible passions beneath.

"Gold!" said the fox-faced man softly. "With gold I can buy a new violin. How much gold?"

"My son! Think what thou dost!" old Karl warned.

Hans shut him off with a growl of menace, and left the room. The three waited in silence. He had dominated the situation, had taken it into his own hands, and from him they must get their cues.

He came back with a small and dirty bag, from which he shook out upon the table the poor savings of a lifetime—very little, yet enough to make the eyes of the fox-faced man glint with greed and longing. Hans put the gold pieces in a heap together, and swept the copper and silver back into the bag.

"Take it," he said briefly.

Old Karl glanced from his son to the girl.

"My son, come and with thy mother talk this over. Here the girl shall stay not one hour longer than she herself desires."

Hans nodded.

"Ja, my father, that is so. Go you. I follow."

Karl went out with the fox-faced man, but Hans crossed the room to the girl's side. He put a hand beneath her chin and raised her face, looking at her with a slow and curious interest. It came upon him then that she was waiting for him to speak. Why this should be was beyond his power to fathom; but he who all his life had followed stupidly, as an ox obeys the goad, now found himself taking the lead, without effort, as if it were his right.

"Thou art not as Gretchen and Marie and Trudel," he said slowly. "From them thou art different—why?"

The girl answered:

"I have had no chance to be like them."

"It is for that—because thou art different—"

Hans stopped, seeking further expression. Again the dull color burned the girl's face.

"That I should be fair game?" she said; and Hans could not read half the bitterness in her voice.

When he perceived her meaning, he started back from her in clumsy embarrassment.

"But I meant not that," he said, with an honest distress equal to her own. "It is because thou art different that I would keep thee here." His eyes lingered on

the warm scarlet of her lips. "Wilt thou let me kiss thee?"

She shivered a little, drawing farther away from him along the settle.

"Was it for this you—bought me?" she said painfully. "I thought I was to work, to help the gracious *frau* in the house. Is it, then, that you also are like—like all those others?" Her voice faltered.

Hans stammered with eagerness and bewilderment.

"Ah, then—so thou shalt do! But a kiss is a little thing. And thy lips are not as the lips of Gretchen and Marie and Trudel—so warm they are, and red—"

The girl rubbed her lips.

"I wished to stay here so that I, too, might be as other girls," she said. "But if you will not let me be as they are—if what you want is kisses—"

Two tears rolled down her pinched cheeks. The expression of bewilderment on Hans's face changed slowly to one of amazed enlightenment.

"See, then, I will marry thee," he replied. "Then I may kiss thee, and thou shalt also work about the house, *nicht wahr?*"

His tone was matter-of-fact; it was a happy solution of his difficulty. The girl still said nothing. He chose to interpret her silence as consent, and took her into his arms. He looked for resistance, for protests such as Gretchen or Trudel might have made, and was prepared to overcome as he had overcome before. But this girl lay very still, with closed eyes and tears standing on her lashes.

When he pressed his mouth to her lips—the scarlet lips which had so tempted him—she was still quiet. It entered his mind to wonder at her entire absence of emotion; but so long as she did not deny him, he cared little what she did. Fine distinctions were altogether beyond him; he was content with what lay upon the surface.

She pulled herself away from him and sat up, smoothing her rumpled hair with both thin hands. He hung over as she sat passive, her eyes downcast.

"Thou wilt marry me?" he asserted.

"Yes," said the girl. She raised her head and looked into his blond, flushed

face, with its shining eyes of blue. "It cannot be worse than what I have gone through, because I would be as your Gretchen and your Trudel; and it may be better."

Hans stared at her helplessly. At a bound she had gone fathoms beyond his depth; of her speech he understood but the first word.

IV

THE next morning, Hans, entering the kitchen with a bucket of water, saw a figure coming toward him, dressed in much-worn garments, well-nigh shapeless. The light showed up mercilessly a face pinched and sunken and wan, eyes circled by the black rings of exhaustion, lips gray and drawn, robbed of all their seductive ripeness of color.

Hans put down the bucket with an oath. He did not understand at all what change had taken place. His confused thought was that the girl must be very ill, for a single night to have wrought such havoc with her beauty.

"Is it thou, then?" he said, his voice harsh with surprise. "What hast thou made with thyself? Thou hast a sickness—thou art ill—"

"No," the girl answered, "not ill. I am as I am—not a sham and a mockery any more. Oh!" she cried, and hid her face in her hands, "if you could know how I loathed it—those clothes, that tambourine, all the paint and the spangles and the tawdriness—the songs I had to sing, and the men I had to sing them to!" She checked herself with a sob. "I have burned them," she said fiercely; "the dress and the spangles and the paint that made men think me as bad as the worst of their creatures. I was not bad—I would not be! Now I can do as I like, and I need never have aught to do with them again!"

Hans stood and stared at her, forgetting his bucket of water.

"But—now—thou art not beautiful any more!" he said slowly. "Thou art—now thou art as Gretchen and Trudel and Marie—why?"

The girl looked up at him. Quite suddenly she had become calm.

"Did you like me better when I was painted and tawdry, just a thing for men to sneer at?" she asked very low. "Or

would you rather see me as I really am?"

"I like thee," Hans repeated after her, floundering in bewilderment. She was going very much too fast for him. "And I do not understand. Wilt thou again be beautiful?"

"How can I be?" she cried. "I am not beautiful. I never was beautiful. I made myself seem so, that when I sang and danced men might give me more money. It was all a lie! And I will not lie again. If you do not like me as I am, I can go away."

Hans scratched his head in dire perplexity.

"Now thou art like Trudel and Marie," was all he said.

The girl turned with an exclamation and left the room. Hans stood in stolid impassivity, staring after her.

Hereafter he avoided her, and twisted with embarrassment when she looked at him. In his eyes the goddess had become woman; had descended without warning to the plane of ordinary humanity, leaving behind her whatever it was which had set her apart from his kind. By degrees he came to manifest still less interest in her; and one night, when he returned from work to find the girl gone from the inn, leaving no trace behind her, he merely grunted and looked relieved.

Thereafter the household pursued its wonted round of life. Nobody said anything about the girl, because nobody had anything to say. But with the weeks that went by a change became apparent in Hans—slow as the changes in the giant forces of nature around him—so slow that none realized it, least of all himself. At times, his heavy face would flush to dull crimson, and his great hands clench until the knuckles showed white under the chapped and broken skin. It was the only sign he gave of what was rising within him.

But in the long nights, when—bruised and sodden with fatigue—he lay sleepless and listened to the timbers of the house cracking in the bitter cold, there came to torment him a vision of a slender figure with rose-flushed cheeks and scarlet, singing lips. When he writhed in helpless misery before it, it seemed to dance before him like a reveling witch,

and to smile at him in exultant mockery; and all his curses could not drive it away.

When the vision changed, he could not have told; but he realized all at once that what was haunting him was a face, pinched and white and sunken, with gray lips robbed of all their seductive color, and appealing eyes circled by the black shadows of exhaustion. The phenomenon perplexed and annoyed him beyond measure. If he must see it, it was infinitely preferable in its semblance of beauty.

V

IN the courtyard of the inn Hans stood at the horse-trough, watering the two gray horses. Into the yard came Karl with a neighbor, passing through to the rear door of the house. The neighbor, with intent to gossip, hailed Hans:

"So, friend, to-day my wife in the town saw that little one who came singing in the winter, who was at thy house, as I remember. She is at service in a house on the Alte Wiese. What think you of that, eh?"

Hans led his horses into the barn, with no sign that he had heard the old man's news; but suddenly he stopped, pitchfork in hand, and stood—rough-hewn, hulking—stained with sweat and with the marks of his labor. He began to breathe heavily, and the muscles of his face twitched. With a heave of his heavy shoulders he dashed the sharp prongs half their length into the hard oak floor, so that the fork stood upright, quivering.

"I have thee now, thou little white one!" he said with a low bellow of laughter.

In one moment, as it were, with his blind impulse to action, the floodgates of his stolid nature burst their bonds. His slow-moving passions, once roused, gathered momentum as failure goaded him to fever-pitch in the fury of his search. For at first, until his wits cooled to reason, he could not find her. But the village was not large; and if she had wished to, the girl could not well have escaped him. As to whether she wished to escape him or not, he gave it never even a thought.

There came a morning, diamond-clear,

when he stood at the flight of steps leading from one street level to the next below, and watched the women and girls pass him on their way to work. The sun, new risen, glittered on the windows of the houses in the valley. A step sounded on the cobbles, and Hans turned. The street was deserted of all but one. She came toward him, white-faced, weary-eyed; and, as once before, the muscles of his face began to twitch, his eyes to grow smaller in the concentration of their gaze.

She saw him and stopped. Her white face turned whiter, her eyes darkened with fright. His silence forced her into startled speech.

"You must let me pass! I am going to my work."

"Not so," said Hans. "It is with me thou shalt come!"

He had found what he sought, and gods and men might not keep it from him.

She raised her eyes to him—those sick and sullen eyes that unwittingly had touched the smoldering spark within him to all-devouring flame.

"Why did you find me? You do not want me! It was only a painted doll you wanted. Let me pass—"

"No!" said Hans. He came nearer—huge, awkward, dominant—bent on crushing her weak defenses, and she drew back, breathing quicker, with eyes like an animal trapped. "A painted doll I wanted? Something else now I want. It was not as a painted doll that in the nights I saw thee, but little and white and thin. Therefore, what have I to do with a doll? I have found thee. Come!"

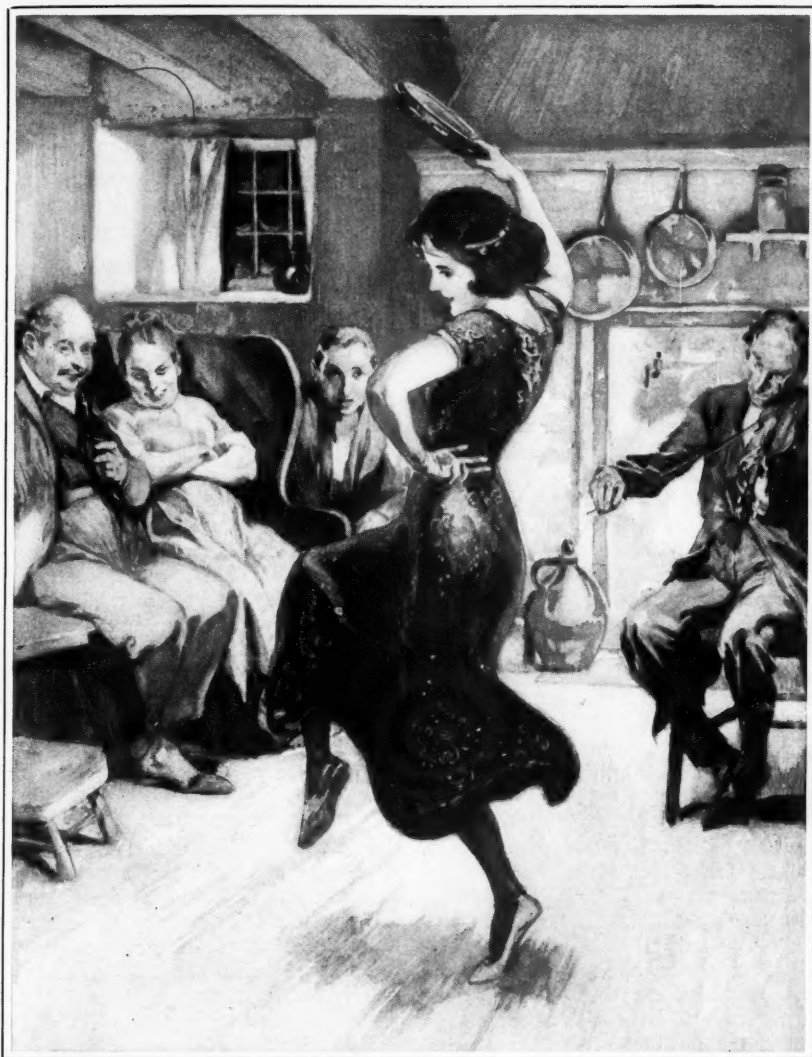
The girl caught her breath in a sob.

"Oh!" she cried pitifully, and wrung her hands. "I will not come! You are different, and I—I am afraid! I do not want to be your wife—would you make me hate you?"

But Hans took her in his arms.

"Hate me if thou wilt—why should I fear it? See, then, *liebchen*, I have told the mother to wait for thee. Thou shalt be warm, and sit by the fire, and sing to us once more."

Suddenly he caught her and crushed her to him fiercely, stifling her broken cry with hot and eager lips. She yielded



WITH A BOUND THE GIRL FLUNG HERSELF INTO THE MIDST OF IT AND DANCED

weakly, leaning against him with a little sobbing laugh.

"Why do you want me now?" she whispered under his kisses. "I am not wonderful, nor beautiful—I am only like Gretchen and Trudel and Marie."

"Maybe thou seemest like them, but I know thou art different," said Hans. "Thou art my woman—therefore I want thee, and with Gretchen and Trudel and Marie thou hast nothing at all to do. Come!"

10

He released her, and started up the rocky street, his eyes, small and insistent and hotly blue, compelling her. For an instant she hesitated, but then she followed, because she could not help herself. Her will was crushed under his will as her lips had been crushed under the passion of his.

They went up the next flight of steps and around the corner of the street together, and the inn-door opened to receive them.

FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

II—GEORGE ELIOT AND GEORGE HENRY LEWES

BY LYNDON ORR

IN 1851 there came up to London, from a small country town, a woman who had received an offer to do some editorial work on the *Westminster Review*. She was then thirty-two years of age, and comparatively few people knew anything about her. The importance of her editorial work has been a good deal exaggerated because of her subsequent fame. As a matter of fact, she was merely an assistant to the editor, looking over manuscripts, preparing them for the press, writing letters for her chief, and sometimes herself contributing an article. She boarded with the family of the editor, John Chapman, in a large house which he occupied in the Strand; and there, in a quiet way, she met a number of fairly well-known people, the most important of whom were Herbert Spencer and Harriet Martineau.

This woman, who at thirty-two had achieved only a minor position in the office of a London magazine, was Miss Mary Ann Evans, the youngest daughter of a Welsh carpenter and his second wife. The carpenter had gradually risen to the position of a land-steward in Warwickshire, but Mary Ann was the only member of the family who as a young girl had received anything like a thorough education. Her father, mother, brothers, and sisters used a broad rustic dialect; and the father always spoke of his youngest daughter as "th' little wench." But the girl had attended a school where great pains were taken with her English. Perhaps the crudeness of the language used in her father's household led Mary Ann Evans to be scrupulously careful in her own speech, for she never used colloquialisms. When quite young

she talked in polysyllables that were almost Johnsonian. To the day of her death, every sentence that she uttered was framed as carefully as if it were to be written and published to the world at large.

Circumstances had been rather favorable to her. A wealthy ribbon manufacturer and his family had "taken her up." She had spent some time in Switzerland. She had learned German and French, and she had put her knowledge of these languages to a practical use, as will presently be seen. We are more concerned, however, with what she was when she came to London in 1851, since it may be said that from that date she really began to live.

WHAT GEORGE ELIOT LOOKED LIKE

The current impression of Miss Evans is scarcely a correct one, and this false impression is deepened by her portraits, of which not many are in existence. Most persons think of her as swarthy of complexion, with black hair, and unusually sturdy of frame. They imagine, also, that she was "strong-minded" in the popular sense of the word—ready to put herself forward, to take the lead in conversation, to utter radical opinions with a dogmatic air, and having a scorn of all the conventionalities of life. Nothing could be further from the truth. As a young woman she was fair, and even pale. Her hair was of a neutral sort of brown, which afterward, instead of growing dark, became tinged with red. To the day of her death it so remained, without showing the slightest touch of gray. Her eyes were small and of a somewhat changeable blue.

Even her warmest admirer would not

dream of ascribing beauty to her. On the contrary, she was beyond question extremely plain, with a large mouth and nose, rather thick lips, and a somewhat awkward carriage when she walked. She was herself almost painfully conscious

in baptism, to the more euphonious "Marian."

In character and disposition she was also quite unlike the popular conception of her. Of middle height, she was rather fragile than robust, and suffered



MARY ANN (MARIAN) EVANS, FAMOUS UNDER HER PEN NAME OF GEORGE ELIOT

From a portrait by Durade, a Swiss artist at whose home George Eliot stayed for some time—the painting is now at the University of Geneva

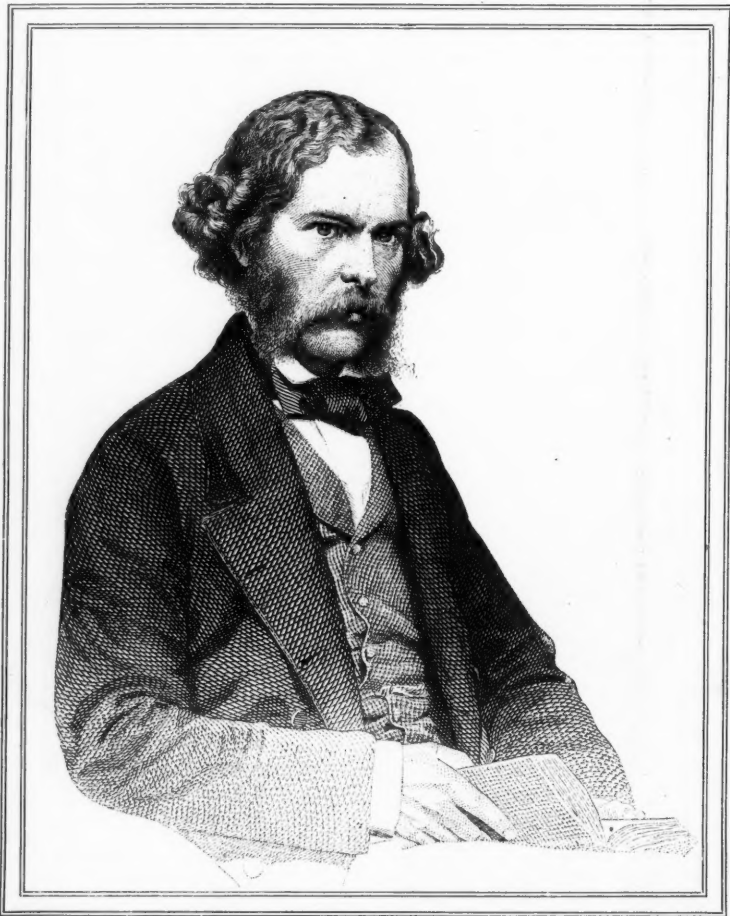
of her plainness, and this is why she shrank from sitting for portraits. As she sat in her office chair in the editorial rooms of the *Westminster Review*, her personal appearance was as unpretending as her name; though about this time she herself softened down the uncompromising "Mary Ann," bestowed upon her

in her early years from violent sick headaches. In manner she was far from self-assertive. Instead, she was diffident and shy. Externally she was grave and serious and thoughtful; but her nerves were often at high tension, and her nature was very strong and passionate. No one would have supposed her capable of

great emotional crises; but the truth is that from childhood her inner life had at times been almost tempestuous.

When very young she had thrown herself ardently into religious work. At sev-

whole nights in weeping over her own shortcomings and taxing herself with having failed in act or thought. It was an unhealthy and unnatural condition of mind for a girl of her age; but we can



GEORGE HENRY LEWES, WITH WHOM GEORGE ELIOT LIVED FROM 1853 TO HIS DEATH IN 1878

From an engraving after a photograph by Weger, Leipsic

enteen she was an evangelical Christian, and had given herself to religion with a sort of passionate exultation which made her an ascetic. This was even deepened by the influence of her aunt, a Methodist. Again and again the young girl searched her own conscience and every act of her daily life with a terrible fear lest she should have fallen short of the highest ideals of Christianity. She would pass

see in it now the stirrings of a strong spirit and the irrepressible instincts of an artist moving in a sphere which was not artistic.

It seems strange to find so fiery a soul in so unprepossessing a body. Excess of emotion is incompatible with the too massive jaw and with the harsh lines of her face. The real clue to an understanding of the woman lay in her hands,

which were exquisitely shaped, sensitive, beautiful, and slender.

FROM FAITH TO FREE THOUGHT

Action begets reaction. There came a time when this young enthusiast fell under the influence of free thought, and then she cast away the religion of her childhood as a mere dogma. She translated from the German that mordant, destructive work of Strauss—"The Life of Jesus"—in which the great German atheist analyzes with remorseless logic the story of Christianity's founder, leaving apparently not a single shred intact. It was characteristic of Marian Evans that, although she accepted the teaching of Strauss, and gave his book to the English public, nevertheless, in translating it, she shed many tears over the task. When she finished it, she said to a friend:

"I am Strauss-sick. It makes me ill dissecting the beautiful story of the Crucifixion."

At this time, her bodily health was at its lowest. Her nerves were all on edge. Her face was not merely pale, but sickly, and her headaches tortured her both night and day. It is very illuminating to know that while she gave up formal religion, she still retained the religion of the soul. In like manner, though she was herself a writer and a woman of cultivation, she once described Hannah More as "that most disagreeable of all monsters, a blue-stocking." And again, though she declared the history of the Hebrew race to be "utterly revolting," she wrote: "I bow to the supremacy of Hebrew poetry." To the end of her life she loved the mystery and beauty of the Catholic faith.

Summing up her character, then, we find that she was one who lived much within herself, whose emotions were deep and strong, whose shyness was merely a veil that hid her craving for sympathy; and that while she had the mind and the logical reasoning power of a man, she was to the very core of her soul a tender-hearted, sympathetic, clinging woman. She believed, no doubt, that her plain features, her heavy jaw, her little eyes, and her awkward gait debarred her from the great privilege of being loved as a woman should be loved.

Yet within, there was an intense yearning for all that love can mean.

When she entered on her thirty-second year, she had not been without experience. Those who have written of her youth conceal facts which, if fully known, would be most important in the psychological study of this woman. Her friends hint that more than once she had fallen in love, but that she had done so only to suffer disappointment. Either the man for whom she cared had not cared for her in turn; or else there had been men who made advances to her, yet who were too shallow or too devoid of sympathy to evoke a strong response in her own nature. Once she had even been engaged, but the match was broken off at her father's bidding. It must be concluded that she did not herself find satisfaction in her lover; else we cannot concede that she would so readily have let him go.

When she came to London, then, she was a woman who had passed through some of passion's stages, yet who was still receptive, restless, waiting.

HER FIRST MEETING WITH LEWES

She had not been living very long in London before one day, in a casual fashion, George Henry Lewes was introduced to her in a shop. She thought little of him at the time, and mentioned him simply as "a sort of miniature Mirabeau in appearance." A few months later, Herbert Spencer brought Lewes to call upon her at Mr. Chapman's house in the Strand. She little dreamed that this man was thereafter to play so important a part in her literary development and in her private life.

Lewes was then the editor of the *Leader*. He was a self-educated man, who had, nevertheless, trained himself with great thoroughness. He was two years older than Miss Evans. He had been a merchant's clerk, a medical student, a mystic, and a quasi-socialist, and had finally made a place for himself by writing several novels, which were no longer read, and by compiling a geographical history of philosophy. In 1839, he had written for newspapers and reviews, with all this varied experience, he was not satisfied. For

the stage, where it is recorded that he played the part of *Shylock*. His mind, in fact, was one of great mobility, and he had seen many sides of life. A friend of his once declared:

"Lewes can do everything in the world but paint; and he could do that, too, after a week of study."

"Lewes," said another observer, "is like the *Wandering Jew*; for you can never tell where he is going to turn up or what he is going to do next."

Thackeray expressed the general opinion more picturesquely in the jesting remark:

"It wouldn't surprise me at all to meet Lewes in Piccadilly riding on a white elephant."

He was, indeed, in almost every respect strongly contrasted with Marian Evans. Mathilde Blind describes him as "a lightly built, fragile man, with bushy, curly hair, and a general shagginess of beard and eyebrow suggestive of a Skye terrier." His mouth was prominent, his eyes were gray and deeply set. His talk was volatile and often frivolous. He loved to shock his friends by the recklessness of his manners. He was, however, a man of a keen and comprehensive intellect, witty, and even brilliant in his effervescent talk.

Miss Evans had not long known this peculiar man before she felt a certain fascination which was new to her. It was a case of the attraction of opposites; yet, though they were so contrasted in many things, they were mental mates. The position of Lewes was a curious one. He had been married many years before, and he then had three well-grown children. His wife, however, had been unfaithful to him, and he might have secured a divorce from her. She appealed to his generosity and begged him to take her back; and he did only to find, after a lapse of time, she had again deceived him. But under the English law he could not since he had condoned her. Moreover, he had himself led a very loose life. Frail and dissipated to be in physique, and very sensuous. Something was within him. A

the hands with

Mr. Lewes without being at once made to think of the divorce-court."

This sensuousness, no doubt, was one of the qualities which appealed very strongly to the passionate nature of Marian Evans. Something went out to him that she had never given to another. The fact that he was quite as plain of countenance as she was herself pleased her; for she may have felt that a more handsome man would be easily lured away from her.

As it was, she began to see Lewes more and more. His acuteness looked beneath the mask of her external self and saw the richness of the temperament and feeling that lay below. He made love to her, and her whole being thrilled in answer. In less than two years they were both bound fast by the ties of a strong and irresistible attraction.

HER UNION WITH LEWES

But Marian Evans was not a woman to drift unthinkingly into sin. The question arose between them what it was possible to do in order that they might be always one. He could not marry her, even though his legal wife was then actually and openly living with another man. She could not give herself to him without flying in the face of all conventions, estranging many of her dearest friends, and shutting herself off in a large measure from social recognition.

The problem was extremely difficult. She seems to have accepted the situation as it was, before she finally thought out the attitude which she should take toward it. The first step was to remove herself from the residence of Mr. Chapman; and, like the modern woman who "leads her own life," she took an apartment in Cambridge Street, near Hyde Park Square. It was in this place that the union of Marian Evans with Lewes was consummated, as we know upon the authority of the man who afterward became her lawful husband.

Of course, the two might have continued to be lovers, keeping their secret to themselves; but Marian Evans was not the woman to engage in a vulgar intrigue. She felt that what she did must be done openly and with the knowledge of all; that she must admit her relation with Lewes, and defend it as she had

already defended it to her conscience. Perhaps her own words, written in a letter to a lady who had turned against her, will best describe her attitude:

If there is any one action or relation in my life which is and always has been profoundly serious, it is my relation to Mr. Lewes. . . . Light and easily broken ties are what I neither desire theoretically nor could live for practically. Women who are satisfied with such ties do *not* act as I have done. That any unworldly, unsuperstitious person who is acquainted with the realities of life can pronounce my relation to Mr. Lewes immoral, I can only understand by remembering how subtle and complex are the influences that mold opinion. From the majority of persons, of course, we never look for anything but condemnation. We are leading no life of self-indulgence except that, being happy in each other, we find everything easy. It is not healthy to dwell on one's own feelings and conduct, but only to try and live more faithfully and lovingly every fresh day.

In other words, Marian Evans felt that strict justice would have released Lewes from his bonds and would have enabled him to marry her; but, as a legal technicality stood in the way, there was no reason why he and she should not be, in all save legal fact, devoted husband and adoring wife.

No sooner had she thought this fully out than she decided to make the truth as public as it could be made; so she and Lewes left London together, and visited the Continent. They went to Weimar, where they spent their honeymoon in scenes which recalled delightful memories of Goethe. But then there arose a definite embarrassment which made one more step a practical necessity. Lewes had friends in Weimar, and these friends could not possibly understand the relation which he sustained toward the woman who was with him. They registered themselves as "G. H. Lewes and Miss Evans." In consequence, while Lewes received invitations to the grand-ducal court and elsewhere, Miss Evans was studiously ignored. They therefore decided that henceforth she should be known as "Mrs. Lewes"; and such she remained until her lover's death.

There is no reason to suppose that she ever felt one single stirring of regret.

Lewes surrounded her with an infinite devotion. He wakened in her new powers which she had not known that she possessed. She flowered and blossomed under the influence of love. His sparkling wit and playful ways, his open caresses, his familiar way of addressing her as "Polly," all charmed her much more serious nature. But most important of all, to the world at large, is the fact that while they were in Germany, Lewes suggested to her that she should try writing fiction. Neither of them had more than a scanty sum of money. It is not known just what had been the salary which Miss Evans earned, but she has left it on record that her expenses while alone in London amounted to only nine pounds—forty-five dollars—a month. She grasped at the thought of fiction-writing, and presently began her "Scenes from Clerical Life."

HER SUCCESS AS A NOVELIST

With its first appearance in *Blackwood's*, this was a distinct success. Thackeray believed it to be the work of a man. Dickens at first had the same impression, and he tells how he addressed "George Eliot"—the unknown author—as one man might address another, and with some racy stories which he would hardly have told had he known the new writer to be a woman. But presently, with a good deal of insight, he suspected that she was a woman; and after "Adam Bede" appeared, the whole world knew the truth.

It was this, then, that gives a lasting interest to the association between George Eliot and Lewes. But for it, we should probably not have had that group of splendid novels, beginning with "Adam Bede" and ending with "Daniel Deronda"—novels which have placed George Eliot in the front rank of English writers.

In the course of time, there were many who forgot or ignored the irregularity of the novelist's private life. Distinguished visitors frequented her drawing-rooms, though, naturally enough, more men than women were to be seen there. Among the latter, however, were Lady Martin (Helen Faucit), Mrs. Mark Pattison—afterward Lady Dilke—and Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Lady Castletown

brought her daughters there. Dr. Jowett, the famous master of Balliol at Oxford, invited both George Eliot and Lewes to be his guests, though Jowett, like Mark Pattison, was a clergyman.

GEORGE ELIOT'S OWN MORAL VIEWS

They all took the same view as George Eliot herself of what she had dared to do. She was exceedingly conservative in questions of morals, as indeed she was in everything. Thus, in the very year in which she went with Lewes to the Continent, she referred in an article to "the laxity of opinion and practise with regard to the marriage tie in France"; and she adds:

Heaven forbid that we should enter on a defense of French morals—most of all in relation to marriage!

There is no doubt that she sometimes suffered from the consequences of her action. One of her biographers says:

George Eliot must have undergone some trials and sufferings peculiarly painful to one so shrinkingly sensitive as herself. . . . To some of her early companions, indeed, who had always felt a certain awe at the imposing gravity of her manners, this dereliction from what appeared to them the path of duty was almost as startling as if they had seen the heavens falling down.

How conservative she was in everything may be seen in a very curious remark of hers regarding woman's suffrage. Here was a woman whose strong intellect might well justify in her a defense of what are known as woman's rights. Yet George Eliot wrote: "Enfranchisement of women makes only creeping progress; and that is best, for woman does not yet deserve a much better lot than man gives her."

The sum and substance of the whole matter is that she viewed her own case as peculiar, and not to be judged by ordinary standards. Oddly enough, when "*Jane Eyre*" appeared, before she ever thought of Lewes, she declared that *Jane* would have been quite justified in joining her lot to *Rochester's*, for the same reason which afterward decided George Eliot herself.

She lived with Lewes from 1853 until 1878—a quarter of a century. Her

friends were startled when, less than two years after the death of the man who had been so much to her, she went to the altar as the bride of another—this gentleman being Mr. John Walter Cross, whom she had known in a friendly fashion for a long while.

GEORGE ELIOT'S MARRIAGE TO MR. CROSS

What is the explanation of this second marriage? She was then over sixty years of age. She had given all the passionate devotion of her heart to Lewes; and yet he no sooner dies than she marries a retired business man of middle age. Perhaps the true explanation is to be found in this—that though she suffered much for love, and though love gave her much, she still yearned for the recognition which only a wife can ever win from society. To write her name with the prefix "Mrs.," and to know that she had the right to do so, was possibly a temptation which, with her conservative instincts, she could not resist.

However this may be, there seems to have occurred one final outburst of her volcanic nature, though the matter must remain forever obscure. On her wedding-journey with Mr. Cross they stopped in Florence; and while they were staying there something happened, as to the nature of which we can only guess. In the middle of the night the new husband fled out of the house and threw himself into the river Arno. He was rescued, and they returned to England. Nothing more was said about the incident. George Eliot herself lived only a few months longer, dying in 1880.

Was it the last outburst of a stormy nature which drove the man to attempted suicide, and which wrecked the shattered constitution of the woman? This we can never know; but, in thinking of it, we must remember the clue hinted at by George Eliot herself when, in "*Felix Holt*," she writes:

The poets have told us of a dolorous enchanted forest in the under-world. The thorn-bushes there and the thick-barked stems have human histories hidden in them. The power of unuttered cries dwells in the passionless-seeming branches, and the red warm blood is darkly feeding the quivering nerves of a sleepless memory that watches through all dreams. These things are a parable.

THE SUBDUING OF MRS. CHARLEMAGNE BANGS

BY
ANNA McCLURE
SHOLL

AUTHOR OF "THE BACKSLIDING OF MRS. HARDWIN J. FLAGG," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY
HORACE TAYLOR



"MRS. CHARLEMAGNE BANGS, I believe?" Evelyn said, with a little upward lift of her brows and a faint sigh—which last was, as a rule, her only commentary upon the uncongenial aspects of her calling. Mrs. Bangs was apparently conscious of nothing but the triumph of being at last in Miss Vancourt's private office. Good-nature beamed in her round, innocent eyes. A flush of pleasure deepened the strong natural color in her cheeks. Evelyn had never beheld such a red and white complexion combined with such black hair and eyes. Mrs. Bangs was like the flamboyant ladies who smile from the chromolithographs given away with a pound of tea.

"Yes'm, I'm Mrs. Bangs."

She folded her plump hands, which were encased in gloves of the shiniest white kid, and waited—apparently for Evelyn to ask her errand.

"You wish—to consult me?"

"Yes'm. I told Mrs. Franks yesterday you were the only one that could do it. She said she'd heard you could do anything."

"What do you wish done?"

Mrs. Bangs looked coy. Then she smiled, and a dimple showed through the rose-color.

"I want to be subdued."

Evelyn's face was blank for an in-

stant. Her mind went back to another client who had insisted upon her house being decorated in the "transition period," but who was not able to state what the transition was from or to.

"Subdued?"

"Me and my house—both."

Evelyn smiled.

"I could only undertake your house, Mrs. Bangs. Why do you want to be—subdued?"

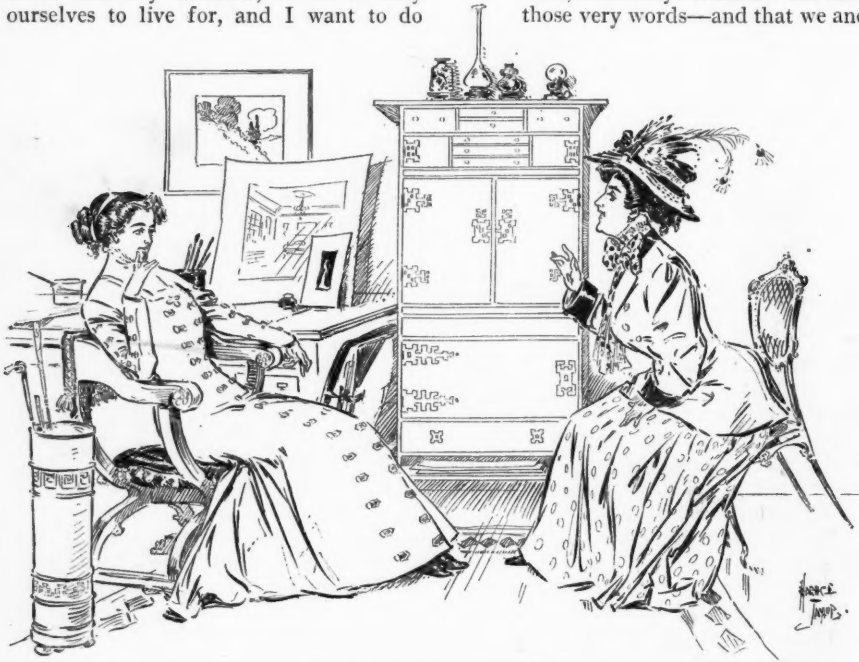
"Mrs. Franks—she and I went to the same boarding-school, and she's always talked like a sister to me, being real fond of me and of Charlemagne, too; and being much cleverer than me, though I was real bright in some things. You ought to see my embroidery! But Mrs. Franks knows French, and I set a lot of store by her opinion and her advice in social matters. You see, Charlemagne's getting on."

She leaned over and put a confidential hand on Evelyn's knee. Her eyes asked for sympathy in this dwelling upon the central fact of her existence—her husband's career.

"He's getting on," she repeated. "He has a railroad now, and he's only thirty-eight. We came to New York last year, and now we have a house east of the avenue, in a district which they say is gettin' fashionable; but we're not in society yet, and I don't care much, except as it concerns Charlemagne. We've never had any children, so we've only ourselves to live for, and I want to do

"But the house?" Evelyn suggested mildly in the hope of a return to the central topic.

"I'm comin' to the house. Mrs. Franks says we'll never in the wide world get into society with a house like ours. She says all that red plush and gilt, and Charlemagne's crayon portrait on an easel, is terribly common—she used those very words—and that we and



"I WANT TO BE SUBDUED"

what's right by him. I'm not goin' to have people say I'm a wife that lags. If it'd help Charlie to learn Sanskrit, I'd learn it, if it killed me—and it would, probably," she added, the dimple again coming into play.

"Isn't Mr. Bangs satisfied?" Evelyn ventured.

"Bless you, he thinks whatever I do is just perfect—but I want other folks to back him up." She paused, then added, shrewdly: "You've not been married, so perhaps you can't understand how a wife worries for fear some day her husband'll wake up and see her with other people's eyes. Then, if she wasn't just right, he'd blame her—man like—for bein' so absorbed in him that she hadn't kept pace with the world."

the house both needed subduing. She went over it with me the other day, and showed me the things she didn't like; and it was pretty fear everything—all the things I painted by hand—real hand-painted scenes of our old home and a plaque with roses, and several beautiful pictures that Charlie gave me when first we were married. Then there's a piano-lamp with a hand-knit shade, and a portière of gilded rope, and several wicker chairs with ribbon run through. As for our sofa-cushions, she said they were awful—perfectly awful; yet I did the Gibson girl head on one of them myself, and Charlemagne admired it."

She paused, and then, seeing a sympathetic look in Evelyn's eyes, went on:

"Well, I love those things, because

Charlemagne and I gathered 'em around us little by little, and made some of 'em ourselves; but I'm willing to sacrifice them all if they're goin' to be a drawback. I want Charlie to get on."

"I think it is exceedingly good of you," Evelyn said earnestly. "Did Mrs. Franks suggest anything to take their place?"

"Well, she said it was fashionable now to have very bare rooms, and everything in very quiet colors; and she didn't think I ought to wear red so much, though Charlemagne loves me in red; and he loves red wall-paper, too, and red carpets. He says he thinks it's real cheerful."

"I believe all men and savages like red," Evelyn murmured. "Do you know how you would like your house done? I mean the period?"

"Oh, I don't just know — something very delicate and subdued. Could I keep anything?"

"Your old things? I should have to see them before I could advise. I can go over your house with you to-morrow, if you like."

Mrs. Bangs held out an enthusiastic hand.

"Do come. Come and take lunch to-morrow!"

She beamed upon Evelyn with that air of real hospitality so seldom found in the turmoil of cities; then took her departure in triumph, her bright blue foulard silk with its big white dots swishing cheerily down the corridor. Over-polished and highly colored as everything was about her, it seemed to suit her vivid complexion and glossy black hair. Evelyn wondered if even a gray gown would tone down the harlequin effect of her coloring. The subduing of Mrs. Bangs was a psychological experiment which promised to be interesting.

II

"COULDN'T I keep just that lamp? Charlie says the light through it is like an autumn sunset."

Mrs. Bangs hovered over her treasure, regarding it lovingly. It was a big, dropsical lamp, whose round globe of saffron glass was covered with brownish roses merging into red. Evelyn shook her head.

"I'm sorry, but it isn't Louis Quinze, and if you want that style—"

"Oh, I do, I do!" Mrs. Bangs acquiesced.

Evelyn looked more ruthless than she felt. Secretly she was wishing that it had not fallen to her lot to demolish this ugly, cheerful, impossible home. She could imagine Charlemagne sitting comfortably in the big plush rocking-chair after a hard day down-town, smoking his cigar, reading the evening paper, and occasionally tossing an affectionate word toward his adoring and highly colored spouse. Evelyn imagined that Mrs. Bangs wore glassy pinks and blues in the evening, and conventional jewelry that glittered when she moved. But she was at least a cheerful object, if unesthetic, and the house itself was one broad, vulgar grin, the reflection of naturally happy and unreflective natures. That one of them had been made suddenly self-conscious by the interference of Mrs. Franks was a fact to be regretted.

"You just go ahead and tell me what's best to be done," her hostess went on. "Charlemagne will be West two months, and I want it all finished by the time he comes back. You see, I'm preparing a surprise for him."

"Oh, doesn't he know what you are doing?" Evelyn exclaimed, feeling vaguely alarmed.

"No; I thought I'd like to surprise him. He'll come back and find a new house, and me in different clothes, and everything ready for a social jump, if he wants to make one. He may not want to, for Charlie has always stuck to his old friends. He never was any hand at toadying; but folks are beginning to seek him now, and if he wants to jump we'll be prepared."

Evelyn doubted whether Charlemagne would care to use a new house and a subdued wife for a social spring-board. His crayon portrait on the ornate easel gave evidence of shrewdness and good-nature, but of no mistaken ambitions. However, the fiat had gone forth. The Bangses, instead of being themselves, were henceforth to abide by the decisions of other people — to be merged into the dulness of "perfect refinement."

Mrs. Bangs encamped in one room, from which fastness she watched her

treasures go forth, shrouded in brown holland and crash, to the storage-warehouse. She had at first considered the question of sending them to auction, but this Rubicon she found herself at the last moment unable to cross. From the sepulcher of storage there could at least be a resurrection, should Charlemagne too insistently demand some cherished ash-receiver.

While the furniture went out, cold-blooded workmen scraped the red paper from the walls and made the whole place stark and chill and negative. Mrs. Bangs bore up while Evelyn was there, talking in cryptic terms of hangings and appliques; but at night, in the echoing rooms, she shed some tears over her sacrifice. She felt chastened and subdued in more than these outward manifestations. Certain sweet, gay colors seemed to have faded from her spirit. She did not whistle now as she "did up" her room in the morning—a task she never left to the maids—and she lost her appetite.

This period of purgation was alleviated, if not ended, by the turn of the tide which was to bring within the Bangs household the material symbols of a purified taste. When the background had been prepared, and dainty, delicate, beautiful things appeared mysteriously out of Evelyn's treasure-world, Mrs. Bangs's feminine imagination began to be stirred. She was so childlike and so eager that Evelyn found herself talking to her as to a child, telling her tales from old French memoirs—tales of the brilliant court, and of its impatient reaction from the magnificence and ceremony of the Fourteenth Louis, which had resulted in these delicate and airy graces of furniture and decoration, these garden dreams of wreathed roses and silver shells and oval windows that opened upon vistas of fairy-land.

Mrs. Bangs floated away on a sea of faded pink and faint moonlight, herself still incongruous, for her hair would shine and her cheeks were unsubduedly rosy. Gowns to accord with her house were being prepared for her—blues of every shade but blue; dejected, pale violets, and softly sighing grays. Mrs. Franks was still hovering over the work which she had begun, and she superin-

tended the subduing of Mrs. Bangs's person while Evelyn accomplished the house.

On the afternoon of the day when Charlemagne Bangs was expected home, Evelyn called her work completed. Mrs. Bangs sat stiffly in the drawing-room, like a child who would like to play but who had just been bathed and dressed in clean clothes. She was pale with the excitement of the occasion, but the intense black of her eyes and hair still jarred with the pearl and rose background. Evelyn wished that she could transform her into a slender, golden-haired girl in a frock embroidered with rosebuds.

The hand Mrs. Bangs held out in farewell was icy to the touch.

"I declare, I'm that nervous!" she said apologetically. "I'm so afraid Charlemagne won't like it. But, then, he always likes what I do, and when he knows why I did it—" She faltered in her effort to reassure herself and looked about the room. "It's beautiful, but it looks sort of dim. Charlie always liked lots of light. Won't you stay and dine with us, Miss Vancourt? I'd kind of like you to be here when he comes."

"I think he would prefer to find you alone," Evelyn answered gently, withdrawing her hand. She had her own misgivings as to Charlemagne's powers of appreciation.

"Well, send in your bill, dear, and come and see me soon," Mrs. Bangs said plaintively. "I've grown real fond of you."

After Evelyn's departure she began to pace the room restlessly, trying to fix her mind on Mrs. Franks's theories of the social world. Did every rung in the ladder mean as much of a stretch as this one, she wondered?

"I'd put on my red dress," she said aloud; "but it won't go with the room. Charlie mustn't smoke here—those draperies are so delicate. It's beautiful; but my, it looks kind o' bare, too! I hope Charlie won't be late. I've got a grand dinner for him."

It was a comfort to her that she need not be esthetic and "subdued" at the table—for a while, at least. When they began to be invited to "swell" dinners would be time enough to cut down the

courses and have the carving done in the pantry. To-night they would dine in a Louis Quinze room, a dream of gray and of white marble; but their dinner would be the old comfortable kind.

A cab stopped at the door. Hurried footsteps were heard, then the sound of a key in the latch. Another moment and a hearty voice called out:

"Dolly, old girl, where are you?"

"Here," she said weakly, and came forward in her trailing gray dinner-gown, her face pale, her eyes big and beseeching.

"I—I've been doing over the house," she said faintly. "I've been making it fashionable."

She led him into the drawing-room. He looked about, bewildered—first at her, then again at the walls and the sparse, fragile chairs.



EVELYN WAS WISHING THAT IT HAD NOT FALLEN TO HER LOT TO DEMOLISH THIS UGLY CHEERFUL IMPOSSIBLE HOME

Charlemagne Bangs gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, what's the matter, old girl? Have you been ill? Why, you poor little—"

She hid her face on her husband's stalwart shoulder.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you! I've got—a surprise for you."

"You've surprised me all right with your looks," he said gently. "What's been the matter, hon?"

"Seems as if you stopped somewhere," he said with a little gasp. "Didn't all the things come?"

"They're all here," she explained, the color coming back to her face now that the most critical moment was over. "You know, Charlie, it's stylish to have it bare like this."

"Oh, it's stylish, is it?" he said, putting his hands in his pockets and beginning to whistle.

She knew he was whistling to gain



MRS. FRANKS SUPERINTENDED THE SUBDUING OF MRS. BANGS'S PERSON WHILE EVELYN ACCOMPLISHED THE HOUSE

time. The look of bewilderment on his brow deepened, but he patted her shoulder reassuringly.

"Got the old things up-stairs?" he questioned. "The pictures and things?"

Again her color fled.

"They're all in storage, Charlie. Mrs. Franks said we could never get on socially with our house as it was. She said now that you were so rich, I owed it to you to have a beautiful house—a quiet, beautiful house—and to dress better myself."

His color flamed.

"What's the matter with your dressing, I'd like to know?"

"She said it was loud—and she knows. Charlie, she knows; and the house, too; so I—"

Her eyes besought his forgiveness and comprehension.

"Said it was loud, did she? What did she say about my neckties, or hadn't she gotten that far? Well, she's worn you out. But maybe I'm obliged to her," he added with a note of satire. "Maybe I'm obliged to her for letting us know we're getting up in the world. We're prepared for the worst now—is that it, Dolly? Let's have more light; I want a better look at you."

"The light doesn't go up any farther," she faltered.

"Don't, eh? I guess we won't read the newspapers much in this room. It looks like we wouldn't sit here much, anyway. The lamp's gone, I see. Up-stairs same way?"

She acknowledged that it was. She prepared him for the fact that the golden-oak bedroom set had been replaced by gray carved furniture. Charlemagne Bangs looked about the now unfamiliar chamber with the expression of a kindly man trying to make the best of an unpleasant mystery. Then he turned to his wife.

"It's all right, Dolly; but, somehow, you look as washed-out as the rooms. Get into something brighter before dinner, or I'll think you're going to be down ill."

She smiled feebly.

"But, Charlie, I want you to get used to me in these kind of clothes. I can't wear brighter reds and pinks in these rooms."

"Oh, it's a color scheme, is it? Well, all right," he added with a little sigh of resignation. Then a slow smile overspread his face. "I hope the dinner isn't too refined," he said.

She beamed at that.

"The dinner's our kind," she replied emphatically.

He gave her a kiss.

"Let's go down. I'm hungry as a bear!"

III

THREE months later, Evelyn went one afternoon to a picture exhibition at a men's club on Fifth Avenue. She succeeded in seeing the painting she had come to see, and then she began her slow progress through the crowded rooms back to the entrance. Half-way there, as she paused in a momentary congestion, her attention was attracted by a figure strangely familiar. She looked twice, and saw that the slender, sad-looking woman in dove-gray velvet was the erstwhile variegated and flamboyant Mrs. Charlemagne Bangs.

Mrs. Bangs seemed to have been in tow of some companion, and to be temporarily deserted, for she appeared at once bewildered and patient, having about her the air of one in a negative condition, incapable of taking the initiative. She was the mere shadow, Evelyn thought, of the big, hearty, bustling woman who a few months before had come to her to be "subdued." Surely the person who had the process of eliminating color from Mrs. Bangs's existence had not stopped with her garments. Some moral acid seemed to have blanched her very soul.

Evelyn obeyed the impulse to go toward her former client. Mrs. Bangs's face lighted up, and for a moment the old cheerful image flashed forth. She held out a white-gloved hand.

"Well, if I'm not glad to see you!" she said, relapsing into the rural vernacular. "Mrs. Franks has gone off to see a picture in that farther room, but I was just tucked out and sat down to rest."

"You were tired?" Evelyn said with a note of genuine concern and sympathy in her voice. "I thought you never were tired."

"Well, I have been of late," she admitted.

"You are thinner, I think; but just now that's very fashionable."

At Evelyn's last word, a sudden gloom

seemed to overspread Mrs. Bangs's countenance.

"So Mrs. Franks says," she commented. "Have you been real well, Miss Vancourt?"

"Very well."

There was silence. Mrs. Bangs's gaze wandered vacantly over the crowded rooms, then came back to Evelyn.

"I've been goin' about a good deal with Mrs. Franks," she said at length. "She is trying to—get me started, but I'm afraid I ain't much help."

Evelyn repressed a smile.

"Don't you enjoy it?"

Mrs. Bangs hesitated.

"I'm not quite used to it yet," she evaded.

Evelyn's curiosity was roused. Something more than the toning down of raw colors had produced this change in Mrs. Bangs. Evelyn felt the woman's unhappiness like a draft from an unseen quarter.

"Do you want to get used to it?" she inquired.

Mrs. Bangs did not meet her eyes.

"No, I don't," she said.

Another silence followed. Evelyn was about to rise and say good-by, when Mrs. Bangs saw the movement and laid a detaining hand on her arm.

"Don't go," she pleaded. "It's so good to see you!"

Her eyes were liquid with coming confidences. Evelyn settled herself on the divan and plunged in boldly.

"How did Mr. Bangs like the house?"

A brighter color sprang to Mrs. Bangs's face. She wavered a minute, and then plumped down the truth with the air of one ridding herself of a heavy burden.

"He didn't like it." The relief was too great for a pause. "He doesn't like it, and, oh"—her voice grew tragic—"I'm afraid he never will like it!"

For a moment she was absorbed in the triumph of confession. Then her natural kindness came to the fore.

"Tain't anything against you, Miss Vancourt. Charlemagne himself said that what there was of it was well done; but he thought it was bare, and he hadn't much use for French kings, either."

Evelyn mused.

"I was afraid he wouldn't like it. I

thought from the first you were making a mistake, but I didn't think it was my place to tell you."

Mrs. Bangs's gaze promised further revelations.

"I wish now you had spoken. I always thought you had good common sense—lots of it." She sighed, then wound up: "'Tain't only the furniture, nor my cool dressing—cool colors, I mean. It's what it's done. I may be getting on in society, but"—her lips quivered—"I'm afraid I've lost my husband."

Her voice sank to a tragic whisper. Her eyes, big and dark in her white face, looked appealingly at Evelyn.

"My dear Mrs. Bangs, it can't surely be as bad as that," Evelyn said.

"It is," she answered, tears springing to her eyes. "That's what makes me thin. That's what makes me get tired so easily."

"But a houseful of new furniture couldn't change—"

She paused, and Mrs. Bangs helped her out.

"There's another woman—a woman that's just all I used to be, and he has gone over to her."

Evelyn again suppressed a smile. Mrs. Bangs's manner would have thrown a veil of innocence over the most improper situation. The strongest flights of Evelyn's imagination could not enable her to picture the honest and engaging Charlemagne in the character of a faithless husband.

"Is this woman—a friend of yours?" she asked, hesitating slightly.

"She's my own second cousin," Mrs. Bangs announced. "She came to New York just about the time I had the house done over, and took an apartment around the corner from us. She looks like me some—like I used to look, only her hair's red; and she's got the same kind of furniture I used to have, only her plush rocker is upholstered in crushed orange, and her late husband's in oils instead of crayon; and she has stacks of her own hand-painted china everywhere—just stacks. As for her sofa-cushions, well, they'd hurt you, same as they hurt me since my taste is improved; but Charlie thinks everything's lovely over there, and so comfortable! Being his

second cousin by marriage, he's free to go call on Cousin Jenny any evening; and he goes often; and—he—doesn't—take—me!"

Her tears were perilously near the surface. Evelyn took her hand and held it in a quiet, comforting grasp until she had recovered herself a little.

"Jenny always was designing," Mrs. Bangs went on. "She was always making eyes at Charlemagne, though he never took much notice of her before this winter. He says there's no place to read any more in our house, and he doesn't like low lights, and Jenny has Welsbachs everywhere; so he gets in a rocker under her center Welsbach, and there he stays."

Her lips quivered. Evelyn had listened to many recitals of marital troubles; but never to one that centered in a plush rocker, a Welsbach light, and a conspicuous cousin—twice removed—with red hair.

No sense of comedy came to the relief of Mrs. Bangs's overburdened heart. In her gray gown, the sign and seal of her relinquishment of a warmer, cruder world, she was as isolated and tragic a figure as was ever set amid the conventional rocks and castles of some mournful tale of chivalry. Evelyn longed to comfort her—or, better yet, to point a way out.

Mrs. Bangs divined her friend's wish, or found its echo in her own heart, for she brought forth her appeal at once.

"What shall I do, Miss Vancourt, to get Charlie back?"

Evelyn pondered a while. Then she said:

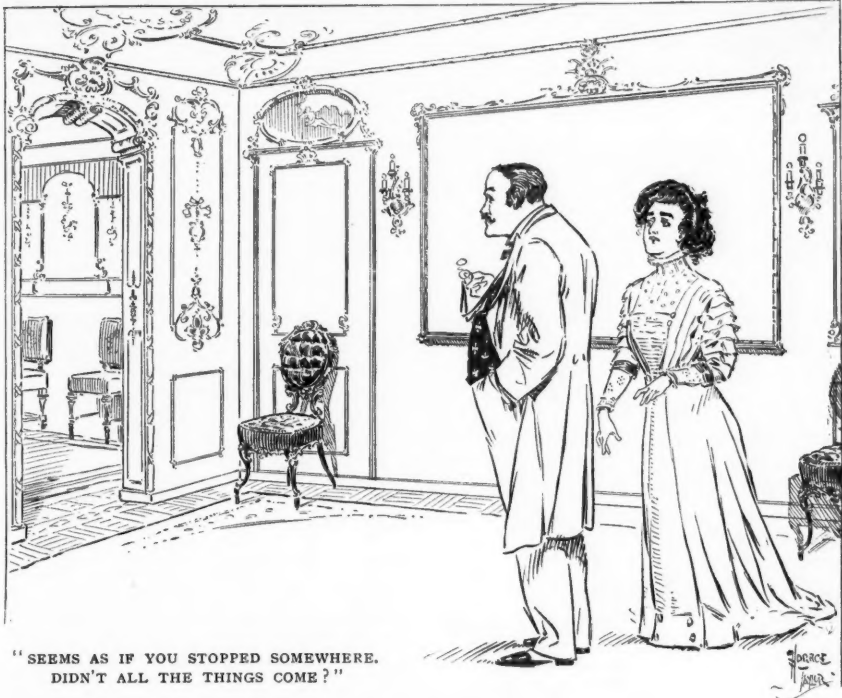
"Meet your cousin on her own ground. Make things so bright and comfortable that Mr. Bangs won't be tempted to go away."

"But—"

She paused. Evelyn knew what was passing through her mind. Mrs. Bangs's black eyes were wandering in the direction of the absent Mrs. Franks.

"Don't think of possible criticism. Don't consult any one," Evelyn said. "Your husband comes before everybody. Just go ahead and act."

Mrs. Bangs sat entranced before a finer and more congenial vision than any that had dawned upon her troubled eyes



"SEEMS AS IF YOU STOPPED SOMEWHERE.
DIDN'T ALL THE THINGS COME?"

for weeks. Her social ambitions—never hers except as they were related to her husband—were crashing magnificently to the ground. The color was coming back to her pale cheeks. She was beginning to be herself again. Her hands groped for the reins. Now, come on, Mrs. Franks; and all the host of social mentors—here was a lady who once again knew her own mind!

"I'll just go ahead and act," she repeated, breathing softly, as if already whispering coy invitations to the errant Charlemagne. "My dear, I think it must have been the Lord that sent you to me this afternoon."

Evelyn did not smile. It seemed good to bring Providence cozily into the consultation.

IV

Two months later, Evelyn received an invitation to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Bangs. The note was informal, and somehow, in reading it, she felt that the writer had regained happiness. Genuine warmth was behind the jumbled phraseology. It was a call to come and behold

changed conditions, and Miss Vancourt accepted promptly.

As she drove to the house "east of the avenue," she wondered what method Mrs. Bangs had employed in meeting Cousin Jenny on her own ground; and if, in carrying it out, the fate of a French king had been sealed. Would it be a composite of Louis Quinze and the Middle West? What did it matter, if hearts were happy?

Mrs. Bangs herself came to the door to meet the guest, kissed her warmly, and drew her within a flood of light that made the eyes ache. The lady herself was resplendent in a crimson silk gown. Her old high color—a sign of health and happiness—glowed again in her cheeks. She led Evelyn to the drawing-room.

One glance showed the high priestess that the holocaust had been complete. Not a trace was left of the symbols of ambition. The old furniture had trooped cheerily back. The well-beloved, impossible pictures, the gilt-rope portière, the crimson rockers, the life-sized china dog, the bilious flowered lamps—all were

there in their old places, and with an air of being so much at home and so glad to be back. It was as if they all said what a lonesome time they had had in the darkness of the storage warehouse!

room, and came forward with a cordial smile and hand-shake.

"I'm real glad to meet you, Miss Vancourt," he said heartily. "Mrs. Bangs has told me so much about you."

He turned to his wife as he spoke, and from the swift glance of full understanding and tenderness that passed between them, Evelyn readily



"I'M REAL GLAD TO MEET YOU, MISS VANCOURT"

In the midst of these dear, hideous lares and penates sat Charlemagne, comfortably reading the evening paper under the biggest Welsbach lamp Evelyn had ever beheld. He rose as she entered the

divined that something much deeper, more valuable, and more beautiful had been replaced than the inanimate symbols that filled the room. Charlemagne Bangs had come home!

FEBRUARY FLOWERS

SOME seek for blossoms in the South,
Where fragrant garden-closes are,
By some lush river's verdured mouth
In lands afar.

But not beneath these balmier skies
Seek I my floral dividends;
I find them in my children's eyes;
I find them in the smile I prize
Beyond all life's felicities,
And in the hearts of friends.

John M. Woods

MARCELLA SEMBRICH—THE CLOSE OF A GREAT OPERATIC CAREER

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

WHEN little Marcella Kochanska went tremblingly before the great Papa Liszt to let him judge of her talents, the old man put his hand on the child's head when she had finished, and, drawing her to him, said: "You have three pairs of wings, little one, on which to fly to fame. You can become a great pianist, a great violinist, or a great singer."

It was the latter profession that she chose; and as Marcella Sembrich she has made her name great throughout the musical world. One of her final triumphs comes during the first week of February, when she celebrates her twenty-fifth jubilee as a member of the company at the Metropolitan Opera-House. With the exception of her great predecessor, Adeline Patti, she is the only singer that has ever enjoyed the honor of such long popularity in New York.

The path of the Polish singer was perhaps less easy than some of her profession have traversed on their climb up the heartbreaking hill of fame. Her father was Casimir Kochanski, who lived in Wisnoszky, a village in Austrian Poland, near Lemberg. He was the village musician—and, as a matter of course, one of the village's poorest men. As he had taught himself music, so he undertook the musical education of the little Marcella, and her first lessons on the piano came when she was four. At the age of six she began the violin, on an instrument that he had made for her with his own hands. There were few pupils in the village; so there was soon a useful field for the talents of the little girl. She could play the piano for the parties of the richer children of the neighborhood, and her enthusiasm in this work soon made her services much in demand.

There was a reminder of these days a few years ago, when she sat in a box at the Metropolitan Opera-House. A gentleman was brought in by her husband and took a seat next to her. There was no conversation until the curtain fell, and then a whispered introduction. Mme. Sembrich did not hear his name, and turned to make some conventional remark to the visitor. To her surprise, he answered in Polish.

"So you are a Pole?" she asked with the enthusiasm that a meeting with a compatriot always awakes in her.

"Is it possible that you do not know me?" he questioned in return. "Don't you remember my mother"—whom he named—"and myself and my sisters, for whom you used to come and play at our parties?"

The name was one greatly honored in the region of Austrian Poland about Lemberg, and the singer remembered well the house to which, as a child scarcely older than those for whom she was providing pleasure, she used to go to play while they danced.

A STUDENT OF THE PIANO AND VIOLIN

This musical Cinderella was destined to find a good fairy—who happened to vary the tradition by appearing in the form of a grandfather. Jan de Lano-witch, an old Pole who loved to help young musicians of his own race, heard of the little Marcella, and through his generosity she was enabled, at the age of twelve, to come to Lemberg and enter the conservatory. She was placed under the instruction of Wilhelm Stengel, a young teacher who had just come there from the Conservatory of Leipsic. After a while she married this young man, and their life has since been an uninterrupted

story of domestic happiness and contentment. Before that time, however, Herr Stengel did other things for his pupil. He taught her all he had learned of the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, and Mendelssohn; and when he was certain that she knew as much as he did of the pianoforte, he took her up to Vienna to play for the great pedagogue, Julius Epstein.

Meanwhile, too, there occurred another decisive event in the life of the little musician. Mme. Patti had come to Lemberg. Already Marcella Kochanska had begun to sing; but her desire to see the great Adelina did not come from the idea that she might some day be a prima donna herself. Her ambitions were still confined to her work on the piano, and in a less degree on the violin. It was merely to hear the great soprano of whom the whole world talked that she went to the opera-house at five o'clock in the afternoon, to wait in the crowd outside the gallery doors until they opened two hours later.

She heard Mme. Patti, singularly enough, in a rôle that later became one of the most famous in her own repertory—that of *Rosina* in "*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*." It is characteristic of Mme. Sembrich that she has never forgotten the impression of this first hearing of her great predecessor. The beauty of Patti's voice, the true artistry of her singing, and the charm of her personality combined to create in her mind the opinion that has always been framed in the words:

"When one speaks of the great Patti, one speaks of something that happened only once."

SHE DECIDES TO BECOME A SINGER

When the little Kochanska, accompanied by her teacher and her mother, journeyed up to Vienna to get the opinion of Julius Epstein, she had no thought of an operatic career. After she had played both the violin and the piano, however—to the delight of the professor, who found her interpretations of Chopin especially strong in their national quality—her teacher modestly suggested that she should sing the aria "*Ernani, involami*," from Verdi's opera, now one of the most popular numbers in her concert reper-

toire, while Herr Stengel accompanied her at the piano. The enthusiasm of Professor Epstein over her singing was so much greater than it had been over her playing of the piano or violin that she left the room determined to strengthen this pair of wings for her flight to glory.

She proceeded to study under Rokitan-ski, in Vienna, and later under Giovanni Lamperti, in Milan. It was while studying in Vienna that she made her first appearance—an accidental one—before an audience. She was living in the household of a retired officer, who took her in to help out his own meager provision for a family. Every Sunday he led out his little brood on an excursion to the country. They started early in the morning, and were often exhausted by noon, so fast was the pace he set. One Sunday morning they reached a church just as the services were beginning, and went in. Marcella, slipping away from the others, found her way into the choir, where she offered to sing the Gounod "*Ave Maria*," which the organist was going to play as the introit. Her clear, pure voice, rising unexpectedly in the church, thrilled the worshipers, who could not resist the temptation to turn to see whence it came. The singer was too short, however, to be visible over the curtain that hung before the choir. The priest, although as ignorant as his flock concerning the source of the music, objected to the interest they showed.

"We have heard the voice of an angel," he said when he arose after the song had ceased. "Let us be thankful for that blessing, and ask no more."

It was when it became evident that her voice was better adapted to the traditions of the Italian school that she went to the younger Lamperti, in Milan. Her task was made easier by her sound musicianship—an inheritance from her father, who was an undeveloped genius—and by her experience with the violin and piano. Her voice, which had been small in the beginning, continued to grow under instruction, as well as to improve in quality.

SEMBRICH'S EARLY OPERATIC CAREER

In May, 1878, she made her début with an Italian company in Athens, under the professional name of Bosio—

a name suggested by her teacher, because her voice so much resembled that of a Mme. Angiolina Bosio, who was a distinguished Italian soprano of the middle period of last century.

findingly handed over to him when it was time for her to begin her duties on the stage. But for the friendly aid of some Polish attachés of the Grecian court, the young prima donna, her husband, and her



MARCELLA SEMBRICH AS THE QUEEN IN MEYERBEER'S "LES HUGUENOTS"

From a recent photograph by Dupont, New York

The season in Athens was not a success. After her benefit, for which Mme. Sembrich sold the tickets at the gate of the summer casino in which the performances were given, the manager departed with the receipts, which she had con-

mother might have had no little difficulty in making their way northward to Dresden.

In the Saxon capital she was engaged for a time at the royal opera-house; but after a journey to Italy she determined to

abandon the career of a German singer for the Italian field. She sang *Lucia* for six performances at the Dal Verme, in Milan, and earned as much there as she could during a whole season in Germany.

She was under contract, and her admirers protested against the injustice in the distribution of rôles that compelled such a promising young artist to seek other fields. They put this feeling into emphatic form



MARCELLA SEMBRICH IN 1880, WHEN SHE WAS MAKING HER EARLIEST SUCCESS AS A PRIMA DONNA, THREE YEARS BEFORE HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK

From a photograph by Miczkowski, Warsaw

Moreover, her position at the opera-house in Dresden was not entirely pleasant. It was difficult for her to get the rôles to which she was entitled. Her departure, however, was not easily accomplished.

at her last appearance, by waiting outside the opera-house and marching in procession behind the cab that carried her to her modest lodgings.

The demonstration had its unfortunate

results, for, until the present year, Mme. Sembrich has never since been invited to sing at the Dresden opera-house. Next month she is to make a farewell appearance in the city where she practically began her career.

The eyes of the young star were then fixed on London, where the great singers in Italian opera gathered every year; but so slender were her means that the journey was not easy to make. Luckily, the directors of the Cologne Music Festival invited her to sing in their performances of "The Seasons," and the fee received there enabled her to travel to London and make the acquaintance of Ernest Gye, then manager at Covent Garden. He heard her sing, and immediately engaged her for a term of years.

The following winter she traveled in Russia, Spain, and France, meeting everywhere with marked success, and being hailed as the successor of Adelina Patti, whose appearances in opera were becoming more infrequent. After she had sung for a year in public, she spent a summer on Lake Como, where she chanced to find herself a neighbor of Francesco Lamperti, father of her first Italian teacher. As a result, she devoted herself to six months more of study before resuming her career—an unusual proceeding on the part of a singer who had already achieved popularity and success.

SEMBRICH'S AMERICAN DÉBUT

It was in the autumn of 1883 that Mme. Sembrich first came to America, to share with Christine Nilsson, then in her last season on the stage, the leadership of the company that opened the Metropolitan Opera-House. Her New York début was made in "Lucia di Lammermoor" on October 24 of that year. She returned for a concert tour in 1896, and since, with the exception of one season, she has remained the first coloratura soprano at the Metropolitan.

Mme. Sembrich gave up the violin after her work as a singer came to require all her time, but she remained proficient enough to give, several years later, a concert in St. Petersburg for the benefit of a scholarship at the Conservatory of Music, in which she furnished every number on the program. There were twelve of them—four piano selections,

four violin pieces, and four vocal numbers. When the late Henry E. Abbey's benefit was given at the Metropolitan after the close of its first season, Mme. Sembrich astonished the audience by playing on the violin a concerto by De Beriot, adding, after several recalls, Chopin's A flat ballade on the piano. Then she sang most brilliantly "Ah, non giunge" from "La Sonnambula." She ended this remarkable exhibition of musical genius by playing the violin obbligato for Christine Nilsson when the latter sang Gounod's "Ave Maria."

A GREAT SINGER'S SIMPLE LIFE

Mme. Sembrich has been frank with the biographers, and now stands in her fiftieth year. Her birthday is February 15. The remarkable freshness and purity of her voice has been maintained by a course of living guided by a sound mind in a sound body. As much of her time as possible has been spent in the open air. The summers she passes in Switzerland or the Tyrol, where she spends hours every day in mountain-climbing. Her home is on the shores of Lake Geneva, near the residence of her intimate friends the Paderewskis, and in the midst of an interesting musical colony. In New York she has lived for years in a hotel overlooking Central Park, and there are few good days of winter that do not find her making her customary round of the reservoir. She has not infrequently walked five miles over the snow of the park in the forenoon and given a brilliant performance of such an exacting rôle as *Lucia* in the evening. Her tastes in living have always been so simple that it has not been difficult for her to keep in good health.

Her pleasures, outside of her delight in nature, have consisted largely in music. It not infrequently happens that she and her husband spend an entire evening at the piano, playing Brahms or Beethoven. Her acquaintance with the composers of her time has included Verdi, Thomas, Gounod, Délibes, Brahms, Rubinstein, Cui, Puccini, and others less famous, who have expressed **their** estimate of her own qualities in an album of priceless autographs.

The voice of this woman who gained her fame in a repertoire that was already losing its hold on the taste of the public

when she first began to sing—for the old Italian operas were even then less beloved—is a pure soprano of exquisite color, ranging from G below the treble clef to F above it. Her legato singing has always been one of the special beauties of her art, although critics have never wearied of praising the certainty, the brilliancy, and above all the deep musical character of her rendition of the great Italian arias such as "Sempre libera" and "Ernani, involami." It has been said that she made colorature human, and that she was different from other singers of her school in the feeling and emotion she imparted to every phrase of the old music.

SEMBRICH'S OPERATIC REPERTORY

More than thirty operas are included in her repertory, and they represent an interesting range for a light soprano. They are as follows:

Verdi—"La Traviata," "Ernani," and "Rigoletto"; Donizetti—"Lucia di Lammermoor," "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Don Pasquale," "La Fille du Régiment," and "Linda di Chamounix"; Bellini—"La Sonnambula" and "I Puritani"; Gounod—"Faust" and "Roméo et Juliette"; Thomas—"Mignon" and "Hamlet"; Puccini—"La Bohème"; Rubinstein—"The Demon"; Tchaikowsky—"Eugen Onegin"; Mozart—"Don Giovanni," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Entführung aus dem Serail," "Il Flauto Magico," and "Cosi Fan Tutte"; Wagner—"Lohengrin" and "Die Meistersinger"; Nikolai—"The Merry Wives of Windsor"; Bizet—"Les Pêcheurs de Perles"; Délibes—"Lakmé"; Rossini—"Il Barbiere di Siviglia" and "Semiramide"; Leoncavallo—"I Pagliacci"; Mascagni—"L'Amico Fritz"; Paderewski—"Manru"; Meyerbeer—"Les Huguenots" and "L'Étoile du Nord"; De Lara—"Amy Robsart"; Massenet—"Manon."

Mme. Sembrich has the talent of languages characteristic of her race, and speaks with equal fluency French, German, Italian, English, and Russian; so it is not surprising that she mastered certain of her rôles in several tongues. For instance, she has sung *Violetta*, *Gilda*, *Astrifiamante* in "The Magic Flute," *Elsa*, and *Rosina* in Italian and German, and *Marguerite* and *Lakmé* in Italian, German, and French. Her repertory of *lieder*, which she has given at her concerts for several years, and which she will continue to give for a short time longer, is equally comprehensive, and contains the works of the most famous song-writers of all nations.

At the side of the prima donna during her long career has been her husband, who has defended her artistic interests in her days of glory just as he did in her youth. "Papa Stengel" he is called by the operatic world of two continents. He is as beloved at the Metropolitan in New York as he is at the Imperial Italian Opera in St. Petersburg. He is the confidant of young singers, the guide and counselor of struggling musicians, who know that they are carrying their troubles to a sympathetic listener. But he is most concerned in watching over the welfare of the woman whom he saw grow from the little Polish pianist into one of the great singers of the world. He has even been known to carry his solicitude so far as to end a dinner-party, when he thought the time had come for the beloved Marcella to go to rest, by taking out his watch and observing, with an air of regret: "*Eh bien, la belle soirée est passée!*"—which left no alternative to the guests but to take the hint and depart. He has the satisfaction of knowing that the operatic evenings of Marcella Sembrich have always been described as "*belles soirées*," and that they have ended with the world still admiring the singer who has left the stage while still in the possession of her unique powers.

THE STAGE

"THE world's a stage!" we've heard Will Shakespeare say;
Night drops the curtain when each act is done;
Day lifts it, and the ever-faithful sun
Is there to light the glad or tragic play.

Sennett Stephens

STORIETTES

The Kidnaping of Steinberg's Baby

BY WILL GAGE CAREY

THE swarthy face of Pedro Cavalli glowed with an evil light as he leaned over the table in the cellar of Black Anton's saloon.

"Anton," he whispered hoarsely, "Ah gotta da kid—you giva me da mon'!"

He pointed to a bundle on a chair behind him with the natural pride of noteworthy achievement, and waited for the other to speak.

"Good for you, Cavalli!" replied Anton, as he poured out two glasses of Chianti. "When it comes to slick work, why, Pedro for me! For cleverness an' downright deviltry, you've got—"

"Aw, no, no!" broke in Pedro, an evil glitter coming into his beady eyes. "Ah no wanta da hot air—Ah wanta da mon'!"

"Cer-tainly, an' you'll get your money. I told you I'd give you one hundred dollars to steal Steinberg's baby an' bring it here, an' I'm goin' to do it—an' old Steinberg's goin' to cough up a cool thousand to get the kid back again!" he added, aside.

"Ah wanta da mon'!" Pedro repeated.

"Certainly, an' you'll get it," reiterated Anton. "But tell me how you got the baby, you sly dog. Are you sure no one seen you?"

"Sure—no one seena me. Da nurse-girl, she come home from walk in da park; stop da store to phone da sweet-heart, Brannigan, da cop. Den Ah getta biz—Ah creep roun' corner—Ah looka in da cab. Kid he sound sleep—sh-h-h-h! Ah queek grab heem up, duck roun' da corner, down da alley, in da back door, an'—Ah wanta da mon'!"

Anton slowly pulled out a worn wallet, inspected the contents, and then carefully returned it—to an inner pocket.

"Pedro, I ain't got nothin' less than

hundred-dollar bills with me right now. I don't want to pay you in big bills, for it might cause some suspicion when you went to blow it. Let's have another drink, an' I'll go get your money. Remember, there's another hundred comin' to you when we've made old Steinberg cough up!"

The wine was good; it was years since Pedro had tasted such a vintage. It sent the warm blood tingling through his veins; the dingy cellar was fast becoming a sumptuous apartment, and the rogue opposite him was surely the most charming and altogether lovely gentleman he had ever known!

They emptied the flask, and opened another. Anton, while he was careful to let Pedro drink the greater share, had himself imbibed freely, and he talked with maudlin insistency of his plans for disposing of the kidnaped baby. His mind was sufficiently clear, however, to dominate that of his companion.

"Pedro," he said persuasively, "I want you to come in with me on a little business affair. Steinberg's goin' to pay one thousand dollars to get that baby back again; he's got to do it. Now, you've always done square enough by me, an' I'll make you a proposition. I'll play you a game of seven-up; if I win, I pay you the hundred dollars I promised you, an' then you're out of the deal entirely. If you win, I don't pay you the hundred, but you come in halves with me on the thousand. That's what I call givin' a friend a chance on a sure thing. What do you say?"

The magnanimity of the offer affected Cavalli almost to tears, and he accepted with alacrity. A greasy deck of cards was produced, and the game began. To Anton's apparent disgust, Pedro won. He was now the saloon-keeper's full-

fledged partner, entitled to a full half interest in Steinberg's thousand dollars—when they got the money.

Unsteadily they arose from the table.

"Let's have a look at the little kid-doo," said Anton. "Seems like he's doin' a lot of heavy sleepin' all on one stretch!"

Together they approached the chair where lay the white bundle, and threw back the dainty covers. The baby was gone!

For a moment they gazed at each other in stupid amazement. The sudden shock, the rude shattering of their golden dreams, had partly sobered both men. Suddenly Pedro burst out in fury:

"You worka da skin-game! You steala da kid!"

He drew a glittering stiletto and sprang upon Anton. They clinched, each struggling furiously for the possession of the dagger. Back and forth across the dingy cellar they strained and panted; then, with a sudden crash, they went down in a heap over the upset table.

The noise of the fight had reached the street. A crowd of loafers from the saloon overhead burst into the room, and two policemen forced their way through the mob and grabbed the frenzied combatants as they were struggling to their feet to renew hostilities. Together with the suspicious bundle of costly baby-clothes, Anton and Pedro were hustled into the patrol-wagon.

II

DURING the progress of the card-game, a woman—Black Anton's wife—had softly entered the cellar. She timidly approached her husband, but paused in amazement as her eyes fell upon the rich, immaculate raiment in the chair, and the sleeping infant nestled within it. Softly she picked the baby from its silken bed and pressed it tightly to her breast. It stirred uneasily in its sleep, and put a warm, dimpled hand against the woman's pale cheek.

She glanced at the table where sat Anton and Cavalli, intent on the card-game. Carefully she arranged the bundle of clothes on the chair, so that they would not be likely to miss the baby before her return; then she slipped silently away to her own room, where she

could enjoy her new-found treasure—for she was a childless wife—alone and unmolested.

She seated herself contentedly in a rocker, and clasped the precious bundle closely to her.

"Poor little thing!" she murmured softly. "How come you down in that dingy cellar?"

Then came a guess at the true state of affairs—that the little babe had been stolen, and would be held by these men for ransom; that somewhere a distracted mother, frantic with grief and despair, was mourning the loss of her little one.

A look of frightened determination came into the woman's eyes. Clasping the babe tightly to her, she caught up a faded shawl and threw it around her; then she hurried up the stairs and out into the street. In breathless anxiety she hastened on, now and then casting an affrighted glance back over her shoulder to see if she was followed. She knew the fate that would be hers if her treachery was discovered, but she faltered not.

The baby had awakened. He was cooing and crowing over this new sensation of being carried so swiftly and gently.

Convinced at length that she was not being followed, the woman slackened her pace, and paused to think how she could restore the child without throwing suspicion upon Black Anton. At that moment she saw Brannigan, the big policeman on the beat, sauntering toward the patrol-box just ahead of her. In an instant her plan was formed.

Keeping the patrol-box between her and the approaching policeman, she glided swiftly forward. With one last, longing look at the baby, she laid it down carefully beside the box, and slipped away unseen.

This new condition of affairs was not pleasing to the Steinberg baby. The wails it set up were loud and lusty and continuous. At length they reached the ears of Brannigan, the policeman, who speedily espied the indignant infant. Bending down, he picked it up and lifted it high in the air, holding it gingerly at arm's length.

"So you're the young gentleman they're raisin' all the hullabaloo about,

are yez? An' to think of my Nora cryin' her pretty eyes out for the like of yez! What ye got to say to that before I run ye in, huh?"

The baby howled louder than ever.

"Well, sorr," continued Brannigan determinedly, "you come along peacefully with me, or I'll put the han'cuffs on yez!"

Still holding the wailing infant afar from him, and chuckling softly to himself at the gratifying thought that he would soon relieve the anguish of Nora in particular and the Steinberg family in general, he marched triumphantly down the street. At police headquarters, mean-

while, by making both Black Anton and Cavalli believe that the other had confessed, a full account of the attempted kidnapping was obtained.

A few days later, Anton—out on heavy bail—sat in his place of business, gloomy and disconsolate.

"There's nothin' to it," he said dolefully to a sympathizing friend. "That dago must have had it fixed with a pal to come in an' swipe the kid while Pedro an' I was talkin' business." Then, turning his eyes upward in saintly submission, he added plaintively: "*That's* what I get by havin' to associate with *crooks!*"

A Man's Honor

BY CLARENCE HERBERT NEW

THE interview had been requested by Giddings, after reading Darrell's brief note, and the butler ushered that gentleman into the magnate's private library at the rear of the house. For a matter of ten minutes, the reporter absorbed an impression of the comforts, the luxuries, and conveniences, represented by even moderate wealth—the countless little things that go so far toward making life smoother and more enjoyable by their daily use and possession. Then Giddings came in. With a pleasant greeting, accompanied by the proffer of a cigar, he seated himself at the other side of his flat desk—the door having been closed and locked behind him.

"Mr. Darrell"—taking an envelope from a drawer of the desk—"your note says: 'Return the thousand shares of Steel Preferred to Richard Cavanaugh within twenty-four hours, or the story of how you received them will be published.' Briefly, I don't understand the suggestion, and I don't like its tone."

"I didn't expect you to like it, Mr. Giddings, but you understand it perfectly. You think, no doubt, that I'm bluffing. Let me go over the details, so that we can't fail to understand each other. You are the reform party's nominee for Governor of this State. Richard Cavanaugh is the political czar of your opponents—the man who dictates who

shall be nominated and what shall be done. Yesterday afternoon you bought a pair of shoes, which were tied up in a box of the usual sort, and took them along with you to the Gramercy Club. There you went up to the reading-room, and, laying the box on the long table near your elbow, sat down to smoke and read for a while. Cavanaugh was reading a magazine at the opposite side of the table. You two are not supposed to be acquainted, and didn't speak to each other; but Cavanaugh had been purchasing shoes of the same make, and his box was lying in the middle of the table, close to yours. Presently he got up and went into the billiard-room, taking one of the boxes with him. Any one noticing would naturally have assumed that he thought it his own.

"In about ten minutes more, you finished your cigar and left the club, taking the remaining box with you. When you opened it behind locked doors at home, there were in one of the shoes certificates for one thousand shares of Preferred Steel, worth more than a hundred thousand dollars. All of which means that the coming election is merely a case of 'heads I win, tails you lose,' for the machine. If its candidate is elected, Cavanaugh owns him. If you are elected, he controls you. My only reason for not publishing the facts without warning is

that up to now you've held a prominent and honorable position before the public. Send back that stock—play fair with your party—and I'll keep still."

"Er—what grounds have you for supposing that stock to have been in the box, Mr. Darrell? You are making a pretty serious accusation, you know—a very difficult one to prove."

"I've been shadowing Cavanaugh for several days. I was in the broker's office when he bought the stock in his book-keeper's name. Yesterday, in a Park Row restaurant, I saw him open the shoe-box and slip the certificates inside—I and the man who accompanied me."

The candidate puffed thoughtfully on his cigar for a few minutes, but did not seem in the least disturbed.

"Well, Darrell, I suppose this is a matter of business between us. How much do you figure you ought to get?"

"You're talking a language I don't understand."

"I'll speak slowly and distinctly, so that you may at least guess at it. You're star reporter of the *Bulletin*, now—suppose we say—h'm—the managing editorship?"

"You will act upon my suggestion or take the consequences."

"Darrell, after reading your note I took the liberty of making a few inquiries about you. Among other things, I learned that you were the man who married Amy Fletcher two years ago, and that she has been failing in health. Your doctor told me that perfect rest for a year in southern California would restore her; but that if she remained here the winter might kill her. Now, suppose I should hand you ten thousand dollars—in bills—before you leave this room? I drew the money this morning."

"Giddings, will you kindly keep my wife's name out of your scoundrelly mouth?"

The candidate laid the stump of his cigar deliberately upon an ash-tray, walked over to the door, and unlocked it.

"That'll be about all, Mr. Darrell. You are at liberty to act as you please. Good afternoon!"

When the reporter left the house, the nominee for Governor leisurely sat down at his desk and used the telephone for an hour or more.

Half an hour later, when Darrell walked into the city room of the *Bulletin*, he was called to the managing editor's office.

"Tony," said that autocrat, "you'll have to take what belongs to you out of your desk and locker, and get whatever we owe you from the business office."

"All right, sir—but why?"

"Orders from the proprietor of the paper. You suit me first-rate, and I like you, but you seem to be *persona non grata* to one of the largest stockholders. Good luck to you!"

Darrell was stunned, though he didn't show it. Knowing his worth in the matter of news instinct, he had supposed his position with the *Bulletin* to be unassailable. In a daze of worry and anger, he walked down to the office of the *Planet*, on the next block, and sent in his card to the managing editor. This gentleman received him impatiently, but courteously.

"I know you by reputation, Mr. Darrell—got a scoop you want to sell us?"

"That's about the size of it, sir—and I want a job, as well."

He handed over a few sheets of type-written copy with display head-lines, which the editor absorbed at a glance.

"H'm! Are you a drinking man, Darrell? Or are you just plumb crazy? Even if these facts are true, I don't believe you could absolutely prove them—and we are fighting a red-hot reform campaign to elect Giddings. Even if I wanted to use this stuff, my owners wouldn't let me—they are supporting Giddings. Nothing doing here, young man!"

At the *Clarion* and the *Morning Post*, Darrell was told that word had been received, from owners or influential stockholders, to have him forcibly ejected if he called. The machine had a patronage worth millions at stake, and had taken measures to protect its game.

About seven o'clock, footsore and completely discouraged, he opened the door of his little apartment, and stood listening for a moment before he went in. From the kitchen, with the occasional ring of pan or dish against another, there came now and then a dry, unnerving cough. As the echo of the closing door penetrated, there was a moment of silence in the kitchen; then came the

sound of tired footsteps, trying to hurry a little through the passage. The portière was drawn aside, and a beautiful girl in a dainty house-gown laid her arms lovingly around his neck. Her eyes were soft, but unusually large and bright; there were slight hollows in her cheeks and at the base of her throat. As he held her close against him, the cough she tried to suppress shook her from head to foot.

Feeling the magnetism of his anxiety through every fiber of his frail body, she tried to reassure him: "The cough isn't quite so bad to-day, Tony—really it isn't. Tell me about Giddings, dear—did you see him? What did he say?"

"Offered me a managing editorship, and ten thousand dollars to send my sick wife to California."

"And he means to—to keep that stock? Not really! What did you tell him?"

"Told him to go to thunder, and to keep my wife's name out of his mouth!"

She drew his face down to hers and kissed him lovingly.

"Thank you, dear. If you hadn't told him just that, you couldn't have looked me in the face. We'll manage to get along without *that* ten thousand, anyhow. Your salary on the *Bulletin* isn't so much, but we can make it do."

He choked a little.

"But suppose, sweetheart—suppose that Giddings and the machine have influence enough to get me fired from the *Bulletin*—from every paper I try to get on?"

"What does it matter? We've enough

in the bank to keep us going a few months—and something else would be sure to turn up. Tony, dear, if it must be—if I must go—I can go happily as long as—as long as I love and respect you. If I couldn't do that, I'd kill myself without waiting for the cough and the climate to finish me. Hark! Was that the bell? Answer it, dear, while I go back to the kitchen."

The man who came in was a tall, well-built individual, with gray hair and mustache, who got down to the object of his call with military promptitude.

"Are you Mr. Darrell, the *Bulletin* man? Yes? Good! I'm Colonel Warren, of the *Trumpeter*. One of our men was in the *Planet* office this afternoon, and picked up a hint that Elmer K. Giddings is a grafter, and that you have the proof. Is that right?"

Darrell took from his pocket the type-written sheets, which the colonel quickly glanced over.

"Our man also heard of the machine's efforts to down you, Mr. Darrell. Well, you may have the city desk on the *Trumpeter* if you want it, and we offer you ten thousand dollars for your evidence against Giddings. We aren't owned by any one on earth!"

With a quick glance toward the kitchen, where a sweet but rather faint voice was bravely trying to finish a little snatch of song, Darrell turned to the wall, and for a second or two leaned his face against his arm, muttering, with a sob:

"Thank God!"

The Madonna of Renunciation

BY CAMERON NELLES WILSON

SINKING into one of the low chairs, Desirée hurled her duster over her shoulder, and in delicious abandon closed her eyes upon the Vision Glorious.

"*Mon dieu*, it is loovely!"

It was an attractive room, and here alone was the little household drudge able to forget the horrors of her life below stairs. The walls were hung with wondrous tapestries from far China and with many paintings and half-

finished sketches. Quaint brasses gleamed upon the mantel-shelf, and silken rugs of mellow tones covered the rough, creaking floor.

Above all, Desirée loved Maitland's pictures, for in them the young artist had portrayed the lives, the passions, the simple surroundings of her own people. There were interiors of lowly *habitant* homes; picturesque rivermen, strong, radiating masculinity; hardy

trappers like her own brothers; aged tillers of the land.

But the soul of the room centered in his "Madonna of Renunciation." Cradled between the mother's knees was the sleeping babe—helpless, rosy, sweetly human. Her slender hands lay passively open upon the dark folds of her robe, tragically empty, as if she dared not clasp the love that was hers by right of travail and birth-pangs. Her eyes were upraised, seeking some solution of the inscrutable mystery of her child's destiny—renunciation, faith, obedience, struggling with the master-passion of maternal devotion.

On her first lonely, homesick day of unwilling bondage, Desirée had found her only consolation in this picture. Mme. Lafleur had almost pushed her into the room, and, after a few hurried directions, had withdrawn to her own region of boiled cabbage and ill-cooked chops. With slender arms half-raised, the girl had crouched low before the painting and cried out the agony of her heart in a passion of misery.

Here was her high altar of safety. When things went wrong in the unsavory kitchen; when *madame's* voice had waxed from querulous complaint to raucous abuse; when coarse jests and suggestive raillery had been given her with empty plates as the wharf-hands bolted their meals—then it was that the sweetness of her cloister made life bearable.

Maitland was much away; in fact, she had seldom seen him. In her lingering care of his household gods she was never disturbed; and Desirée gloried in the service.

II

WHEN Dan Fagan began to desert the Esplanade with its garish bars, and to spend his evenings in Mme. Lafleur's basement-kitchen, Desirée heard the inner voice which found expression in the soft tones of the irrepressible Irishman. He made his declaration in true, manly fashion.

"*Oui*—Ah loove you—Ah marry you some day," she whispered as she nestled against him, content to let some day come in its own good time.

Their courtship lengthened into

months. Fagan's nest-egg grew apace, and he began to talk of their wedding-day. Desirée was interested after a fashion, but made no preparations for a trousseau. She enjoyed their weekly jaunts to the theaters, and reveled in their moonlight tramps beside the waterfront or along the quiet mountain drives; but when Dan spoke of a consummation to this aimless philandering, she became strangely reticent.

It was not strange that Dan at length grew weary of procrastination. His impatience turned to grim determination, his tenderness to forceful passion.

"Look a-here, Desiry, how long are ye goin' to keep up this coortin' business? I'm ready for you, girl—I have plinty and to spare. Desiry"—leaning toward her over the greasy table and pushing aside the odoriferous lamp—"I want you to say *whin*—I can't wait no longer!"

His big red hand closed over her fingers with compelling force, and his gray eyes seemed to burn into her trembling heart.

"No, no, Dan! Ah no wan' to go away. Ah loove you, *mon cher*—*oui*, but Ah can't leave her!"

"What? You can't leave old Mother Lafleur?"

"Coom—follow me!"

Half drawing, half coaxing with words of French and English, she led him from the kitchen, up three flights of stairs, to Maitland's studio. Desirée knew that the painter was out, but she rapped as if the door of Fate rattled beneath her knuckles. She peered into the room, over whose glories the flickering fire shed a mellow glow. With trembling touch she lit a candle, and then looked around for Fagan. He stood in one of the dormer-windows, staring out upon the figured dome of the Bon-Secours and the tall masts of schooners ice-locked in the broad St. Lawrence.

Walking on tiptoe to where he stood in the moonlight, she drew him gently toward the Madonna of Renunciation. Her head drooped as she held the candle aloft with unsteady arm. Questioningly he glanced from the painting to the pallid face of the girl at his side. Her lips were moving, her eyes

closed. He seized her roughly by the arm, his strong fingers tight upon her tender flesh.

"An' you give me up for *her*?"

Anger trembled in the deep tones. The idea passed his comprehension.

"Dan!"

The wonder of her voice thrilled him. He glanced in surprise at the terror in her look, the horror of outraged sensibilities. Her eyes were wide-strained, her lips parted, her whole attitude that of fearful expectancy. The candle blazed flickeringly in her shaking hand. Dan's eyes again sought the picture, then something of the meaning of it all flashed through his dulled senses.

The soft radiance fell upon the upturned face of divine maternity, imparting a mystic, refulgent glow to the lifeless canvas. It was as if nascent life stirred beneath the clinging robe, throbbed anew in the mother-heart, pulsed through the rosy limbs of the sleeping child. The silent agony of renunciation, the ineffable pain of eternal surrender, became suddenly apparent to the man's searching gaze. His head sank upon his breast; one arm slipped around Desirée's waist. He whispered in her ear:

"If I buy it, dear, will you come?"

"*Mon cher*," she murmured gratefully, "it would cost you t'ousands of dollaires—more than ze house or ze cows or—all else."

The hope died out of his face. Desirée raised the light for a despairing survey of the unattainable desire. And thus Maitland came upon them.

They turned as he entered. No guilty explanation of their presence stammered from surprised lips. Their souls were so far upraised above petty embarrassments that a vague sense of intrusion fell upon Maitland himself. Hand in hand they stood, partly in shadow, partly illumined by the candle's gleam.

"Rather dark, Desirée! Let's have some light on the subject, eh? Bitter cold out, too. A little more coal would cheer things up."

Moving cheerfully, he lighted the reading-lamp with its rich-colored Japanese shade, touched a match to some candles, then smilingly faced them.

"Sorr, I want to buy yer pictur' of

the loidy." With a rough, businesslike air, Fagan drew from his hip-pocket a fortnight's savings. "Fix yer price," said he, fingering the bills.

"*M'sieu'—m'sieu'!*" Desirée interrupted imploringly, as she realized the grotesqueness of his offer.

Maitland's smile reassured her.

"My good fellow," he replied in his quick, friendly way, extracting a cigarette from a silver case, "I have not thought of a sale—not recently. I—"

"But you *will* sell, sorr? I'll pay ye anythin'—ten, fifteen dollars—more if ye think it's worth it. Desiry, she won't leave the loidy, an' me wid plinty o' cash to spind on a home!"

Desirée placed the candle upon the table.

"*M'sieu'*, you understan'? She has been ze mudder to me—ze life itself. Ze lonesome, ze pain, an' *madame*—zey matter not when Ah coom here in ze mornin'! Zen, Ah fin' rest, *m'sieu'*, an' peace an' loove. Oh, *m'sieu'*, Ah could not leave her now! Ah loove Dan—Ah loove her too, beside!"

Desirée buried her face in a much-soiled apron. Maitland shifted uneasily. The cozy room, with its soft, subdued lights, its cheerful fire, grew strangely, hauntingly still.

"How much, sorr?" begged the intrepid Dan with boyish eagerness. "Here, sorr—take it all"—generously holding the torn purse toward Maitland. "Isn't that enough?"

"I refused four hundred for it last week," Maitland quietly answered, advancing to the picture in an attitude unintentionally critical.

Fagan's hand closed tentatively upon his little hoard; his honest face was pitiful in its distressed *gaucherie*. For a moment he stood thus; then, in hopeless finality, he restored the money to his pocket.

"Good-by, Desiry. I haven't enough of the dough to buy the pictur', an' I haven't enough love to buy you, so—good-by!"

He spoke simply. There was nothing of high tragedy in the situation. Desirée's sobs alone broke the stillness. Her hour of renunciation had come; an invisible sword pierced her heart with the poignancy of the inevitable.

"*Mère de dieu!*" she cried, as if in supplication.

Maitland lifted the painting from the wall, smiling whimsically.

"Wait just a moment, Fagan." He stood with his hand raised toward the retreating figure. "Desirée, look here! You love this man, I believe. You love my Madonna too. It would be hard to

give up either, wouldn't it? Now I want you two foolish children to be happy—and I want you to hang my poor little picture in your best room. It is my wedding-present. Good luck to you both, and, Desirée"—with mock severity—"don't you make him wait another month, or I'll do like the Indians—take back my gift. And now, *bon soir!*"

An Incident of the Banks

BY BURKE JENKINS

"GET yer foot out'n that trawl tub, ye swab!"

Lubber to my very boot-tips, I lurched clear of that offense only to measure my length on the schooner's deck, still slimy with the recent catch of cod.

Grinning sheepishly to the general guffaw, I staggered up from my sprawl, and again set about my worthless endeavor of assistance in launching the dory overside.

"Fer a dorymate, ye're sure a killer!" growled Pete, as, single-handed, he swung the boat clear of the rail.

Then, at a particularly violent jump of the vessel in the nasty bobbery of sea that was running, he lost his self-control. No man relishes a cursing; but, half sick with the motion, and wofully disgusted at having ever shipped "out o' Gloucester," there was little enough spirit left in me to resent it. And Pete's vocabulary, in the matter of invective, was the envy of the forecastle.

"Catch me ever signing with this company again!" he grumbled on, after I had managed finally to reach the forward thwart and to fit a heavy oar between the thole-pins. "Whang me if I don't ship with a square-head next time, er a Portugee! Some kind of a fit-out, anyway, that don't send milkers a fishing! No, sir!" He kept up his growl to himself as he sent the dory skimming out over the choppy sea. "A bank schooner ain't no cradle fer nursers! Gawd! Dorymate! Working on shares, mind you! Phew!" And Pete spat over the gunwale.

Now, men are not given, even the worst of them, to cursing each other

when there are only the two of them. It would seem that, after all, it's the audience that is required. But this morning, out there on the water, Pete broke well over that rule. He kept it up, too.

I doggedly stuck to my stroke, which was steadily bettering; for I was far less seasick, now that we had left the schooner for the smaller craft. I had rowed a good enough oar at college, but this affair of thole-pins is a trick of itself.

And I preserved a guarded silence.

We chose our spot and began to fish. They ran well that morning, and my hands ached to the hauling. Three hours went before we ate our snack; then we were at it again. Off yonder, like a hen with her chicks, the schooner jogged her watch over the scattered dories, each with its double dots of men. By mid-afternoon I longed mightily for the darkness that would send her on her rounds of picking us up; for already I was dog-tired.

By about four o'clock the breeze fell; and, quick to its dying, came the fog. You of the land never see fog; you know not its capabilities, its total obliteration, the sudden wrench from actuality into a vague world of indecision, of weird uncanniness, of a creeping fear.

Pete had grumbled himself into a brooding ill-humor; but now he broke out again, though I noticed he avoided his worst words. It was certainly exasperating to think of the damp and cheerless wait ahead of us until the schooner could find us; the dory full of fish by now, too! Pete rolled over right on top of the fish and went to sleep.

As usual, there was little warning. The sharp edge of the steamer's towering, bluff bows showed a definite line which my wild eyes of panic followed up to the glowering hawse-pipes of the cliff of steel that bore down upon us.

Then came a yell from up there; a clang.

Lost to the doom, Pete hadn't caught any hint until he heard the yell, and the oars were under him! It was my heavy boot that caught him full force in the side, and rolled him over by its impact against his ribs. Then came my *own* curse at him.

I wrenched the oars to the thole-pins, and every ounce of beef that was in me went into my pull on the ash. Much can be done in a second; and, besides, something had been accomplished aboard the steamer, which swung off—luckily to stern of us.

As the wall of metal churned by, I remember I caught myself picking out the rivets of her plates. Then came the thrash of the blades—harmless, now, in the veer she had made. Then once more the fog.

"Close call, warn't it, son?" said Pete good-humoredly.

The Loss of Harris

BY WILLIAM S. HORNOR

THE natural inference from the fact that Henry Braidwood wore a small shoe and a large hat was more than justified by his business success, although the impression of keen firmness made by his cleft chin and shrewd eye was not always so fully borne out in his face-to-face dealings with his fellow man. On paper, or through his subordinates, he was as hard as nails; but in personal intercourse—whether through the goodness of his heart or on account of his digestion—he was generous and easy-going.

It was this last trait, perhaps, that was responsible for his neglect to mark the fact that Harris, his correspondence clerk, was a past master in the art of doing the least amount of work possible while continuing to retain both his job and the good-will of his employer. Conformably, under the influence of the clerk's subtly ingratiating manner, Braidwood had grown accustomed to accept good *excuses* as good *reasons* for delinquency.

Still, it cannot be denied that the death of one's wife is a good reason for requesting a leave of absence. And thus it was that Braidwood, on that particular June morning, received Harris's doleful-visaged solicitation for a four days' exemption from duty.

"I am indeed sorry for you, Harris, and of course I will make it convenient

to get along. Do not come back for a week—we will manage here."

"You are very kind, sir; but I'll be back at my desk on Saturday morning. I don't need a week; the funeral is to be on Friday at two o'clock, if—if I can manage it," answered Harris, furtively wiping his eyes.

The way in which the man's voice broke during the utterance of the last words moved Braidwood to look up quickly.

"Perhaps a small advance on your salary would be an accommodation at this time?" he said considerately.

"Thank you kindly, sir. I do need money—very badly indeed," said Harris, still plying his handkerchief. "I've got to raise forty dollars more—though how, God knows," he added, his broken voice and bowed head testifying to the reality of his need.

Braidwood could not resist such an appeal.

"I will loan you the money," he said. "You may pay it back when and as you are able."

A moment later, amid many effusive protestations of gratitude—and of early repayment—Harris, one hand still holding a handkerchief to his eyes, the other tightly gripping the money, backed his way out of the office. Braidwood again turned to his desk, with the sense of inward well-being that comes to one who

has acted benevolently, and, in the pressure of business, he promptly forgot his clerk and his clerk's grief.

It was not until Friday morning, three days later, that the subject recurred to him, and then only incidentally. He was to run out on Long Island after lunch on that day, to join a week-end party. This was the prompting for his stop, on his way to business, at a florist's, for the purchase of a propitiatory offering—such an oblation implying, in the present case, a shrine and a divinity.

A psychologist might explain how, through the association of ideas, the flowers suggested the divinity; the divinity, matrimony; matrimony, married life; married life, its termination by death; and death, the funeral of Harris's wife. No part of this chain of reasoning, however, passed through Braidwood's conscious thought; it simply occurred to him that to send a few flowers would show a kindly spirit toward his afflicted employee. So it was that he invested a moderate amount in an appropriately lettered floral piece, which, in his ignorance of Harris's address, he ordered delivered at his own office, thinking to send it by the porter.

It was not until the two boxes of flowers were brought to his desk, shortly before noon, that he again thought of the matter.

"Here," he called to one of the clerks, "give these flowers to the porter, and have him take them to Harris's house, wherever that is. Let him start at once, for the funeral is at two o'clock this afternoon."

"I am sorry, sir, but the porter is out on an errand, and won't be back till after one. I am afraid it will be too late for him to reach the place in time; Harris lives out on Elmfield Street."

Braidwood studied a moment.

"Never mind," he said, "I will take them myself; it is not so far out of my way. Mark the address on the package and give it to my chauffeur."

It was nearing two o'clock when Braidwood's car drew up in front of the Harris domicile, and Braidwood, carrying the large box in his own hands, that he might show the greater consideration, ascended the steps. After painfully climbing three flights of dark—and, in-

ferentially, dirty—stairs, he set the box down by the side of a door that bore the name of Harris.

Somewhat surprised to note no crape or other indication of mourning, he knocked. The young woman who came to the door in answer to his rap might have been crying, judging from the redness of her eyes; but her careless dress and somewhat challenging carriage discovered nothing of the outward decorum conventionally associated with funerals.

"Does Mr. Harris live here?" asked Braidwood, with much politeness.

"Yes," she answered tartly, looking him over with evident suspicion.

"Is he in?"

"No."

"Perhaps his wife's funeral is to take place from a church?"

"His wife's funeral!" snapped the woman. "His wife's funeral!" she repeated. "I'm all the wife he's got." Then, seeming to lose all control of herself, she went on raucously: "And I might better be dead, the way he treats me, the fool! He's gone crazy about the horse-races; and havin' a three days' vacation, all on account of a fire at the office, he's pawned everything he could lay his hands on and gone off to Baltimore to play a sure tip with. He'll be back to-night, most likely busted."

"I must have come to the wrong house," said Braidwood, turning to go. Then he took up his burden once more and descended the stairs, murmuring to himself: "I see—I see!"

Later that evening, a man in livery, carrying the same box, paused at the door of the same house, just in time to meet a travel-stained man who approached from the opposite direction, his countenance showing unmistakably that its owner was suffering from a severe case of world-weariness. It was Harris himself.

Harris took the package and entered the house. Under the gas-jet on the first landing he paused wearily, before presenting himself to his wife, and opened the box. It contained a handsomely lettered floral emblem, bearing the business card of Braidwood & Co. On the card was penciled the word, "Farewell"; while the floral letters read, "We Mourn Our Loss."

LIGHT VERSE

AFTER CONFESSION

(*Valentine*)

FRESH from the little shrine
 Sacred to Valentine—
 My, but I'm feeling fine
 After confession!
 I had a lot to say
 To the dear priest to-day;
 Now I have come away
 Free of transgression.

Cupid, you know, is priest;
 He wears a cassock pieced
 Out of a rose—at least
 That's what I thought it
 When I was looking through
 His rosy window to
 Tell him my love for you;
 Love's fingers wrought it.

What do you think he said
 After the prayers were read?
 "Blessings upon thy head,
 Penitent sinner!
 Take thou a rose. In time,
 If thou canst find the rime
 Love hath concealed so, I'm
 Sure thou canst win her."

So, my sweet, here it goes:
 Out of the Book of Rose,
 Which, every lover knows,
 Has words that thrill you.
 Cupid's injunction I
 Follow, so please reply
 Saying that you'll be my
 Valentine. Will you?
 —————
Julian Durand

THE LAND OF OTHERWHERE

OH, the Land of Otherwhere, who knows
 when first it called us
 Across the homely threshold and through
 the little gate?
 The highway held a promise that beckoned
 and enthralled us—
 Oh, child's heart that answered it, how
 hard it seemed to wait!
 Oh, the Land of Otherwhere, how often sea-
 ward gazing
 Have we glimpsed beyond the blue its
 beauty and its state;

Hint of quay and spire and dome in some
 red sunrise blazing—
 Oh, youth's heart that leaped to it, how
 strange it seemed to wait!

Oh, the Land of Otherwhere, where all our
 dreams went roaming,
 If we should turn to find you now, would
 it be too late?
 Shall we never reach your gates, like weary
 vagrants homing?
 Oh, man's heart that yearns for it, how
 long it seems to wait!

Theodosia Garrison

ALL THE REST SUPERFLUOUS

GIVE me a group of shady trees,
 A soft and balmy southern breeze;
 Give me a pipe, a cozy nook
 Sequestered, and a lively book.
 Give me a hammock, hung with care,
 To swing with ease in soft mid air;
 Give me a girl, kind Fate—and, say,
 If *she's* just right—take these away!

T. L. Masson

CONTENTMENT

WHILE men are seeking for the rose,
 Why, I am faithful still
 Unto the daffodil that grows
 Neglected on the hill.

While men observe the nightingale,
 And to none other hark,
 I seek the spot within the dale
 Where lilt the lonely lark.

While men are hieing to the town,
 To choose a city lass,
 My lady-love in homespun gown
 I deem none can surpass!

Harold Susman

TOAST AND TEA

WE do not need the chafing-dish,
 Cold times, on Sunday night;
 Though out of doors the wind goes "swish,"
 Our fire burns warm and bright.

Our "round oak" stove exhales good cheer,
On top the kettle sings;
We draw the small white table near—
Love lends each moment wings!

Lorinda spreads the wheaten slice,
And I the toaster hold
Above the scarlet coals—a trice,
They change to brown and gold.

Oh, little room, closed to the storm,
Where, Sunday nights with me,
Lorinda, by our coal-fire warm,
Makes wheaten toast and tea!

Cora A. Matson Dolson

TO MY WIFE—A VALENTINE

THOU art so dear, my love, to me—
So dear, and, oh, so necessary—
That, having thee and wanting thee,
I dare address to thee this query:
May I choose one already mine
To be for ay my valentine?

Channing Pollock

LAPLACE DE LA REVOLUTION (1793)

THE Paris mob swarms on the square,
From different quarters rushed along—
A heaving mass, in blazing sun,
A wasted, nervous, maddened throng.

A priest disguised, a flower-girl,
An officer, a tottering jade,
The patriot, a half-naked child—
Liberty cap and red cockade.

The hot air reeks the stench of blood;
The bread-line stretched along the square;
Faint tocsin from the Tour St. Jacques;
And desperate hunger everywhere.

National guard with galley-slave;
The *citoyen*, the *citoyenne*;
The Paris dregs mixed with its scum—
Those creatures more like beasts than men!

They haunt the prisons, watch mock trials,
They search for victims to arrest;
With raving madness, thirst for blood,
They kill their leaders with the rest.

Their faces turn upon one spot—
Two tall black columns in the air,
Where Danton, Saint-Just, Robespierre died—
"My Lady Guillotine" is there!

A silent tension holds the crowd,
A downward flash, a falling head;
The knitting-women take a stitch;
The mob, blood crazy, cheers the dead.

The Terror reigns in ninety-three;
"Ça ira! Liberté!" they shriek.
"Égalité! Fraternité!"
À bas Capet! Vive République!"
Herman Marcus

AND THOSE THAT WAIT

EASTWARD, where the sun is liftin'
From the fog-bank out to sea,
There's an empty dory driftin'—
Wonder where her crew can be?

Dory with her gunwales drippin',
Driftin' seaward from the shore;
Not a single hand a grippin'
Of a strainin', bendin' oar.

Nothin' there to tell her hist'ry;
Where's her skipper an' his mate?
Dead, you say? Well, that's a myst'ry—
No one here to speak their fate.

'Pears as if they must have left her—
Why? Well, now, that's one on me;
Maybe they're just restin' peaceful
Underneath the lazy sea.

Dory driftin', crew a missin';
Out from shore across the swells
Eyes an' ears that look and listen
Seaward past the harbor-bells.

Eyes that search an' ears that listen,
Lips that quiver forth a prayer;
Hearts that fear an' tears that glisten;
Hopes that battle with despair.

Westward where the day is shiftin'
Down behind the crimson sea,
There's an empty dory driftin'—
Wonder where her crew can be?

Percy M. Cushing

SUNSET SONG

THE night-wind's mellow murmuring
Floats down the wooded cañon;
Belated birds on weary wing
Seek home and nest-companion.

The brook that to the glen and glade
Has sung its song incessant,
Now softly croons a serenade
Unto the moon's fair crescent.

The stars appear—how still they stand
In angel-guarded spaces!
What calm descends on sea and land
From those world-watchful faces!

Wind, wood, and water, bird and star,
With what fond magic teeming!
For thoughts of thee in land afar
Drift through my vesper dreaming.

Where'er thou art—awake, asleep,
By mountain, plain, or billow,
While angels round thee vigil keep,
Fair dreams be thy soft pillow!

Clarence Urmy

ON SEEING PRUDENCE IN A
SHEATH GOWN

I SAW her on the avenue,
And scarcely recognized my Prue;
Her face was quite the same, but she
Seemed somehow different to me.
Her smile was all unchanged, and so
Were both her eyes. Their sunny glow
Brought back remembrance, sweetly blent
With thoughts of lover-like intent.

But otherwise—ah, wo is me!—
How changed did Prudence seem to be!
Ensheathed in gown of latest mode
She crept where formerly she strode.
Her hat was three feet seven wide;
The rest of her, from side to side,
Seen at a glance was, I should guess,
Ten inches, maybe—more or less!

Oh, Fashion, what hath come to pass
Beneath thy sway, that she, alas!
Who once unto her lover's eye
Held all the charm of Venus high—
Whose dainty figure called to mind
The style of Juno and her kind—
Now stands transformed, and like—for
grace—
A silk umbrella in its case?

Carlyle Smith

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

THERE are languages a plenty,
Esperanto, Latin, Greek—
From a dozen up to twenty
That 'most any one can speak;
But the tongue that's most appealing,
That most people truly prize,
That is tremulous with feeling—
Is the Language of the Eyes.

When Myrtilla I am courting,
I don't think in Bostonese,
And my tongue is not cavorting
Into Dutch or Siamese;
But I do the better billing
And my cooing is more wise,
When I send my heart a thrilling
Through the Language of the Eyes.

There is naught that can be spoken
With the tongue or with the pen
That holds deeper, surer token
Of the hearts of maids or men,
Than the very simple phrases
That so rhythmically rise,
Singing love in all its phases,
In the Language of the Eyes.

'Tis the language universal,
'Tis the language ever true;
It requires no long rehearsal;
And its syllables are few.
There's no grammar there to vex us,
And it scorns deceitful lies—
'Tis of tongues the solar plexus,
Is the Language of the Eyes!

Wilberforce Jenkins

TO A CRICKET

LITTLE ventriloquist,
Up on the rafter,
What a peculiar twist
Tangles your laughter!
Something of joy I hear,
Something satiric,
In your metallic, queer,
Crisp and cool lyric.

Keep it up all night long—
I do not mind you;
I cannot learn your song,
Nor can I find you;
From your exalted seat
Send the notes flying;
You're a delightful cheat,
Only half trying!

I am told that you bring
Good luck to many;
Please, if you will, to sing,
And if there's any
Luck for me, I will take
All of your trilling;
Even to lie awake,
Cricket, I'm willing!

Frank Dempster Sherman

A PHILOSOPHER

SOOTH, when I would philosophize,
I ponder upon Sylvia's eyes;
Therein I seem to find the whole
Expression of the oversoul!

Not Plato wise, nor Socrates,
For me no sages kin to these!
Their doctrines fall in full eclipse
Beneath the words from Sylvia's lips.

For others all the lore of schools—
Their dogmas, syllogisms, rules!
Content am I to have but her,
My own dear, sweet philosopher!

Archibald Crombie

IN A WINTER WOOD

WHAT magic weaver has been here
In this, the wood's wide room,
And woven wondrous tapestry
Upon his secret loom?

With fingers deft he toiled all night,
And left at morn no trace
Save these, his flimsy filigrees
And silver threads of lace.

Against the sky his patterns fine
A matchless cobweb seem;
Ah, some one, at his quiet loom,
Wrought this delightful dream!

Charles Hanson Towne

THE ELDERS' FAIRY BOOK

SOME are, who for lost regions of en-
chantment sigh,
Lamenting still their infancy's loved pil-
grimages
Through realms where even beans grew
normally league-high,
Where forests, scorning quite Dame Na-
ture's sober stages,
Upsprang full-leaved at witch's dictate or at
mage's.
But he no vegetable marvel lacks who
reads,
When first a vagrant wind the swelling
spring presages,
The elders' fairy book, Blank's Catalogue
of Seeds!

And sentimental souls have longings that
ne'er die,
For pink-pranked garden spaces, bosky
pasturages,
For lilled fountains with sweet, dusky arbors
nigh,
For stingless bees, and birds that love
their pretty cages,
For blooms defying blight and autumn's
windy rages.
Ah, Arcady, forgot, rejected of dull
creeds,

One volume still revives thee and thine
appanages—

The elders' fairy book, Blank's Catalogue
of Seeds!

And ye who mourn the Perfect State, which,
with rapt eye,
In youth ye visioned, where no sordid
thought of wages,
But zeal alone drove men in useful works
to vie;

Where rich and poor at last were one, all
surplusages
Apportioned justly by impartial, selfless
sages—

Here, lithographed, behold what your
bright dream exceeds—
Snug cots, trim lawns, neat, smiling toilers
of all ages—

The elders' fairy book, Blank's Catalogue
of Seeds!

ENVOY

Prince, here is balm that each successive
grief assuages

As dream by dream Utopia gradually re-
cedes—

To win the vision back, we need but con-
these pages—

This elders' fairy book, Blank's Catalogue
of Seeds!

Anne O'Hagan

LOVE'S TRESPASSER

YOUNG Cupid has a park that
Is full of roses fair;
I'll tell, but keep it dark that
You learned from me just where;
For when at first I found it
He seemed both mean and proud,
And put up signs around it—
NO TRESPASSING ALLOWED!

I hung about and hated
The rascal for his sin;
But once when I had waited
A long time I got in.
The place was fresh and fragrant
As one could hope to see,
And there was I, a vagrant,
As happy as could be.

It was the hour that closes
The long, sweet summer day;
I leaned above the roses,
And, oh, how sweet were they!
"Forgive me if I trespass,"
I softly begged above,
Then heard a whispered "Yes" pass
The rose-lips that I love!

Cyril Evers



THE STAGE



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH PLAYGOERS?

LAST winter, in New York, some of the banks and trust companies had their evil days; this year it is the theaters that are afflicted with direful nights. For there is no denying that the present season in the playhouses has been the most disastrous on record.

"Are the people tired of the theater?" the managers ask themselves and one another. "Why don't they go?"

The lack of good plays, you may say, is the chief cause; but even productions that are admittedly "knock-outs"—as Clyde Fitch says they must all be nowadays to succeed—are suffering from voids in the balcony, the pulse by which



ETHEL BARRYMORE, WHO HAS MADE A HIT IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S CLEVER COMEDY, "LADY FREDERICK"

From her latest photograph by Savory, New York

the health of the box-office is most surely tested.

Various causes have been assigned for this apathy of the New York public to-

were statistics obtainable, that grand opera is playing the biggest part in robbing the theaters of former habitués. It must be remembered that the city has now



TRIXIE FRIGANZA, WHO IS MRS. WILLIAM WAXTAPPER IN GEORGE M. COHAN'S MILE-A-MINUTE MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE AMERICAN IDEA"

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

ward the stage—causes that range from bridge and motor-cars to stringency in the money market and the lure of grand opera. So far as the metropolis is concerned, it would not surprise me to find,

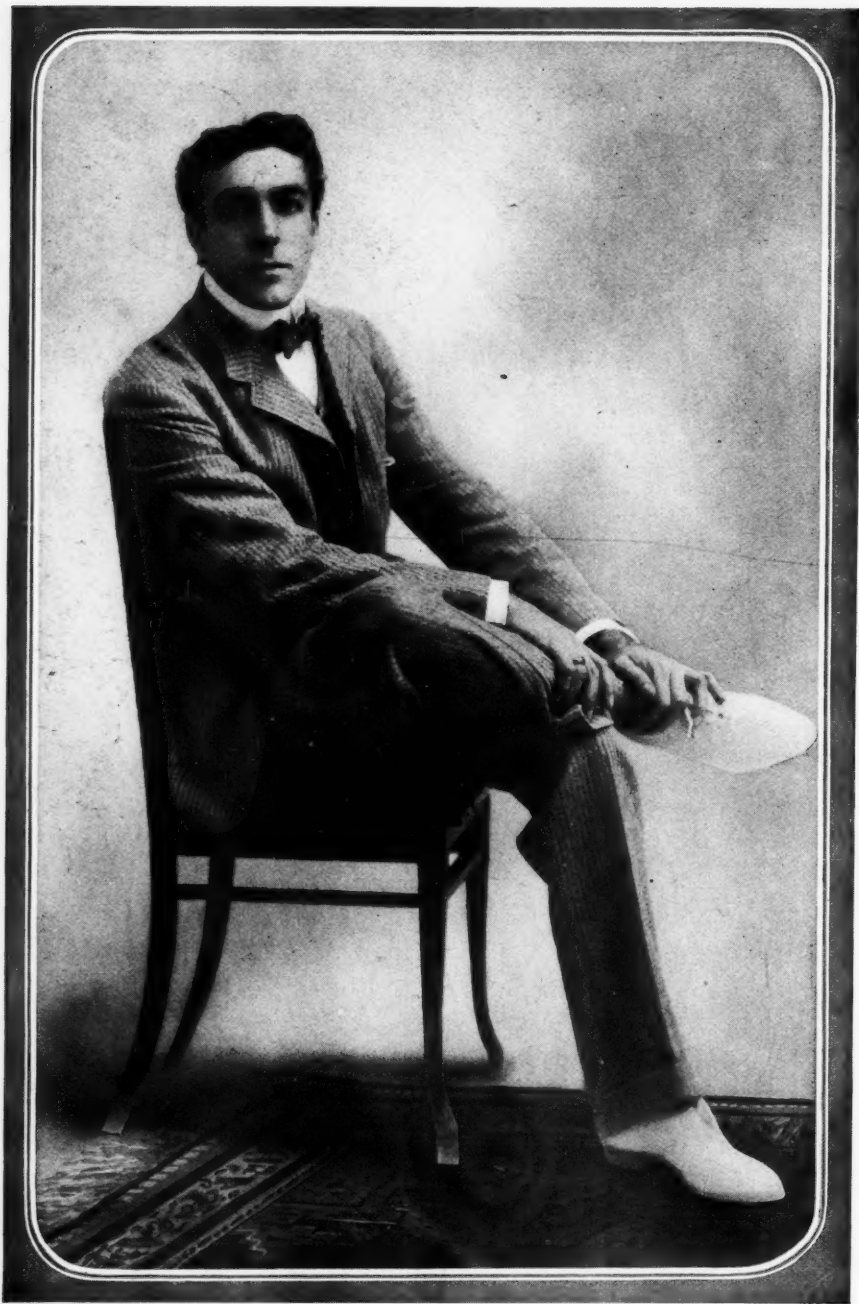
two opera-houses, both of which are drawing great audiences to hear the foremost singers of the day.

"What have I to show for my two dollars after I get home?" a man asks him-



MARGUERITE LESLIE, WHO WAS THE DUCHESS OF HAVANT WITH SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM IN
"BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT," AT THE NEW THEATER, LONDON

From her latest photograph by Rita Martin, London



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, OUR NEWEST ACTOR-MANAGER, NOW PLAYING DON ERNESTO IN "THE
WORLD AND HIS WIFE," A DRAMA ADAPTED BY C. F. NIRDLINGER FROM
JOSÉ ECHEGARAY'S "EL GRAN GALEOTO"

From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York



JULIE OPP (MRS. WILLIAM FAVERSHAM), APPEARING WITH HER HUSBAND AS DONA TEODORA
IN "THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE," WHICH IS ONE OF THE
SUCCESSFUL PLAYS OF THE SEASON

From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York



CHARLOTTE WALKER, LEADING WOMAN AS AGATHA IN "THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA"—MISS WALKER WAS RECENTLY MARRIED TO EUGENE WALTER, THE PLAYWRIGHT, AUTHOR OF "PAID IN FULL," "THE WOLF," AND "THE EASIEST WAY"

From her latest photograph by Moffett, Chicago

Even if I do, the money is gone, and so is the play, so far as its ever doing me any more service is concerned."

With opera it is different. Even though your man in the street may have no real appreciation of music, and may be terribly bored while sitting through "Trovatore," "Thais," or "Tiefland," he will have a tangible asset for his money in being able to say that he has heard Caruso, Mary Garden, or Emmy Destinn. It is the same principle that makes almost a sure-fire attraction of Maude Adams, John Drew, Fritzi Scheff, and Ethel Barrymore, irrespective of the vehicle in which they may appear.

So much for New York. Now, how about "the road"? Here is where managers usually hope to reap their richest harvest, for the owners of Manhattan playhouses demand so big a share of the "gate-money" that there is little chance of large profit on Broadway.

So far this season, the country at large has made a still worse showing than the theatrical metropolis. Show after show has been called back, owing to poor business, while others have dissolved even in their testing weeks of preparation for a Broadway opening. Most puzzling of all for the managers, their traditional guiding star—the New York verdict—has in several instances proved to be a will-o'-the-wisp. "The Call of the North,"

self to-day, when considering a new which was railed at by the metropol-show. "I may like it, and I may not. itan press, but on which Robert Ede-



ELEANOR ROBSON, STARRING IN THE NEW PLAY BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,
"THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW"

From her latest photograph—copyright by Frank Scott Clark, Detroit

son was fain to fall back for his tour, has been distinctly successful, while "Pierre of the Plains," which pleased almost universally in town, did such poor

It is worth noting that the London theaters have been faring no better than those of New York. A humorous English chronicler attributes the depression



PERCY HASWELL, WHO IS FLORA BRAZIER WITH OTIS SKINNER IN
"THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY"

From her latest photograph by the Dover Street Studios, London

business out of it that Edgar Selwyn retired from the cast, leaving the manager to dispose of the rights to a circuit playing the dollar houses.

to the competition offered by the antics of the Suffragettes—a factor which surely cannot be reckoned into the game over here.

In summing up the year 1908, the London *Stage* notes by way of partial consolation that the native dramatic output made a better comparative showing than was the case in the preceding seasons, during which there had been a growing tendency to import American and Continental attractions.

FRITZI SCHEFF AGAIN AMONG SOLDIERS

Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert had a difficult task when they undertook to furnish Fritzi Scheff with a fitting successor to "Mlle. Modiste"—a piece of their own composition which has proved almost a "Robin Hood" in light-opera popularity. De Koven and Smith, up to date, have failed to duplicate the swing and the tunefulness of their charming idyl of Sherwood Forest, although they have tried more than once. Blossom and Herbert have been more successful, for while ardent admirers of "Modiste" will still cling to their first love, they cannot deny that "The Prima Donna" is on a high plane of excellence; and Miss Scheff's new vehicle is drawing larger audiences to the Knickerbocker's roomy auditorium than did "Modiste" itself.

Its authors have done even more than score a second bull's-eye with a new work. They have made the field they had already tilled so cleverly yield a second crop. For the scene of "The Prima Donna" is laid in Paris, French soldiers abound in the piece, its heroine makes a hit on the operatic stage, and the hero's family opposes his marriage to her. Moreover, Fritzi has another captivating song—"When Girls Command the Army"—in which she beats the drum in the same old enthusiasm-arousing style. Yet, with all these points of similarity, the story of "The Prima Donna" is quite different from that of "Modiste."

In the new piece, Miss Scheff is supposed to be a singer of great reputation from the Opéra Comique, who takes the place of a suddenly indisposed *chanteuse* at a cheap concert-hall in the Paris suburbs. Here we have a stage upon a stage—a contrivance that invariably arouses pleased expectancy in an audience, but which does not often work out as satisfactorily as in "The Prima Donna." In this environment, the heroine falls in with a young lieutenant, who has written

a song which she sings. Oddly enough, this same episode—that of a French officer writing a popular song—did duty in the ill-fated "Algeria," for which Mr. Herbert also furnished the music. In "The Prima Donna," however, this is merely an incident; its dramatic interest grows out of the attempt of the lieutenant's superior officer to force his attentions on the singer, whom he recognizes, and who proves to be quite able to take care of herself.

Miss Scheff's songs are perhaps the best she has yet had, and it is needless to say that she sings them in finished style and with her wonted magnetism. In the latter quality—which cannot be acquired by any course of study—Fritzi Scheff stands alone in her class. Gifted with the voice and the technique of the real prima donna, she has none of the airs that some operatic stars assume. There is about her a *bonhomie*, a *camaraderie*, which carries over the footlights in altogether different fashion from a certain reprehensible type of familiarity between stage and stalls that we encounter now and again in musical comedy.

Charles Dillingham does not believe in supporting a star with a parcel of sticks. He has provided Miss Scheff with a cast of excellent material. Most of the fun comes from the old piano-player of the concert-hall, enacted by James E. Sullivan, who achieved his first fame on both sides of the Atlantic as the *Polite Lunatic* in "The Belle of New York." This virtuoso's trials with his "artists," in the first act, form a unique entertainment, while his song in the last act—"I'll Be Married to the Music of a Military Band"—is so capitably staged that it delights the eye as well as the ear.

The rôle of the *Prima Donna's* spendthrift father falls to W. J. Ferguson, whom we saw last season in the luckless "Toymaker of Nuremberg," and who was call-boy at Ford's Theater in Washington when Lincoln was shot there. William Raymond, who plays opposite Miss Scheff as the lieutenant, is a new find. He is a Buffalo man, a graduate of Yale, and had only a brief professional experience in London before Mr. Dillingham secured him for "The Prima Donna," to which he brings a good presence and a well-trained barytone voice.

Josephine Bartlett, the proprietress of the café, will be remembered as the owner of the millinery-shop in "Modiste." She is a sister of the late Jessie Bartlett Davis, and has been with Fritz Scheff ever since the latter began to star. Pretty Marguerite May, one of the café-concert girls, is the youngest sister of Edna May.

A TALK WITH WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

"Come and see my sound-proof room. I've just had it built on the roof."

This was the first thing William Faversham said to me when I called at his home in New York, near old-fashioned Stuyvesant Square, to chat with him on his methods of deciding whether a play was apt to prove popular or not.

"This house, you know," he explained, "belonged to Mr. Opp, my wife's father, and she was born here. We've had it all done over. You note that the conservatory off the dining-room looks right out on the rear of St. George's. In warm weather we can hear the preacher's voice, and of course the singing. Ned Royle got the idea for his parsonage setting in 'The Struggle Everlasting' from that room."

The sound-proof apartment I found to be built across the front of the house, furnished with double walls, windows, and doors, and used as a sleeping-chamber by Mr. and Mrs. Faversham. Their work at the theater keeping them out late every night, they must rest far into the morning, the very time when their two sturdy children, aged three and five, are at their liveliest. The scheme works beautifully, Mr. Faversham explained, and he displayed with pride the roof-garden built out from the rear of this unique room.

Back in the cozy library I put the question I had come to ask.

"The quality in 'The World and His Wife,'" Mr. Faversham repeated, "that I think makes its appeal to popularity? Well, I should say that the straightforward character of the story, which sweeps along to the climax without swerve or halting, has had much to do with the success. Again, the theme is one that comes home to every man and woman in the audience, for who has not been hurt by slanderous tongues? That is what Martin Harvey is going to call

the play when he does it in London—'Slander.' I am not so keen for that name, however. I wanted it called 'The Tragedy of Gossip,' but Mr. Nirdlinger was so anxious for 'The World and His Wife' that I gave in to him.

"Speaking of plays, although there is no more patriotic Englishman than myself, I must admit that America has good cause to congratulate herself over the recent progress she has made, as compared with England, in her dramatic output. Compare the programs of the present season with those of ten—or even of five—years ago, and note how the native dramatist has come to the fore. In England, on the other hand, during the last few seasons the complaint has been of the preponderance of foreign work."

"How about a repertoire, Mr. Faversham?" I inquired. "I recall that in your preliminary announcements you mentioned that as one of your aims."

"Yes," he assented; "but it takes time to achieve—two or three years, in fact. An actor can't make a repertoire by simply producing three or four plays in one season. Each play must have a run to justify its addition to the list. At Daly's, for instance, before the winter is over, I am planning to stage 'The Barber of New Orleans,' by Edward Childs Carpenter, which I tried in Chicago in the autumn. This is a four-act piece of good scenic possibilities, and is in striking contrast to 'The World and His Wife.' Meanwhile, I am going quietly ahead with my preparations for Stephen Phillips's 'Herod,' which Beerbohm Tree put on at His Majesty's, in London, some eight years since, and which I hope to do in New York about the middle of next season."

I inquired whether he didn't dread the road, whereat he smiled and said:

"No; why should I? That is where I make the money to enable me to spend the following winter luxuriating in town. Besides, there is the constant excitement of a series of first nights to buoy one up to concert pitch. For the matter of that, though, my work never palls on me. Every night, when I enter the stage-door, I feel the same thrill. The lure of the stage, if one may use such an overworked phrase, seems to obsess me more and more the older I grow."

"Speaking of age reminds me that while *Victor Jaillot*, my rôle in 'The Barber of New Orleans,' is a character part, I cannot use wigs or putty in making up for it, as the description of the man set down by the playwright happens to fit my own personality exactly. Hence, I do not need to tell you, it is ten times more difficult to play than if I had such aids to simulation."

NEW YORK AS A BACKGROUND

Whether owing to the "knock-out" hit of "Paid in Full" last season, or just because it happens so, we have had, this winter, a succession of plays laid in New York. There are "The Third Degree," "Salvation Nell," "The Battle"; and here comes Olga Nethersole with the announcement that her new offering—"The Writing on the Wall," by the author of "The Fighting Hope"—also has its scenes in Gotham.

Even the Sargent School of Acting fell in line with a play of the American metropolis at its second public performance, when for the first time on any stage the students presented "A Dinner of Herbs," a comedy in four acts, by Annie Nathan Meyer. This combination of amateur playwright and players worked out more successfully than one would imagine possible. Mrs. Meyer's play might be bettered by an occasional application of the pruning-knife, but there was an engaging touch of novelty in the way in which its chief personages were plunged into a misunderstanding, and its shots at the *poseurs* of New York's art world were well aimed and smartly driven home. Most of the actors in the cast of fourteen did well, but it is not surprising that those entrusted with character rôles, which furnish such convenient pegs on which to hang impersonations, should, for the most part, have excelled those who had merely to look themselves.

Nor has vaudeville escaped the tendency to a New York background. Sewell Collins, well-known as a cartoonist and a designer of theatrical posters, has written what he calls "a gay little gambol," with a parody on an old-time melodrama title for its name.

The scene of "Awake at the Switch" is laid in the lobby of a Broadway hotel,

and its leading character is a telephone-girl—very cleverly enacted by Margaret Moffat. The sketch is full of the slang that made "The Chorus Lady" and "The Traveling Salesman" famous, and has a neat little plot, which has the merit of novelty—the rarest and most desirable element in vaudeville playlets. Already the two-a-day audiences have grown weary of *Salome* and her kin, and only a few scattering hand-claps rewarded Valeska Suratt, as *Cleopatra*, for her so-called "original Egyptian movements." On the other hand, the originality of Annette Kellerman, the Diving Venus, retains her on the bill at the Fifth Avenue for week after week. Not the least striking part of this act, by the way, is the happy thought of placing a mirror in the back drop, reflecting the pool, so that those in the orchestra chairs can see Miss Kellerman strike the water without rising from their seats.

SPICE THAT MAY THREATEN ALL SPICE

When a dull season is upon you, and your galleries and balcony remain obstinately empty in spite of good reports on your offerings, play spice. This would appear to be the policy of certain managers who, I understand, are preparing to go to the limits of the law since "Miss Innocence" and "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" have crowded all parts of the New York and Circle Theaters. These two shows are bracketed in this mention merely because they depict night life in Paris, and not because they are alike in other respects—except that both were originally produced in Philadelphia. "Miss Innocence" is Anna Held's new vehicle, but so crowded is the piece with bewilderingly pretty girls, and so many are the specialties which tread upon one another's heels, that you forget there is such a thing as a star in the production, and give yourself up to wonder at its beauty and costliness.

"But is it naughty?" I hear you ask.

The managers hope, perhaps, that I will say yes to this question; but truth compels me to state that I have heard worse things said in so-called "refined vaudeville" than I saw in "Miss Innocence."

As to "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," its story is so stupid and so

clumsily set forth that most people have been surprised to read Paul Potter's name subscribed as author. Mr. Potter dramatized "Trilby," you will remember, and also wrote "The Conquerors," the play which aroused such sharp comment anent its moral tendencies when Charles Frohman gave it with his stock company at the Empire. Nor has "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" the redeeming qualities of a fine cast and pretty girls to atone for its other shortcomings.

A curious fact in connection with both these offerings is their power to draw to the orchestra-chairs people whom one would not expect to see there—people who are in evidence at the most important dramatic productions and in the boxes at the opera. Direful, indeed, is the truth that must sometimes be set forth by the truthful chronicler of theatrical events in the metropolis.

Equally puzzling, for different reasons, is New York's reception of "The Pied Piper," the latest vehicle for De Wolf Hopper, and perhaps the best-constructed one that he has ever had. It was written by Austin Strong, author of "The Toymaker of Nuremberg," but was supposed to be thoroughly fumigated from the "high-brow" or classic tendencies which brought that pretty idyl to the storage-warehouse so speedily last season. Nevertheless, the metropolitan run of "The Pied Piper" covered only a few weeks against as many months for previous Hopper shows more dependent on their specialties than on plot and intrinsic merit.

On the other hand, Broadway can scarcely be reprimanded for refusing to stand for "The Winterfeast," Charles Rann Kennedy's successor to "The Servant in the House," which was withdrawn at the author's own request after some ten nights' run. Perhaps the most pertinent comment in this connection is a sentence from Otis Skinner's remarks on the poetical play:

"A drama not meant to be acted is as futile as a song not meant to be sung."

DIXEY, THE DEVIL, AND MARY JANE

From the *Devil* to the rural drama! This is the leap that Henry E. Dixey took over one Sunday early in December,

when he became *Mary Jane's Pa* in the new play of that name by Edith Ellis. One of the reviewers characterized the piece as being well calculated to drive the serpent from the garden. To interpret for the benefit of the country at large, "Mary Jane's Pa" followed "The Devil" at the Garden Theater, where Henry W. Savage is giving the public first-rate entertainment at the old standard price of a dollar and a half for the best seats—the rate that prevailed when Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Mary Anderson, John Drew, and Ada Rehan were Broadway's prevailing attractions.

"Mary Jane's Pa" is a delightful play, based on that commingling of comedy and pathos which is the best bait conceivable to lure coin from the pockets of the public. The scene is laid in a small Indiana town, but the play is by no means on the lines of the so-called "begosh drama." The heroine, *Mary Jane's Ma*, is the publisher of a weekly paper. Her husband (Dixey), has left her years before, when her two children were young; and when he finally returns, to find her prosperous and happy, the audience gets a novel sort of thrill as it watches the wife debating with herself what to do with him.

To those who still remember Dixey as *Adonis* in the phenomenal run of that musical comedy, some twenty years ago, it may be of interest to know that he is just fifty years old. Speaking of "Adonis," it is said that—as has happened to so many other shows that have developed into great money-earners—a Boston manager refused to put it on because the cost for the properties—some three hundred dollars—seemed excessive. After the piece became a hit, his offer of twenty thousand dollars for an interest in it was refused.

Mr. Dixey has of late been in vaudeville, previous to which he was starring in "The Man on the Box."

Apropos of Henry W. Savage, his version of "The Devil" was staged in strict accordance with the production abroad, which he had himself seen. The Fiske edition was put on from printed directions alone—in which connection a curious circumstance comes to light. It appears that "R" and "L," which in English and American prompt-books

mean "right" and "left," as viewed from the players' standpoint, on the Continent are reversed, referring to the stage as seen from the auditorium. In following these instructions literally, the Fiske mounting of the piece was just the opposite of that in the Savage production; yet it received higher praise from the reviewers, who supposed that it was the result of careful planning on the part of the management. Again, the setting of the reception-hall in the second act was pronounced to be too bizarre in the Savage mounting, though it was an exact copy of the original in the European presentation.

IN "THE BATTLE" THE PUBLIC WINS

Poor, better, best. This is the order of comment on the three stage offerings emanating from the New York *Herald* office this season—"Fluffy Ruffles," "Little Nemo," and "The Battle." The latter, a play of modern New York, by Cleveland Moffett, the Sunday editor, is, of course, the most dramatically ambitious of the trio. It supplies Wilton Lackaye with the best vehicle he has had since "The Pit," and at this writing the indications are that it will prove a drawing card of long standing.

The play, to be sure, has some very weak moments, but they are moments only, not entire sections. Mr. Moffett is at his best in portraying the scenes between father and son, the latter not knowing that the millionaire is his parent, and the other wishing to obtain the one thing which the younger man has told him money cannot buy—spontaneous regard and affection. The playwright is at his worst in passages between men and women where sentiment enters into the game. Indeed, it is to be hoped that one episode of this sort will have been cut out before these lines are read. It is not only quite unnecessary to the action, but is positively loathsome to witness.

Mr. Lackaye's last previous appearances in New York were in his own dramatization of "Les Misérables," which failed to arouse any great degree of interest. Last season he kept to the road with Hall Caine's "The Bondman," in which he had Elsie Ferguson for his leading woman. Miss Ferguson is now with him again, after flashing into success on

Broadway, earlier in the autumn, in "Pierre of the Plains." The only other woman in "The Battle," unfortunately, is not an acceptable addition to the cast. This is Josephine Victor, who is afflicted with mannerisms that were apparent in "The Secret Orchard," and which seem to have grown on her in the interim. Her one enviable possession is a speaking voice of depth and power. Henry B. Warner, as the son, is fine. He was leading man with Eleanor Robson in "Salomy Jane."

Not the least admirable feature about "The Battle" is a final curtain interesting enough to prevent that early reaching for hats and wraps which mars so many last moments in the theater. The exact disposition of ten million dollars donated for the betterment of the poor is being discussed. Three practical charity workers are unable to decide just how to apply it, and appeal to the donor for his advice. Of course, Cleveland Moffett knows no more how to solve such a problem than you or I would, but the clever fashion in which he masks his ignorance brings his play to a unique conclusion which would be spoiled if I told it.

A LIGHT OPERA OF STERLING WEIGHT

It surely ought not to need the big Irish population of New York to make a rousing success out of "Peggy Machree," in which Joseph O'Mara is starring at the Broadway Theater. Haven't you heard light operas in which, now and then, the opening bars of an air reminded you of some familiar tune, and you wished the people on the stage would sing your old favorite, until you remembered that this was supposed to be an original work, and that, of course, they couldn't? Well, "Peggy Machree" has none of these drawbacks. There is no composer's name following that of the librettist. The score is made up from the choicest ballads of Moore and other Irish poets whose verse has been wedded to music that has become immortal.

Joseph O'Mara was born in Limerick, Ireland, but he did not discover in his boyhood that he had any remarkable vocal powers. He sang, to be sure, but he was by no means a juvenile wonder. Nevertheless, he had musical ambitions; and in spite of parental opposition—his father

was the owner of a thriving business in Limerick, in which he desired his son to succeed him—young O'Mara set out for Italy, where he studied for two years. He did well enough to secure a chance to sing the title-rôle in Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe."

O'Mara has already experienced both failure and success on the stage of the Broadway—failure in the Irish opera, "Shamus O'Brien," which had been a big hit in Dublin, and success in "The Highwayman," perhaps the most popular work, after "Robin Hood," that De Koven and Smith ever turned out. It was produced just ten years ago, with O'Mara as *Captain Scarlet*.

The title-rôle of "Peggy Machree" is filled by a welcome visitor from England—Adrienne Augarde, who made such a pleasing impression when she first came over here, a few years since, with "The Duchess of Dantzic," as the ward of the king.

MAUDE ADAMS, MAGGIE, AND THE MAN

Barrie's reward for writing "The Little Minister" and "Peter Pan" has not been confined solely to the fame and royalties accruing therefrom. He must get no small satisfaction from the fact that anything from his pen, nowadays, is certain of production. It is easy to guess that "What Every Woman Knows" is a favorite brain-child of the Scotsman's fancy, and equally easy to assert that had this manuscript been offered to any manager without the sponsorship of a name like Barrie's, it would never have been permitted to reach the footlights.

"Bosh!" your theater director would cry at the apparent absurdity of a man breaking into a house for the mere purpose of acquiring knowledge from books. "Balderdash!" he would add, when the owners of said house propose not only to forgive this same young man for his trespass, but to advance him three hundred pounds with which to complete his education, provided he marries their sister at the end of it. "Piffle!" he would exclaim farther on—if he got so far—when he discovers that this same sister—now the wife of the housebreaker risen to be an M. P.—not only forgives her husband for making love to another and a prettier woman, but actually packs the

two off for a fortnight together at the same house-party.

But no matter what your manager might say when this sort of thing was put up for his judgment by some unknown, and no matter what you may think as you read the foregoing outline, to see "What Every Woman Knows" performed by the Maude Adams company is to spend a delightful evening. To be sure, the critics have found more fault with Miss Adams than they have dared breathe before—for such is Miss Adams's popularity that she seems almost a sacred personage. But the public at large is not likely to make the same criticism, because, to it, Maude Adams must always possess an insistent charm, although *Maggie's* brothers affirm that this is the one quality their sister lacks. For my part, I see no reason why this rôle of *Maggie Wylie* should not at once range itself alongside of *Lady Babbie* and *Peter Pan* in her scroll of fame.

Miss Adams has a new leading man in Richard Bennett. He plays the difficult part of *John Shand*, the husband without a spark of humor, and plays it so well that he ran away with most of the good notices even from so potent a star as Maude Adams. It is not the first time that Mr. Bennett, who was the millionaire's son in "The Lion and the Mouse," has done that very thing this season; only the first time it happened in a failure—"Diana of Dobson's"—and now it occurs in a success. The season before last Mr. Bennett was the young man who stirred up all the trouble in "The Hypocrites."

ANOTHER "MOUSE" SCAMPERS TO SUCCESS

How many theatergoers recall that "The Masked Ball," the first play in which John Drew starred, and the one in which Maude Adams made her ten-strike as his leading woman, was adapted from the French by Clyde Fitch? It has become natural to associate Mr. Fitch with Germany when he goes abroad for his plots, as in the case of "Girls."

He has just scored another success with the thorough work he makes of shifting scenes from the Fatherland to a background nearer home. "The Blue Mouse" is a farce of the wildest description, but it moves so rapidly that

you have no time to question the possibility of one droll situation before you are confronted with another that evokes your laughter; and the would-be captious critic who laughs first and analyzes afterward is never dangerous.

The Shuberts deserve a ribbon of the same hue for the capital cast with which they have provided "The Blue Mouse," through which Charles Dickson, Jameson Lee Finney, Harry Conor, and Zelda Sears frisk joyously, to say nothing of Mabel Barrison, the mouse of mice.

"LITTLE NEMO'S" BIG HIT

At "Little Nemo" I sat between a small boy of twelve and an old gentleman of sixty odd, and I am not certain, to judge by outward manifestations of delight, that the old gentleman did not enjoy the performance even more than did the child. This new concoction, based on Sunday supplement cartoons, is a happy contrast to "The White Cat," which brought Klaw & Erlanger's series of Drury Lane importations to an abrupt close some two seasons ago. Its success will doubtless lead these managers to dig in native fields for future ore of this sort. Surely they must have spent liberally of their own in mounting it.

But there is fun for the ears as well as a feast for the eye in this gigantic musical comedy by Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert. For once it gets away from cheap Broadway humor and Tenderloin *double entendre*. On the cannibal Isle of Table d'Hôte, Joe Cawthorn, Harry Kelly, and Billy B. Van discourse about non-existing animals in a fashion to banish dull-care as effectually as ever did Lewis Carroll's famous *Jabberwock*, while the lilt of Herbert's music, especially in "Weather Vane" and "If I Could Teach My Teddy Bear to Dance," sets all feet atap.

Little Nemo is impersonated by that wonderful dwarf of thirty-one, Master Gabriel, who, not long ago, was *Buster Brown*—both in the legitimate and in vaudeville. He is not as high as the ordinary child of six, but he appears to have the whole theatrical game at his finger-tips.

But what a cold people we Americans are when it comes to patriotism! George Cohan seems to be the only man who can

stir us at all in that direction. The big Fourth of July scene, with its two songs about the "Old Continentals" and the "Liberty Bell," fell almost flat, and the applause for the "perfectly safe fireworks"—the program assures us of this fact—wasn't a patch on that elicited by the "March of the Valentines."

HOW NEW YORK TOPS THE LIST

Still they come—announcements of new theaters to be built in New York, though the local playhouses can already accommodate more people than those of any other city in the world. This fact, by the way, is now making the rounds of Europe, as an interesting item in theatrical journals. *Le Monde Artiste*, of Paris, announces that while London has fifty theaters of the first rank, and New York only thirty-one, the American playhouses are so much larger that their combined seating capacity is 123,795, against 120,950 for London. On the other hand, while Paris has but twenty-four leading theaters, it can boast, in the Châtelet, of the biggest auditorium, as this house can seat 3,600 people, against the 3,549 accommodated by the Metropolitan Opera-House in New York, and 3,500 by Drury Lane, London. London steps to the front in concert-halls, as the Albert Hall holds 10,000 people, against the 9,000 credited to Madison Square Garden in New York—now tottering on the verge of demolition—and the 6,500 held by the Trocadéro in Paris.

After presenting the foregoing figures, the writer in *Le Monde Artiste* adds pithily:

So much for quantity; there are no statistics as to the comparative quality of the offerings.

While the managers of New York are continually called to account for adding to the number of their theaters while many of those now standing are only half filled, there is something to be said on their side. New York, of all cities in the world, from its long and narrow shape, must needs be continually rebuilding its playhouses in order to keep them close to the residence district, which, in its turn, is steadily creeping northward.

Matthew White, Jr.

KING SULLIVAN

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

AUTHOR OF "THREE HEARTS AND A HEAD," "FIRE FIGHT FIRE," ETC.

THE nipa shack roosted high on bamboo posts to clear the green-scummed ooze, all puffy with bubbles. Over it drowsed slender, ragged palms, rustling their fronds into speech as the trade-winds nodded them, approving the words of Bongao.

For Bongao, the *ladrone*, was still a power on the coasts of Malajacar Bay, even now that the blue-shirt swine had robbed him of so many things. As he squatted there on his brown hams, discouraging, his words were words of hope. Tinaka, the daughter of Kanabuhan, listened eagerly.

"These hogs go soon away into their own sty," he was growling in throaty Visayan, "and that is good. But others come. That is bad. Yet the change may profit us, who knows?"

He spat copiously of betel-juice, and blinked with reddened eyes off through the fever-smelling cane-brake toward the bay, which drowsed, quivering, in sunset glory. To his ears came the plaint of a few spiraling sea-birds, out yonder; the hollow thumping of a rice-mortar under the blows of Tinaka's mother in the second room of the hut; the grunt of a wallowing carabao. Evening was at hand.

"They go, they come!" he bitterly resumed, gesturing far across the liquid light to where a toothpick of a staff pricked up from the greenery over the bay. The staff was topped by a tiny dab of color—the execrated flag of swine.

Tinaka, cross-legged on the mat in her red and green *camisa*, blew the smoke of her *cigarillo* through her nostrils. She followed Bongao's lean hand with her eyes—fine eyes, dark and beyond fathoming, with only a slight up-draw at the corner of the lids; for Tinaka boasted a stronger dash of Spanish blood.

"The change may profit us?" she

murmured. Her speech was purer than his, as befitted a *presidente's* daughter. Not always had she and her mother lived in this thatch on the outskirts of Tagoloo; once theirs had been the ironwood house at the south of the weedy plaza. "And shall we have the reckoning at last? That day I keep my word. That day we marry, thou and I. Never before!"

Her fingers clasped eagerly at thought of the reckoning, her dream! She saw once more her father as she had found him that night when the *Americanos* had swept through the village—saw him lying in the harsh green cogon-grass, with his shirt all stiff and red. The red, the green—colors of the brotherhood!

"Say, thou, shall we have the reckoning?"

Bongao chewed a while before answering. Nothing hurries, eight degrees from the equator; not even love. Bongao was remembering, too, that skirmish with the swine. Kanabuhan had scouted a little in advance. Was it by accident that the *ladrone's* old smoothbore had fired low, that Kanabuhan had dropped with a yell? Bongao smiled to himself.

The *presidente's* death really had simplified matters, had it not? Divided authority was not good. Kanabuhan's ring, too, would help when the time was ripe—the massy ring of raw gold with the brotherhood mark, three crosses in an oval. The ring was safe now; nobody but Bongao could find it in a thousand years, midway through the Black Swamp. Bongao's inner smile broadened. Assuredly all things were well.

"The reckoning? It may be," he at length replied. "For the time draws nigh. In a score of days, the change. There will be confusion. The old pigs care nothing. They are going home. The new pigs know nothing. Only the

old gray boar of a *señor* colonel remains to fear. But there will be found a way to hunt that boar!"

He gestured with a curious finger-sign. Tinaka nodded comprehension.

Another pause—long, heavy. The sun, sliding to rest, laid upon them a great weight. They watched the huge copper ball as the hills beyond Cayaban gnawed up into its lower rim. Finally Bongao spoke again:

"Only one thing is needful—one of the swine to hunt with us!"

The *cigarillo* dropped from Tinaka's fingers; her eyes widened.

"More than one, if that may be, but one at the least—to tell us the swine-ways, the weakness here, the opening there. Thus we shall win. Thus every-thing"—he swept his bare arm against the fantom turquoise of the bay—"shall be once more our own. Thus, over yonder, the red and green shall float on that same staff!"

Boom-m-mmm!

A hollow globe of sound broke from across the waters; its fragments rolled, rebounded down the jungled hills, puncturing the stillness.

"Soon shall there be no more sunset-guns," remarked Bongao sententiously. His ideas of the *Americano* army were nebulous.

"No, *por Diós!*" echoed the girl. "And the spirit of Kanabuhan shall no longer wander unsatisfied. Bid me what I must do!"

"Knowest thou some *Americano*—some hog of the white litter?"

She sat thinking, as the sea glowed and purpled with the phosphorescence of tropic twilight. Here, there, fireflies began to spangle the half-gloom; night-sounds were rising—the cheeping of a lizard, a feverish drone of insects, the soft slither of membranous wings as huge black bats rose from alongshore and reeled toward the heights behind the village. Somewhere down the grass-grown alley a nasal minor voice crooned into song; there joined it the thrum and twangle of a cracked guitar.

"Two I know, but only by the sight," Tinaka finally made reply. "With one only have I spoken. Yet—"

"He names himself?"

"I know not how he names himself;

but he is the tall one of the so beautiful red hair. *Sabe?*"

"Eh, that must be the Señor Private Essullivam! To get that one would be well. It must be!" Yet as he pictured Tinaka trafficking with the tall one of the so beautiful red hair, his heart mis-gave him. He hastened to add: "Where didst thou have words with *him*?"

"In the market at Cayaban, six weeks past. A drunken Tagalo would have jostled me, but he thrust the man aside. I thanked him, and we had some speech. He speaks Spanish very badly, the Señor Private Essullivam."

"Was that all?" grunted Bongao.

"He asked my name."

"And thou didst tell?" snapped the *ladronc*. His jaw stopped while he listened.

"Am I a beach-comber's whelp, or the daughter of a *presidente's* house?" she flashed at him.

The answer stung; for gossip whispered that Bongao's father owed his rise in life to certain doings over on Nami-guin, what time the steam-packet Conquistador had been lured to the reef by lanterns in the palms. Yet Bongao held his tongue, and only breathed the heavier as he waited for her to finish.

"I walked away from him. He stood there, broad hat in hand. He smiled after me. His teeth were like the lining of oyster-shell; the sun made his hair very red. That was the last I have seen of him."

"Or heard?"

"He must have learned my name; for twice has he sent me letters in his so very bad Spanish. By the hand of old Lagan, the carabao-driver, has he sent them. I have not answered."

"That is well. To-morrow, answer! The Señor Private Essullivam we must have. Shall I tell thee why thou must have none other?" He strained his eyes to catch the glimmer of her oval face. "Shall I tell the reason? Thou shalt see the very proof upon his hand!"

"What reason, and what proof?" Tinaka inquired.

"Listen while I speak! Thou knowest how thy father's ring of price and great authority was robbed from him at death. Who but the devil that murdered him, that left him lying dog-like in the

grass, should have ravished it? Who else should have it now? This same Señor Private Essullivam it is, and none but he, who boasts to wear the raw-gold ring of Kanabuhan!"

II

DR. AYLWARD stretched back in his long piazza-chair and squinted up lazily at the lazy flag.

"Just the same, I tell you, it costs like sin to keep that bit of cloth dangling on that particular pole!" he gloomily asserted.

The doctor was yellow and lean; with all his pills and powders, he had not dodged the fever.

"Oh, well," answered the colonel, "it's all in the game. It's what we're all living—or dying—for, to pay that cost." His gray brows pulled together as he sighted out across the parade. "But you've no right to grumble," he philosophized. "Your freedom comes next week, when the City of Hong-Kong steams out with most of my boys on board. It's we older men—" He checked himself.

"The price of power!" girded the doctor. "We pay; and the cash-box broods reap the harvest. We pay health, morals, reputation, life, what not? There was Snyder, now—another *Danny Deever*, as sure as you live! And Granniss, you recall? Softening of what little brain he had. To say nothing of such as hit the *vino* till the pink mice get 'em—or those that jump the outfit entirely!"

The colonel nervously fingered a button of his tunic.

"Serious business," he admitted, "soldiering alongside this climate!"

"Climate, water, jungle, native girls, everything! Why, colonel, the very sky is pathogenic to a white man. All so exotic! There's something deeper, too; there's a world of psychology in the way they go mad."

Aylward's glance roamed out over the shimmer of the sea to the yellow hills of Punto Tiburon.

"Psychology! Something that bites 'em, drags 'em down and out! That man Sullivan, E Company, for example—you know?"

The colonel nodded a grave head.

"A pity!" he passed judgment.

"Lord knows where he is. If he'd only hung on another week, this whole business would have slipped off him like a dyspeptic dream. And now—! Nothing but some psychological twist could ditch a man that way. A twist, I tell you—"

"Or a woman," murmured the colonel.

"Same thing! It *is* a woman this time, by the way. Connors told me. You really ought to hear about it, from Connors. He's inimitable!"

"Right you are. It might be just the thing, eh? Orderly!"

The colonel's command given, Aylward presently resumed:

"A snappy, hustling sort like Sullivan, born soldier and nervy to the limit—I just can't understand it. Hardly past his majority, either. Maybe that had some bearing on the case—that and his Celtic temperament, which could transform a charwoman's daughter into a princess, given proper lighting and scenic effects, tropic moon, stars, surf—"

The doctor waved an eloquent hand; the colonel smiled almost reminiscently. The colonel had worked up from the ranks, and his name was Brennan.

"Not far from his chevrons when he quit." The colonel changed the subject. "Well, maybe he'll take on again before he's been gone a really serious time. Of course, if he doesn't, why—"

The speech broke off as Connors marched up the piazza-steps, clicked heels, and came to the salute. Connors's left eye showed traces of a beautiful "shiner"—which is to say, a blacking.

"Connors?" The colonel shifted his chair slightly out of the sun. "Tell us all about it."

He smiled genially. A friendly soul the colonel was; almost as beloved as the doctor himself.

"'Bout what, sorr?" Connors's innocence was epic.

"Why, Sullivan, of course!"

"Oh, *him*, sorr? Well, he's gone, Sullivan is, that's all, sorr."

"The drink? The heat?"

"Nayther, sorr. It was—beggin' yer pardon—a lady, in a manner o' sp'akin', sorr."

Dr. Aylward slid down still farther in his chair.

"Well? How did it begin?" cate-

chized the colonel. "He told you something about it, I assume?"

"He did, sorr—somethin'."

Connors was beginning to sweat more freely than even the humidity could sanction.

"Go on, let's have it!"

"Shall I begin wid Sullivan? My bunkie, sorr, an' a white man, if—"

"Begin with the lady."

"Yis, sorr. Well, the first was 'bout tin days ago, when Sullivan he drags a ring from his pocket an' shows it to me on the Q.T."

"'Lookee!' says he, 'd'yez see *that*?'"

"'Shure!' says I. 'What of ut?'"

"'It's raw vargin goold,' says he, 'and a token from a *prudente's* daughter. Ain't that somethin' like a quane, in these parrts? She's fair mashed on me!' says he. 'It's a mesallyance wid royalty! I'll be kind of a native king,' says he, 'or prince consort at the very least!'"

"'Cut it out!' says I. 'These here pigeon-toed native gurrils is too brown an' rice-powdery fer a white man. Cut it, ye *omadhaun*! She's a naygur, an' ye're loco!'"

"'Loco yerself!' says he, mad in a minute. 'She's almost white, an' one o' the swatest, natest, most fascinatin' little bunches of—'"

"We'll take her on trust," interrupted the colonel. "Quite on trust!"

The doctor turned a smile into a yawn; Connors licked dry lips.

"Well, sorr, anyhow, he tells me how he first seen this here lady, an' how she turned him down flat, but how she still kept botherin' his thoughts like the div—like annythin', sorr.

"'An' yet, afther all,' says he, 'she ain't unresponsive to me charrms! No! For, lookee, she sinds me this here joolry by that old *spalpeen* of a Lagan, him what drives that screechin' buffalo-cart; an' very secret I'm to kape it, too. But I'm to call on her,' says he, 'an' if this ain't romantic an' oryental an' Arabian-Nightsy, then I'm an Orangeman! Why,' says he, 'it's what I been lookin' fer all me life—a fairy tale come thrue! No more bum rations an' practise-marrches fer mine!' says he. 'I'm goin' to lay undher a pa'm-tree an' devour coconuts, wid—'"

"Where does the royal presence reign?" the colonel interrupted.

"Some'eres over there, sorr!" Connors swung a big arm eastward. The gesture relieved his tension, and he resumed more easily: "Wudn't let on just where. Said it must all be a secret, sorr. Seems like he ain't even to mention the ring to the lady; just wear it, that's all. To spake of it wud be rank breach o' manners, Lagan warns him special. So—well, annyhow, he jumps post, afther him an' me has argyfyed a thrifle"—Connors apologetically indicated his empurpled eye—"an' that's all, sorr. Annythin' else, sorr?"

The colonel pondered.

"Look him up!" he commanded tersely. "That buffalo-chap is your cue. Take what men you need, and don't make the mistake of having too few, either. A bad place, down yonder! Got it? That's all!"

Another click of the heels, a salute, and Connors was away. The colonel folded one white-trousered ieg over the other, and sighed.

"Hanged if it isn't worth seeing to a finish!" ejaculated Aylward. "I know *one* man of Connors's squad!"

"Well, I hope you get Sullivan, that's all," commented the colonel cynically. "Perhaps he'll come—if royalty isn't too nearly white, or the moon too nearly full."

"Or the Celtic psychology too rampant," subjoined Aylward slyly.

Silence fell. The two men, each thinking his own thoughts, sat gazing with somewhat more than official abstraction out over the shimmer of that wicked, tropic sea.

III

DOWN the white and sinuous road through the jungle that fringed Malajacar Bay hiked a score of men at the route-step, in charge of Corporal Connors. Dr. Aylward, in "fatigue," trudged with them. *Flap-flop*, the canteens wigwagged on their hips; the pendulous bayonets kept rhythm. Atomic dust enhaled them, drifted on ahead in the mid-morning breeze.

"Another half-hour, docthor, dear," Connors confided, "an' faix, King Sullivan's princess-pipe will be nothin' but

'cold ashes, an' our little army of anti-mesallyance invasion will be playin' wid the royal excheckers! Shure, that near-white quane will be surprised tremenjous when we—"

Zeu-eu-u-u-u! *Pop!*

A bullet's skreel went close overhead, blending with the echo of a shot, and clipped leaves zigzagged to the ground from the bamboo thicket behind. Connors wheeled, peering.

"*There!* Beyond the clearin'!" he cried, pointing at a filament of haze just on the edge of a palay-field whose flashing green pushed back the jungle at their right. "There 'tis! Down wid yez!"

His men blotted themselves in the roadside ditch; a spatter of louder firing broke out raggedly from the brush, crackled to a fusillade. One Tibbetts grunted and keeled over ungracefully into the lukewarm ditch-water, with a gush of bright, frothy blood from the mouth.

"Lunged him!" the doctor groaned, scrambling for the man. "Lagan must have put 'em wise—"

His words were swept away by the venomous Krag's that spat swiftly all along the ditch.

"King Sullivan's wid 'em, the black rinigade!" yelled Connors, pumping lead. "An' a confounded bad shot, too—I'm fair 'shamed of him, afther all my trainin'! *There!* See 'em?"

Along the edge of the tangle stealthy figures were crawling; the high growth swayed with their motion. Here, there, flickered a gaudy shirt of red and green.

"They're afther flankin' us!" he bawled. "Av they do, we're all carpses! We got to rush 'em! Coom on, b'ys—ivery wan of us is worth fifty naygur devils! Coom on!"

So close the others followed that he had barely two yards handicap in that stumbling, panting race over the palay. Grotesque with dripping mud and water, they fired as they ran. Dix and Bowen fell sprawling before the plunging line was half across; three more had joined them ere Connors's little army crashed with barking rifles into the cane-brake, shrieking mad, each a death-engine incarnate.

"Look! The brownies won't sthoph to have it out!" foamed Connors, lusting

for Visayan blood. "Nah! They're only good fer runnin'! But here's wan—there's another—that won't run!" He glimpsed a crawling, blue-shirted figure. "Hey, yez! Hey! Coom back out o' that now, or—"

His Krag spoke the final word. The figure dropped.

"Anny wan else?" howled Connors.

Save for the tramlings, the blaspheming of his rookies, answer came not from the jungle.

IV

ALL adrench the island world was, blurred with mist, and the waters of Malajacar Bay had gone a dreary yellow, when the City of Hong-Kong trailed her sooty banner of smoke out past Tiburon with two hundred weary men of war aboard—no heroes, just plain proletarian regulars. A man was leaning over the ship's quarter-rail, cursing the land with fluency. It was Connors—Sergeant Connors now. Dix, standing beside him with swathed head, nodded approval.

"Gulpiest layout I ever s'en," he added on his own hook, "when we fired that volley over Doc, an' listened to the blubberin' wind-jammer tryin' to sound taps!"

"He shure had the gizzard of a man," Connors eulogized. "Afther he was made, they bruk the mold. Tryin' to help Tibbetts, when there wasn't no help—*Ochone*, think of it, will yez? Doc bored through wid a naygur slug an' layin' face down in that ditch-watter, wid them oozy lilies tangled in 'is hair!"

Connors stopped suddenly and looked away, while the rain tattooed like funeral-drums on the awning overhead. The lift and heave of the big ship swayed both men slightly at the rail.

"And yet," Dix made shift to say—"and yet, even though that King Sullivan biz cost us him an' three others, you put in your good word to the old man—?"

"Darned if I know why, ayther!" retorted Connors defiantly. "Must ha' been Sullivan's eyes as done it. Afther I dragged him out, bleedin' like a pig, I swear his eyes wa'n't sane man's eyes. '*This is nothin' but loco doin's!*' says I to meself. 'He's clean bughouse!' So my bunkie—"

"So King Sullivan would ha' went up against the real thing, only for you?"

"He wud that—an' this minute he'd be six foot deep on that same tropic isle where he wanted coconuts and—all the rest, 'stead of layin' ironed in the Hong-Kong's brig, wid ninety-nine years on Alcatraz ahead o' him!"

"Alcatraz—that's kind of a rotten lay, ain't it?"

"Rotten? Sa'ay! Av yez only knew about it!"

Both men glowered at the long trail of the transport, stretching back, back in crisper foam toward the rain-shrouded coast of Cayaban.

Out from a dripping nipa shack, perched high amid the reek of that coast, a man and a woman were peering through a little open space at the distant, silent off-drawing of the ship.

"For every bullet of ours, the swine shot a hundred, two hundred!" the man was growling. "Against devil-shooting, what can we do?"

He peered at the woman with sly craft, as if to read her thoughts. An air of uneasiness, almost of fear, clung to him like a shroud.

No answer came. A heavy silence weighed upon the pair. Water drizzled from the thatch, pattered into the scum-coated pool beneath.

"All that could be done, I did," he hesitated. "My word was kept. So now, when—when will you—when shall we—?"

She turned on him a look of hatred and of loathing so cold that the words dried in his wizened throat. Twice he made as if to speak, but found no utterance. Then, suddenly, he heaved himself up from the mat, grimacing till the bluish gums showed, and sidled off down the plank, away into the steaming rain—a crooked, hideous little figure as he leered back at her with poison spite.

The woman did not move. She sat there all alone, huddled in her *camisa* of faded green and red. The *camisa* was fastened at her throat with a cheap gilt tintype pin, bearing the image of a genial and smiling young Irishman with exuberant hair.

Even after Tiburon had blotted out the ship from view, the woman still sat there, straining vacant eyes at the smoke-streamer that trailed suddenly across the darkening sky.

BESIDE THE SEA

Oh, come, love, and dream, love,

Here by the wave-washed quays,

Where the sea-birds hush, and the reeds grow lush

By the moan of the old, old seas;

For the stars are warm, and the mist milk-white

Where the lips of the moon have kissed;

And an old-time love calls low this night

By the old quays, and the sad quays, by the old, sad quays in the mist!

Ah, gone, love, those days, love,

Here by the wave-washed quays;

For far on the hill your heart lies still,

And you reckon not the salt sea-breeze,

Nor the voice of spring, nor the fall of tears,

Nor the light where the seaweeds twist;

Yet I dream each night of those glad, lost years

By the old quays, and the sad quays, by the old, sad quays in the mist.

Willard Huntington Wright

THE VALUABLE CHRISTOPHER

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

AUTHOR OF "CAP'N ERI," "THE CRUISE OF THE RED CAR," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THE East Trumet barber-shop was without a customer. The shabby plush chair was empty. The two rows of "individual" mugs in the stained-wood rack were nicked and dusty. The gilt-lettered bottles on the shelf beneath the cloudy mirror, containing bay rum and Butler's balm for the beard, were dusty also. The eight-sided wooden clock on the wall had stopped. Outside, the wet May wind whined and screeched alternately, and the distant surf boomed a monotone.

Mr. Barnabas Smalley, proprietor of this thriving place of business, stood with his back to the foggy mirror and his hands jammed into his trousers-pockets. His landlord and particular friend, Mr. Job Blount, sat in the wooden chair with the carpet seat, his feet upon the hearth of the rusty stove. In his lap, turned face down to keep the place, lay a tattered volume, upon the paper cover of which was pictured a beardless youth, with a revolver, destroying eight burly ruffians. The title of the tale was "Young Lightning, the Railroad Detective."

"Well," said Mr. Blount, breaking a gloomy silence, "what you goin' to do? You owe three months' rent and eight weeks' board now, and Sarah D. won't stand it much longer. You know how she talks. She says you've got to pay up or clear out. Where's her money comin' from?"

"Sarah D." was Mrs. Blount. She was forty, and the owner of the barber-shop and the story-and-a-half house in its rear. Job, who was twenty-three, had married her two years before, when, as a post-office wag expressed it, his assets, visible and prospective, consisted of "three

eel-pots and the promise of a job next month." The job had failed to arrive, but Mr. Blount still had the eel-pots.

The barber's reply was in the shape of a return question.

"Where's that fifty dollars comin' from that you borrowed off me when I first come?" he observed.

The fifty-dollar loan having been a private transaction between the landlord and his tenant, of which the former's shrewish wife knew nothing, Mr. Blount was somewhat disconcerted.

"Blame it all," he exclaimed, "I meant to pay you!"

"Yes, and I meant to pay my board. I left a good ten-dollar-a-week place up to Taunton and come down here all on account of you. What was it you wrote? 'Nice easy job; board with my wife and me; good clean shop.' Bah!"

"Well, what's the matter with that? The shop is clean—leastways, 'twas clean *then*. And the job is easy."

"Yes, too everlastin' easy. Why, there ain't but seven folks in this whole town who don't shave themselves. One of 'em's you, and you're always tellin' about givin' me your trade out of friendship, and never pay a cent. See here, Job Blount, there ain't no use talkin'. Pay me that fifty, and I'll square up with your wife and have enough left to get out of town. Otherwise, here I stay. I've got to stay!"

Job kicked the stove viciously.

"Aw, shucks!" he snorted in disgust. "You're dead right, Barney; I wish I'd never been born down in this slow-poke village. A feller don't have no chances here. Take up a book, and everybody in it's makin' money hand over fist. I was just readin' about that *Young Lightnin'*.

He hadn't no more'n got started on his doin's afore he found a whole cellar full of gold and money. Heard any more from that detective agency of yours?"

Some six months before, as a result of a course of paper-novel reading, Mr. Smalley had answered an advertisement in a weekly story-paper. He had sent a dollar to the McGuinness Private Detective Agency, and had received in return a nickel badge with "Private Detective, No. 10238," stamped upon it, and a certificate stating that he was the duly accredited McGuinness representative for East Trumet and vicinity. Likewise he had received a package of printed circulars offering rewards for certain persons "wanted" by the police.

"Naw," he said, echoing his companion's disgust. "Not a thing. I keep lookin' at them bills and hopin' some of the reward fellers may happen along. But what's the use? No decent thief would ever come down here."

"Let's see that thousand one again," demanded Job.

Barnabas opened the little drawer where the razors were kept. From behind the piles of cigarette pictures and tobacco coupons he took the package of circulars sent him by the "agency." Selecting one, he handed it to his companion. It bore the half-tone portrait of a big, square-shouldered man, smooth-faced and homely, with hair carefully parted and plastered upon his forehead. Beneath the portrait was the following:

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD

DISAPPEARED—Christopher Nelson, seaman, native of Sweden. Thirty-five years old, six feet two inches, or thereabouts, in height, hair a bright red, a tattooed heart in blue upon the back of his right hand.

The above reward will be paid for his return to his wife, Olga Nelson, Wapatomac, Massachusetts.

ISIDORE ROSENSTEIN,
Attorney at Law,

116 Blank St., Brockboro, Massachusetts.

Wapatomac being but twenty miles from Trumet, the barber detective and his chum had at first cherished a faint hope of the thousand. Barnabas had even written to an acquaintance in Wapatomac, asking for information concerning the forlorn Olga. The answer he received simply stated that a Mrs. Nelson had

lived in the village at one time. Gossip reported her a widow whose husband had been lost at sea. She had come into a large sum of money—an inheritance from relatives in the "old country"—and had moved away. That was all.

Mr. Smalley looked over his landlord's shoulder at the bill.

"A thousand dollars!" he remarked. "I would be worth while doin' detective work if you could land that."

"Jerushy!" cried Job, in high disdain. "If I had a thousand dollars, I wouldn't do detective work, I bet you—no, nor no other kind!"

He returned the circular to the barber, who folded it and placed it in the drawer. Mr. Blount picked up "Young Lightning" and resumed his reading. Barnabas settled himself in the operating-chair and proceeded to fall asleep. Bankruptcy and debt sat lightly upon his shoulders.

Suddenly both men were aroused by the sound of wheels and horse's hoofs.

"Who's comin' at this ungodly time of night?" asked Mr. Blount. The time was a quarter to nine.

The door opened. Lafe Sears, a member of the Trumet Point life-saving crew, entered the room.

"Hey, Barney!" he hailed. "Dr. Palmer wants you down to the station. There's a British bark, Singapore to Boston, ashore on the Apronful, and we took the crew off two hours ago. One of the men's face is cut, and the doc says he can't get at it 'count of the feller's whiskers. Blessed if his cheeks ain't growed over with underbrush like a forsaken cranberry-bog. You've got to mow it. Better take six razors and a scythe along. You'll need 'em!"

It was a long trip to make for the price of a shave, but it would break the deadly monotony. Mr. Smalley pocketed scissors, razors, and brush, and took up his hat.

"Want to come, Job?" he asked.

"Sure!" replied Job, buttoning his jacket. "Didn't think I was goin' to stay to home, did you?"

The crowded buggy—Dr. Palmer's professional rig—rocked and bounced along the gullied road to the life-saving station. On the way Lafe told of the wreck and the injured sailor.

"He's a great hulkin' critter," said Sears. "One of them Polacks or Norwegians. Look out you don't burn your fingers on his hair, Barney. It's redder'n a brick lighthouse."

The majority of the shipwrecked crew and the bark's officers were gathered in the station living-room. The patient and the doctor were in the commandant's bedroom, and thither went Barney and Job.

The sailor sat in the rocking-chair belonging to the commandant's wife. It was a small chair, and its occupant, as Mr. Blount expressed it, "hung over all round the edges." He was a giant of a man, with a shock of blazing red hair and a mop of tangled red beard, a foot long, sticking out below and above the bandages on his face.

"Hello, Smalley!" was Dr. Palmer's greeting. "Glad to see you. Our friend here needs to be patched up, and he'll have to be trimmed first. Hi, Chris!" he continued, turning to the sailor. "This man barber—scrape 'em, shave 'em, hey?"

Through the tangled foliage adorning the patient's lips came a muffled "Yah," like the toot of a bass horn.

Barnabas prepared his implements, while the doctor removed the bandages. Then for a while there was silence in the room, except for the "snip, snip" of the shears. The floor began to be carpeted with crimson fur. Presently Mr. Smalley finished with the shears and took up his brush and razors. He lathered and scraped busily. Suddenly he stopped.

"What's the matter?" asked the doctor quickly.

"Nothin'," replied Barney, beginning to work again. "Only it seemed to me that I'd seen this feller somewheres afore. Course I ain't, though, 'tain't likely."

One half of a square, protruding chin became visible as the razor moved. Mr. Smalley seemed more and more puzzled. He paused every now and then to scan the sailor's face. His own countenance wore a puzzled expression, and he shook his head occasionally. Job Blount, standing by the door, looked puzzled also.

Barney was working now upon the damaged cheek. Either his absent-mindedness caused him to forget, or the razor was dull, for the patient, who had sat, stolid as a wooden man, through the

whole performance, now gave a guttural growl and pushed him violently away.

"What's up, Chris?" asked Dr. Palmer. "Hurt-um, eh?"

"Yah," replied Chris, with enthusiasm.

He rubbed the sore cheek with a tremendous right hand. Upon the back of that hand was tattooed a blue heart.

An hour later the barber and his landlord alighted from the buggy at the door of their home. The shaving had been finished somehow, and the questions of the curious physician had been evaded. Life Sears had driven them to the village and had gone back after Dr. Palmer. Life did all the talking on the ride.

"Job," said Mr. Smalley, "you go right into the house. I've got to go out to the shop a minute. Just goin' to put away my razors and things," he added hastily.

"I'll go with you," said Mr. Blount.

"No, no—I don't need you. I'll be in in a second."

Without waiting for a reply, he hurried to the shop. With trembling fingers he lit the kerosene lamp. Then he jerked open the little drawer and took out the package of bills sent him by the detective agency. At one of these he gazed incredulously, joyfully.

"Jiminy pelt!" he ejaculated. "Jiminy pelt!"

A hand fell upon his shoulder. Turning, he beheld Job Blount, his face white and his little eyes blazing.

"Halves!" whispered Job fiercely. "Halves! You and me go snucks on this, Barney Smalley. If you don't say yes, I'll go straight back to that station and tell the whole thing. You bet them life-savin' folks would have somethin' to say about that thousand-dollar reward if they knew. Halves!"

II

ALL the next forenoon the detective and his partner sat in the shop discussing ways and means. Should they write to the lawyer at Brockboro? Ten times better to call upon him in person. But how could the long-lost husband of the wealthy Mrs. Nelson be detained in East Trumet village? That was the question.

Dr. Palmer settled it for them. He entered the shop just after dinner, and his proposition was in the nature of a



"WHAT'S UP, CHRIS? HURT-UM, EH?"

special providence. It appeared that the sailor, Chris, was not well enough to go to the city with his shipmates. The cut was not healing as it should, and the patient had a cold and some fever.

"Why can't he board with you, Job, for a while?" asked the physician. "He's been paid off, so he's got money enough. Oh, it isn't all philanthropy on my part. I might as well have some of his cash as those city doctors. But there's one thing I must tell you—don't give him any liquor, and don't get him mad. They say when he's drunk or mad, or both, he's likely to go perfectly crazy; and then ten men and a boy can't hold him."

Mrs. Blount received the new boarder with suspicion; but he paid a fortnight's board in advance, so her suspicions were allayed. She was not let into the secret of the reward.

"What's the use? She'd hog the whole, and I wouldn't get a cent," was the way her husband put it.

As for the boarder, all places were alike to him, if only there was enough to eat. Eating was Mr. Nelson's strong point. Even while suffering from the chills and fever, he ate enough for two; but as he regained health his appetite increased. So also did his boisterous good spirits. One day he returned from a walk—the first that he had taken alone. Mrs. Blount was entertaining the Rev. Mr. Bland, the minister, at tea, and the household was gathered at the table.

Mr. Nelson entered, singing. He sang loudly and with evident enjoyment. The song was in his native tongue, which was a mercy, in its way.

"Hello, Chris!" said the unthinking Mr. Blount. "Where you been?"

"Been down-town," replied Mr. Nelson surlily. "Been to the pool-room. That Yohnson he good feller."

Johnson's billiard-room was the village scandal. Its proprietor was suspected of selling liquor on the sly.

"Yohnson he good feller," repeated Mr. Nelson. "Keep good beer."

He sat heavily down in the rocking-chair.

"Think there'll be many boarders in town this summer, Mr. Bland?" asked Barney, hurriedly endeavoring to distract attention from the new arrival.

"Well," replied the clergyman, "I

don't know. I understand that many of the hotels nearer the city are filling up. At Wapatomac—"

"Wapatomac?" interrupted Christopher, with contemptuous enthusiasm. "Yah! I got wife at Wapatomac. Yah! And I got one in Copenhagen, too. And I got one at—"

Sarah D. choked off further reminiscences by an adjournment to the parlor. The partners got Mr. Nelson to bed after a while. Mrs. Blount's curtain-lecture to her husband was long and very much to the point. She refused to be disgraced by boarding that drunken brute any longer. Job could tell him to get out the very next day.

Here was another problem for the conspirators, and a staggerer. If the Swede left town alone, they would lose him; and they could not go with him, because of a lack of funds.

Christopher awoke next morning with a consuming thirst and pleasant recollections of Mr. Johnson's hospitality. As soon as breakfast was over he departed for the billiard-room; but the Rev. Mr. Bland had already called upon the chairman of the town selectmen, and the latter had called upon Mr. Johnson. Consequently, Mr. Johnson hailed the jovial Christopher as a "telltale idiot," and bade him clear out or he would set the dog on him. The disappointed Swede returned to the barber-shop, where he found Barnabas and Job in consultation.

"Ugh!" he grunted, flinging open the door and slouching in. "That Yohnson he big fool. I go to city to-day. I been seek this town already."

Then Mr. Smalley had an inspiration.

"Say, Chris," he observed eagerly, "me and Job know where there is a good job for you up to Brockboro. You pay our fare there, and we get it for you, hey?"

"All right," grunted Chris. "Coom ahead. I been got planty money."

III

THE partners and their precious charge arrived at Brockboro at one o'clock in the afternoon. They said nothing to Sarah D. concerning the contemplated journey, and she supposed their trip to the station to be merely for the purpose of shipping the disgraced boarder.

As they stepped from the train at their destination, Barnabas whispered:

"Now, Job, my idea's this. You and Chris set on one of them settees in the waitin'-room till I come back. I'll go hunt up Rosenstein."

But Mr. Blount's idea was entirely different. His trust in his partner's integrity was not whole-souled.

"I guess not," he snorted. "You don't go to that lawyer's unless I go with you. You and Nelson can wait here, if you want to, and I'll—no, hold on; we won't do that, neither. Me and Chris'll go, and you can wait."

Barnabas did not accept the offer. Instead, he seemed to be thinking.

"I guess there's only one safe plan," he said at length. "We'll take him to a hotel or somewheres and lock him in a room—lock him up tight where he can't run away."

"What's the sense of that? Why don't the three of us go to Rosenstein's now and hand him over? I want to get a holt of that reward."

"Well, you wouldn't get a holt of much of it if you done that. Guess you ain't had much dealin's with lawyers. If you'd been sued as many times as I—well, never mind that now. No, sir! Our safest scheme is to take Chris to a hotel, lock him in his room, and then go to the Rosenstein man and say, 'We've got this husband you're hankerin' for, all safe and sound. Pass over the thousand, and we'll take you to him.' That's the way. Now, you hang onto Nelson, and I'll go hire a hack."

"A hack! What you talkin' about? Who's goin' to pay for a hack?"

Mr. Smalley winked.

"He is," he whispered, nodding toward the unconscious sailor. "I borrowed an extry ten dollars out of his pocketbook when I bought the tickets. Hang on to him. Don't let him out of your sight."

He hurried away, leaving Mr. Blount divided between distrust of his partner and worry concerning his own responsibility. And just then he heard his name called.

The person who hailed was a cigar-drummer, the traveling representative of the firm which supplied Mr. Smalley's place of business with tobacco and cigarettes. The drummer, it seemed, was

somewhat worried concerning the non-payment of his bill. It took all of Job's persuasive argument to convince him that the account was "safer'n the Trumet Bank." When the discussion was ended, Mr. Blount found himself alone. Christopher Nelson had disappeared.

Mr. Smalley's language, when he returned from the hunt for a hack, was lively and pointedly personal. The distracted conspirators then began a search which lasted for twenty minutes. At length they entered a saloon on the corner opposite the station, and there, leaning over the bar, was Mr. Nelson, chatting genially with a sharp-looking character, a stranger. Chris and the stranger had two partially filled glasses in their fists, and there were empty ones and various bottles beside them.

Mr. Nelson's new-found friend was, it appeared, the keeper of a sailors' boarding-house whom Chris had known in other days. He was introduced with effusion as Patrick Mulligan, "one good feller." Mr. Mulligan did not seem overjoyed to make the acquaintance of the Trumet gentlemen, but he did invite them to have a drink. At another time the invitation would have been accepted, but now it was declined with thanks.

"We'd like to, fist-rate, Mr. Mulligan," explained Barney, "but we've got a date to keep. Come on, Chris; you'll lose that job if you don't hurry."

"Yob!" repeated Christopher with disdain. "What yob? I don't want no yob. Come on, have a drink."

"I'll get yez a betther job, me man," declared Mr. Mulligan. "I have me eye on the very berth for yez."

How the controversy would have ended is not clear; but just then a member of the Brockboro police force entered the saloon. He glanced at the group at the bar, and stared with particular attention at the boarding-house keeper.

"You must come with us, Chris," protested Job distressfully. "Don't you see? You must!"

The policeman strolled over and joined them.

"Is he a friend of yours?" he inquired, indicating Mr. Nelson. The barber and his chum answered in the affirmative. "Then get him along with you, and hurry up about it. Out of this,

Mulligan, or I'll run you in. None of your shanghai' tricks this time. I'm onto you. Come, move!"

Mr. Mulligan scowled and looked ugly, but he moved. Christopher seemed tempted to follow him, but the policeman, a giant of his own size, interfered.

"You say you have a carriage for him, eh?" he said. "All right, go and get it. He'll stay here with me."

Mr. Smalley hastened out, found his waiting hackman, and brought the vehicle around to the side door of the saloon. Under protest, Mr. Nelson was prevailed upon to enter the cab. It was a small affair, and the sailor and his fat valise, not to mention the satchel containing the personal belongings of the partners, filled it pretty thoroughly. However, Job managed to squeeze in somehow, and Barnabas sat with the driver.

"Drive us to a nice cheap hotel," commanded Mr. Smalley.

They moved slowly through the crowded streets of the little city, while muffled growls, mingled with shrill exclamations, came from the window of the cab. They pulled up in front of a small building bearing the sign, "Wayfarers' Rest."

"Here we are!" shouted Barnabas, climbing down. "Turn out, all hands!"

But one of the hands refused to turn out. Job had reached the sidewalk, but his fellow traveler did not stir.

"Naw!" bellowed Mr. Nelson. "I been stay here. That place no good!"

"He's uglier'n sin," whispered Mr. Blount, who seemed to be rather frightened. "He's been drinkin', and he says the hotel ain't good enough. You might's well argue with a cow. What in time will we do?"

"Come on, Chris," pleaded the barber. "Fine hotel—bully!"

But the sailor refused to come on. Instead, he requested Mr. Smalley to go to a place with a reputation far worse than that of the Wayfarers' Rest. A crowd gathered and seemed interested.

"What's the use of botherin' this way?" whispered Job. "Let's go straight to that lawyer's office."

"Yes, and have him get the whole reward himself? No, sir! There's some bargainin' to be done before we hand over the goods. Drive on," commanded Smalley, climbing back to the box seat.

"Where to?" asked the cab-driver sharply.

"Oh, anywhere. Find a good hotel, that's all."

They found one, a six-story building of aristocratic appearance; but again Mr. Nelson refused to alight.

"Come on, Chris," urged the inspired Barnabas. "Maybe we can get a dinner here."

"Yah," replied Chris with enthusiasm, and lurched out of the cab.

"Get him into that side door," whispered Mr. Smalley, "and up-stairs. I'll see about the room."

Soon after, accompanied by a grinning boy in uniform, he joined his companions on the second floor. Mr. Blount was loaded down with the baggage, the obstinate seaman having refused to carry anything.

The room was a well-furnished apartment at the top of the fifth flight. Apparently it was one of a suite, for there were doors at each side. Now these doors were locked.

"Gee, this is fine, ain't it?" commented Job. "Best room ever I was in."

"Humph!" snorted the barber. "It ought to be. They soaked us four dollars for it. I told 'em I didn't want to buy the shebang. Go 'long, boy. What you hangin' around for?"

The bell-boy, who had been waiting for his usual tip, departed, muttering. Then Barnabas turned to Mr. Nelson, who was looking out of the window.

"Say, Chris," he said, "you set down and make yourself to home. Me and Job's goin' down-stairs to fix up about orderin' dinner. We'll be right back."

The Swede turned toward them, blinking sleepily.

"I guess I been go with you," he began. Then his eye fell upon the luxurious bed. "Naw," he added, "I guess not. I been turn in. You hurry."

He stretched himself, boots and all, in the middle of the white spread. Mr. Smalley pushed his friend into the corridor and closed the door behind them. Then, with painful caution, he turned the key.

"There," he whispered exultantly, "he's safe! That was easier'n I thought. Now, trot ahead, lively. Here's where we make a thousand dollars. Don't make

no more noise than you can help. This is a tony place."

As, disdaining the elevator, they descended the stairs, Job voiced his doubts.

"Ain't you afraid he'll raise a row when he finds we've locked him in?"

"No, he'll go to sleep, I cal'late. Anyhow, we've got to take our chances. Do you know where Blank Street is?"

It took them some time to find Blank Street and to locate the number they wanted. When they did find it, it was a partially torn down office-building, from which all the tenants had departed. After a fifteen-minute search they unearthed a contractor's foreman, who told them the whereabouts of the former janitor; and from the janitor they learned that Mr. Rosenstein was now doing business at 203 Bridge Street.

The suite of offices, with the name "Isidore Rosenstein, Attorney at Law," on the door, were gorgeously fitted up. In reply to the barber detective's nervous inquiry, a smart office-boy, whose features ran strongly to nose, made answer.

"Mr. Rosenstein's out," he said. "He's been away for a week, and won't be back until to-morrow morning. Won't somebody else do?"

No one else would do, of course, and the dejected conspirators left, promising to call next day.

"Just my mean luck!" exclaimed Mr. Smalley. "Well, we'll have to stay over, that's all. Lucky I bought round-trip tickets and borrowed that ten. Come on back to the hotel, and let's talk it over."

IV

IN glum silence they turned the corner of the fashionable street on which the hotel stood. About the marble pillars of the main entrance was a small but growing crowd, gazing intently within. Suddenly the crowd burst asunder, and a little, bald-headed man, in waiter's garb, came running in their direction.

"Have—have you seen an officer?" he panted, pulling up, and seizing Mr. Smalley by the sleeve.

"A which?" demanded Barnabas.

"An officer—a cop—a policeman! Have you seen one?"

"Why, I don't know. What's the row? Who's goin' to be took up? Is—"

"Aw, be hanged!" cried the little man—or words to that effect. And he ran on down the street.

The partners looked at each other. The same fearsome thought was in the mind of each.

"You don't s'pose—?" faltered Job.

"Land knows! Go up them back stairs, quick."

They ascended the narrow stairs, unused except by the hotel servants. At the second flight they became cognizant of a noise above them. At the third, the noise was louder. At the fourth, it was as the sound of a miniature riot—shouts, shrieks, and the crashing of wood and crockery. At the fifth—

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Mr. Smalley under his breath, and stopped aghost.

The upper corridor was filled with people. Wild-eyed chambermaids were running about, wringing their hands. Elderly male boarders in their shirt-sleeves were endeavoring to calm distracted ladies in kimonos and curl-papers. Doors stood open here and there; but several were closed, and it was about one of these that the crowd was most dense. The partners recognized that door.

"It's *him*!" whispered Mr. Blount tremblingly. "Shall we—?"

"Stay where you be!" hoarsely ordered Barney. "Don't let nobody see you!"

In an interval of silence was heard a voice, evidently the voice of the proprietor of the hotel.

"I warn you," it shouted, "that an officer has been sent for. Unless you surrender quietly, you—"

Another voice interrupted him—a hoarse voice, deep and ugly, like the bellow of an enraged bull; the voice of Christopher Nelson, seaman, recently wrecked on the Trumet coast, and for whose safe delivery to his sorrowing wife a reward of one thousand dollars had been offered.

"Yah!" shouted Chris, behind his locked door. "By gar! You touch me, I been break you dirty head. Coom on! I show you!"

A daring waiter, standing on a chair, essayed to peer over the transom. The glass shattered into fragments as an ice-water pitcher was hurled through it.

"By gar!" howled Mr. Nelson. "I feex you! You take that!"

A tooth-glass followed the pitcher and burst like a bombshell on the opposite wall of the corridor. Then came a shower of small articles from the toilet-table. Next was heard the ripping sound of wood being torn asunder. Evidently the prisoner was pulling the bedstead to pieces.

The barber detective and his fellow reward-hunter stood, actually paralyzed with alarm, too frightened to run away. And then above the heads of a dozen new arrivals at the other end of the hall showed the helmet of a policeman.

The hotel proprietor was heard explaining. It was a sailor, either drunk or crazy, or both. He had come that noon and had been locked in by two friends, who had gone—somewhere. For a while he had been quiet, but when he found himself a prisoner he had begun to behave like a madman. Persuasion and argument had no effect, except to add to his rage.

"We might get at him through those side rooms," explained the landlord, "but the tenants are out, and we can't find duplicate keys. If—"

"Stand back," commanded the representative of the law. "I'm going to break in."

He threw himself against the door. It gave a trifle. At the second attempt the lock burst, and the door opened a little way—not far, for the heavy dresser had been set against it.

"See here, you!" shouted the policeman, putting his face to the crack. "You'd better—"

He desisted suddenly. The side rail of the bedstead, used as a club, descended edgewise upon his head, and he staggered back with a smashed helmet.

"Yah!" yelled the lunatic Swede. "I show you, hey? You been take me up, hah? You look out! I got pistol."

The officer cursed with spirit, and drew his own revolver. The women shrieked and several went into hysterics. "Bang!" went the policeman's weapon, fired for frightening purposes into the ceiling above the transom.

And then a cyclone burst inside that room. There were shots, curses, roars, and, at last, a terrific crash.

"He's smashed through the door!" shouted a waiter. "He's busted into the next room. He's—"

Mr. Smalley and his partner delayed no longer. Down the back stairs they dived headlong, and behind them sounded crash after crash. The giant Christopher was making his way through that suite of apartments, dissecting them as he went.

The flights of stairs were long ones, but the fleeing conspirators reached the street in record time. That street was packed with people. Through the crowd they fought their way, just escaping the wheels of a patrol-wagon, which, filled with policemen, dashed up to the hotel door.

On the opposite sidewalk Barnabas halted a moment for breath.

"What—what—where'll we go now?" panted Job.

A great shout from the crowd caused them to turn. Every one was looking up, and they did the same. The hotel fire-escape ended just beneath the eaves of the building, at the last window of the upper story. Upon that fire-escape, evidently having climbed out of the window, stood a great red-headed figure, brandishing a glittering revolver. As they gazed, open-mouthed, the figure swung lightly up to the roof and clambered to the ridge-pole.

The window filled with helmeted heads. Mr. Nelson pointed the revolver at the heads, and they hurriedly disappeared. The crowd shouted, and Christopher yelled triumphantly in answer.

"That's my revolver!" faltered the dazed Smalley. "He must have stole it out of our bag!"

Job said nothing. He was too far gone. Suddenly they were aware of a conversation immediately behind them.

"What do you suppose it is?" said a female voice. "Is he crazy, do you think. Isidore, do you know who he looks like? It's so far off that I can't make sure, and, of course, it's not likely, but he looks like—" The rest of the sentence was whispered.

"Nonsense," replied her companion, a smartly dressed man with black hair and a diamond horseshoe in his tie. "Nonsense, Ollie! It isn't possible that—"

"But I tell you it's the image of him! Isidore Rosenstein, I do believe—"

She was interrupted. A man had seized her companion by the lapel of his coat.

"Say," queried Barnabas Smalley, "mister, be you Isidore Rosenstein, the lawyer?"

The attorney at law looked his inquisitors over before replying. Barnabas was wild with excitement. The name Rosenstein had driven from his mind every thought but that of the reward. The scared Job was at his elbow.

"Yes, I'm the lawyer," was the deliberate answer.

"Well—did you ever have a—what d'you call it?—a patient by the name of Mrs. Olga Nelson?"

The lady clinging to the attorney's arm uttered an exclamation.

"Hush, my dear," said Mr. Rosenstein. "Yes, Mrs. Nelson was a client of mine. Suppose we step into this doorway."

"You tell me this, then," ordered Barney, as they entered the doorway indicated. "Didn't you and she offer a thousand dollars to the feller that would fetch her husband, Christopher Nelson, to her?"

"Such a reward was offered—yes."

The barber detective shouted in triumph.

"Look there, then!" he cried. "Look up on that roof. There's your lost husband, all hunky dory! And this man and me are the same chaps that fetched him there. Now fork over the thousand dollars!"

The lady turned very pale, and seemed likely to faint; but Attorney Rosenstein was smiling and cool.

"I am sorry, my friends," he said, "but you are a little late. Mrs. Nelson, acting under my advice, offered that reward some time ago. She was anxious to procure a divorce, and her husband—whom we had reason to believe a bigamist—would have been a distinct help, if we could have caught him. However, the divorce has since been granted on the ground of desertion. This lady here was Mrs. Nelson."

Barnabas Smalley's face turned from red to white. Job groaned aloud.

"By—by thunder," shouted the furious representative of the McGuinness Detective Agency, "you can't get out of it no such way! Here's Olga Nelson, and there's her husband. If she don't pay

up that reward, I'll—I'll—tell the whole town about it! I'll—"

The lawyer smiled again.

"I wouldn't advise you to," he said.

"The former Mrs. Nelson and I were married a week ago. She is now Mrs. Rosenstein." Then he added sharply: "Is there any good reason why I shouldn't have you two arrested for threatened blackmail of my wife? Oh, yes, and I think Mr. Brown, who owns the hotel, will be glad to see you. Here, officer!"

He leaned forward to signal a policeman; but the effort was energy wasted. Out of the doorway and through the crowd, upsetting all who happened to be in his way, darted Job Blount, of East Trumet, and close at his heels followed Barnabas Smalley, barber and private detective. The pair did not stop until they reached the railroad station. Then they leaned against the gate by the tracks and panted.

"Confound it all!" gasped Mr. Smalley. "It's plain enough now. That everlastin' lawyer shark was fishin' to marry her for her money all the time. And here's a thousand dollars gone to pot, and my bag and revolver and—"

"Your bag and revolver be hanged!" shouted Job. "Why I ever had anything to do with such a loon's you be, is more'n I know. What'll Sarah D. say when we get home? Where's all that board money you owe her comin' from? Oh, you crazy, good-for-nothin' critter!"

Barnabas made no reply. He seemed to be thinking.

"Wait for me a minute, Job," he said at length. "I'm goin' to get a drink of water."

He went after the beverage, while his companion leaned against the gate and gloomily reflected upon his reception by the deserted Sarah D.

Five minutes passed. Then Mr. Blount was aroused from his meditations by a small boy.

"You're Job Blount, ain't you?" asked the youngster. "Well, a friend of yours named Smalley told me to tell you that he guessed he wouldn't go back to Trumet any more. Said he was goin' to hunt for a job somewheres else. He said to give his regards to your wife; and here's your train-ticket."

DESMOND O'CONNOR*

A ROMANCE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE

BY GEORGE H. JESSOP

AUTHOR OF "SAM'L OF POSEN," "GERALD FFRENCH'S FRIENDS,"
"JUDGE LYNCH," ETC.

XXV

AFTER Desmond sank into unconsciousness on the floor of the hut in the Anhalt woods, it was long before he realized anything clearly. Of the final assault of the Austrians, or of anything that happened for many a day thereafter, he knew nothing. He had a confused recollection of pain and delirium, with long intervals of utter prostration, during which he was surrounded by people who talked in German—surgeons and their assistants, who were kind and spoke hopefully, but who shook grave heads above him. He supposed that he was dying, and did not greatly care.

The events of the battle whirled like fancies in his brain—these and the attack on the little house in the woods. Over and over again he crossed that deadly thousand yards—the Aeldama of the Irish Brigade—pelted by cannon, charged by cavalry, fighting hand-to-hand in the green shadow of the trees. Then came the farewell to Colonel O'Brien, the scenes in the hut, the deadly, hopeless struggle, the death of M. de Louville; and peace stole into his mind at last as he remembered Margaret.

How noble she had been, how grandly brave! He knew he had declared to her the secret of his behavior on the eve of the battle. How little in reality his explanation had explained he did not realize; but he recalled her tender ministrations when he lay wounded at her feet. He knew that she had spoken words of forgiveness. His strength was ebbing fast then, but at least the sense of her utterance had reached him, and in that remembrance he was happy. The battle pictures faded from his mind, and he thought only of Margaret.

From that hour the young soldier's natural desire to live returned to him, and he grew steadily better.

He did not know what had become of the countess. From the moment when he fainted in her arms he had neither seen nor heard of her. As strength began to return, he inquired anxiously, but to no purpose, concerning the lady who had been found by the storming party in the hut. Long before he could ask questions or understand answers, he had passed out of the hands of his immediate captors.

Others could tell him nothing beyond the story which had been a nine days' wonder in the Austrian lines—how a princess, beautiful as day, had been found with the French rear-guard, tending the wounded like a Sister of Mercy. Whence she had come or whither she had gone none could tell.

Desmond was thoroughly convalescent by the time he reached Bregenz, where the Austrians had established a depot for prisoners of war. Here he gave his parole, and was allowed to wander at large within the precincts of the town. In the bracing atmosphere of the old city on the Lake of Constance he speedily recovered his wonted vigor of body, but he chafed inwardly at his compulsory inaction, longing to be back among his comrades.

Scant news reached him from the seat of war. He heard that the armies had gone into winter quarters, and that the Duc de Vendôme had retired; but of Margaret, inquire as he would, he could learn nothing. So the long months dragged out their weary course, and the caged Irish eagle pined in his captivity.

Worse was in store for him. Early in December, a French officer broke his parole and escaped, and all the other prisoners had their pledges returned and were relegated to the security of a guarded camp.

Now, however, O'Connor was free to plot for freedom, and many a plan of escape occurred to him, only to be dismissed as hopeless. The difficulties were great. The

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camp, situated about a league from the town, was patrolled night and day by armed sentinels, who had orders to fire upon the least suspicious movement. At sunset the prisoners were confined in solidly built barracks, and from morning till evening they were kept under strict observation.

Nevertheless, attempts at escape were not infrequent. Several French captives, detected in the act, paid the penalty with their lives on the spot. A few succeeded in evading the guard, only to be arrested ere they had gone many leagues, and ignominiously brought back.

Desmond noticed that these attempts were made by three or four or half a dozen prisoners acting in concert. He determined that if he saw a favorable opportunity he would essay the adventure alone; but opportunities were slow in presenting themselves. The monotonous routine of the camp was never broken, and O'Connor at times felt desperate enough to brave every hazard and by one mad rush to achieve freedom, living or dead.

The new year had come and gone before anything unusual occurred. One keen, frosty evening, Desmond was pacing up and down on the confines of the camp, with longing eyes fixed on the blue hills that shut in the horizon, beyond the cold waters of the Lake of Constance. Somewhere beyond, far to the northward and eastward, lay the land of life and liberty.

An Austrian sergeant approached. Desmond knew him well—a crabbed old man, but shrewd and humorous. When the prisoner's heart was light enough, he had often exchanged a word or two of banter with this grizzled soldier, to whom fell the duty of locking the captives in their barracks each evening. Indeed, he acted as head jailer, for an officer was seldom seen save at the rare visits of inspection.

"You walk too near the boundary, major," the old man said gruffly. "Move farther in, please."

Desmond obediently turned his steps toward the center of the camp. The sergeant followed him, and, as soon as they were out of earshot of the sentries, accosted him again.

"You are not well, *mein herr*. You are a sick man."

O'Connor stared at him. That this rugged old bear should take an interest in his health seemed supremely ridiculous. He fancied the man was making game of him.

"I am perfectly well," he returned. "What should ail me?"

"It appears to me that you would be better for a little exercise in the open country," Desmond stared at the speaker. The

light was not good, but it seemed as if he winked. "And since that is impossible," continued the sergeant, "I think you should go to the hospital for a few days. It is empty at present," and he winked again.

O'Connor's wits were quick, and he saw that a meaning lay beneath the sergeant's incomprehensible words and manner.

"When do you think I should go into hospital?" he asked.

"You should go to-night," replied the other decidedly.

"But there will be an inspection of the camp to-morrow," objected Desmond, still mystified. "Captain Eckhardt will find me there."

"It is necessary that he should," the man answered. "Your illness does not appear severe. It looks to me like one of those aguish fevers that come and go. No doubt you caught it in Flanders. Captain Eckhardt knows them well. If you happen to be feeling better when he visits you, that is no reason why you should not be shaking the flesh off your bones an hour later."

The sergeant moved away, and left the young Irishman to his reflections. These, for the first time for many days, were tinged with hope. There was a breath of adventure in the air. It was clear that, for some reason or other, the old sergeant took an interest in him.

That night Desmond was not herded in the great barracks with his companions in misfortune. He was locked in the small building apart known as the hospital.

Captain Eckhardt visited this place next day, in the course of his official inspection. He inquired perfunctorily after the major's ailment, and on hearing that he suffered from ague remarked that it was a tedious complaint. He had had a touch of it himself, and he entertained the prisoner with details of a week or two he had spent in the Dutch swamps. He added that the doctor would look in on O'Connor in the evening, and went his way.

Old Sergeant Bampf came toward night-fall. This time he laid caution aside and spoke plainly.

"Here," he said, "is a passport duly made out and signed. It is in the name of Dr. Ganz, a physician of Metz, who is returning from a visit to friends at Feldkirch. He is a Lorrainer, and his description as set down here suits very well with your appearance. In fact," the speaker added with a cunning grin, "it almost reads as if it were written for you. Here is a purse containing fifty gold Fredericks. These for your journey—"

"But, sergeant," exclaimed Desmond, as soon as he could speak for astonishment,

"who sends this money and this passport? Whence your interest in me? What does it all mean?"

"It would seem to mean that you have rich and influential friends," replied the old man. "As for my interest in you, I am tender-hearted. I can never control my affection for people who have wealthy and liberal well-wishers. Content you with that. I can tell you no more."

O'Connor's thoughts were busy. What rich and influential person was likely to take an interest in the friendless foreigner? He could think of but one. His heart beat high as he put his next question:

"Is it a lady who has come to my assistance? Surely you cannot refuse to tell me that much?"

"I can tell you nothing. A lady, forsooth! A plague on these youngsters! Their thoughts are eternally running on women. You had better ask how you are to get out of this place, which I shall lock when I leave it, and how you are to pass the sentry, and whether the hospital orderly will raise any objections to your quitting the premises."

"I am well assured, my friend," Desmond answered lightly, "that you have not taken all this trouble to see me balked at the very first step. Perhaps you will chance to forget your keys."

"I forget nothing—neither my keys nor what I am paid to do," growled the old sergeant. "The orderly is a married man, and has permission to visit his wife. I have promised to look in from time to time to see if you need anything. You are not very sick, you know. In an hour or so a surgeon will visit you. He wears a long cloak, which the sentries know well enough. He is much of your stature, and his clothes would fit you at a pinch."

O'Connor's eyes glistened.

"I understand," he said. "Go on!"

"I have no more to say. This coil of rope is strong, but it need not hurt any one's limbs if deftly tied. This gag I have tried myself on refractory prisoners. It is harmless, but quite effectual. The countersign is 'Eugene.'"

"One word more," said O'Connor, detaining the sergeant as he turned to the door. "How soon will the doctor be missed?"

"I shall be below, and will let you out when he has done with you," the old man replied. "No one will visit this room till after I have opened the barracks in the morning and let the prisoners out. Then I shall come myself—it may be twelve hours hence."

"You do not trouble your sick prisoners

with overmuch attention!" laughed Desmond.

He had much ado to refrain from singing aloud for very joy of heart. The sergeant grinned in sympathy and went out, locking the door behind him.

It took the prisoner the greater part of the hour which elapsed before the surgeon visited him to compose his spirits and to compel his features to an expression which would not seem suspicious to an observant eye. His plans were speedily matured. He was sorry for the doctor. He had no intention of hurting the man if he could possibly avoid it, but if he could not—well, liberty was sweet, and he must do his utmost to secure it.

As soon as he heard the key grate in the lock, Desmond gathered himself together for his leap. The doctor had closed the door and had advanced a single step into the room, when he found himself hurled upon the bed with a force that half stunned him, while his throat was gripped by a pair of muscular hands.

"Dare to utter a single cry," hissed O'Connor, "and I will choke you! Lie still!" he added, as the victim struggled. "If you do as I bid you, your life is safe; otherwise you shall never leave this room alive!"

"What do you want?" gurgled the unhappy man, as the pressure on his throat relaxed for a moment. "I am not going to resist."

"Your clothes, first of all," Desmond replied, allowing his victim to sit up, but keeping close watch on him.

The poor man, bewildered by the suddenness of the attack and thoroughly cowed, had no thought of resistance. He laid aside his cloak, disclosing a short sword, such as was carried at night by men of his profession. O'Connor at once possessed himself of the weapon.

"Go on!" he said sharply. "I want more."

"They will hang you for this, you know," whimpered the doctor.

"I will take my chance of that," Desmond replied grimly. "Now your boots!"

When the surgeon was stripped to his underwear, O'Connor proceeded to tie him hand and foot and lash him to the bed. This he did securely and expeditiously, despite the remonstrances of the victim. The doctor's utterances sank into inarticulate murmurs as Desmond gagged him and began to assume the garments the other had so reluctantly discarded.

His toilet completed, he addressed the helpless figure on the bed.

"I ask your pardon, *monsieur*, for this violence, but necessity knows no law, and my

need is extreme. I fear you will pass an uncomfortable night, but there is no help for it." Here he paused to heap some covering on the shivering physician. "Farewell, *mon-sieur*," he resumed. "I can only hope you may secure a little sleep."

He knocked at the door, which was presently opened by Sergeant Bampf. The old ruffian grinned as his quick eye appraised Desmond's disguise.

"Well, doctor," he said, "how is the Irish major?"

"I think he will recover," Desmond answered. "I have given him an opiate, and he must not be roused too early. It may make him sleep uneasily at first," he added, as a gurgling sound came from the bed, "but his morning rest will be undisturbed, and should continue as long as possible."

"I'll see to it," replied the other, and they passed out.

The door was locked behind them, and the unfortunate doctor, recognizing that he had no resource but patience, ceased to struggle or attempt to speak.

At the foot of the stairs the sergeant whispered:

"Walk straight past the sentry, as if you were going to Bregenz. As soon as you are out of sight, turn north. You will find a horse saddled at a little inn a mile hence—the sign of the Mulberry-Tree—and remember the countersign, 'Eugene.'"

"I will remember," replied Desmond. "Adieu, sergeant, and thank you with all my heart!"

He passed the sentry without difficulty, and, following the directions he had received, reached the Mulberry-Tree Inn. Here he found a horse awaiting him, and within half an hour of quitting the prison camp he was riding northward through the Swabian hills—free!

He hastened on through the night, and for many a day thereafter, all unconscious that every bound of his horse was leaving farther behind him the woman for whom his heart hungered, and of whom he hoped to gain tidings at his journey's end.

He had many thoughts, all tinged with gratitude to Margaret. He never doubted it was she who had contrived his escape and made it possible. He thought of his career, of his comrades—alas! how many of these he would never see again! He thrilled with the newly found joy of liberty. He even laughed aloud as he pictured Sergeant Bampf's morning visit to the hospital. He could see, in fancy, the old reprobate's well-acted amazement and wrath as he freed the surgeon from his bonds, and alarmed the camp and rated the sentries.

Later on Desmond learned that suspicion

never attached to the sergeant. Beyond the evidence of the surgeon, no light whatever was thrown on the escape of the prisoner. It was evident that the latter had forcibly changed identities with his medical visitor, but how he had eluded guards and sentries, and had succeeded in leaving the district none could guess.

The country round was thoroughly searched by mounted patrols. It was confidently assumed that the elusive prisoner could go no farther than others who had essayed to escape and had been recaptured within three or four leagues. But no trace was ever found, and gradually the search died out.

Meanwhile, the supposed Dr. Ganz fared northward, none questioning; and one rainy afternoon, toward the end of the month, Major Desmond O'Connor rode into Ghent and reported himself at the headquarters of the French army in Flanders.

XXVI

As soon as Captain de Brissac had learned where his kinswoman was to be found, he set himself seriously to consider how best to utilize the knowledge he had acquired. The Vicomte de Louville being dead, as Gaston did not doubt he was, it was as well that O'Connor should be out of the way also. Margaret and her Irish adorer were quite capable of wedding out of hand, and so bringing to naught all his scheming. The king might be displeased, but he would scarcely proceed to extremities against the lady for choosing for herself, when the husband he had chosen for her was no longer living.

Gaston considered that he had but one chance remaining, and it was a good one. If he could but gain speech of the countess, visit her, court her, he did not doubt that he could speedily efface the memory of her two dead and gone suitors, and win the prize of her richly dowered hand.

The difficulty was to approach her. She was in Austrian territory; he was a French officer, his country at war with the emperor. By no possible means could he reach her while she remained in her present abode; and how was he to induce her to leave it?

At this time he missed Otto Scharling sorely. That fertile, unscrupulous brain would have found some way of overcoming the difficulty. As it was, Gaston was thrown upon his own resources.

Only one device occurred to him—a clumsy one, he told himself, yet he had known it to succeed where more elaborate plans had failed. He took pen and paper and set himself to concoct a letter to his

cousin—a forged letter, for he signed it with a dead man's name.

He was conscious that he was leaving much to chance, but he could not help himself. If Margaret had certain knowledge of O'Connor's death, he was wasting his labor; but he must risk that.

There was another element of doubt, but he dismissed it as not worth considering. It was suggested by his kinswoman's choice of residence. He knew that the Austrians maintained a depot for prisoners of war at Bregenz. Why had she gone thither, unless the Irishman had been captured and immured there?

But it was well known throughout the army that the only survivors of the Irish Brigade were the score or so who had limped into Ghent after destroying the bridge. Accident or caprice must have dictated Margaret's choice.

The letter was written and despatched, and Gaston awaited the result with feverish impatience. Of course he could expect no answer. He had dated his missive from the winter quarters of the rapidly recruiting Irish Brigade—a village called Varsin, just outside the walls of Ghent—and had signed it with the name of Desmond O'Connor. Margaret's arrival or non-arrival alone could inform him of the success or failure of his scheme.

Chance works strangely at times. Ere the forged letter had traveled a dozen leagues on its southward journey, town and army were ringing with the news of O'Connor's return, and his name and fame were on every one's lips.

Bitterly did Gaston curse his ill-luck. In his whole life of plots and schemes, no more sinister coincidence had ever occurred so opportunely to blight a well-laid plan. He withdrew to his lodging to devise in solitude some counter-stroke to this cruel blow of fortune.

At least half a dozen people stopped him on the way to ask if he had heard the astounding news. The officer who had held the log house had survived; he had escaped from Bregenz; he was even now in Ghent. Gaston only answered with a snarl. He was in no mood to share in the general rejoicing.

Desmond received an ovation. He was installed in command of the Irish Brigade, and it was intimated that his commission as colonel would be placed in his hands as soon as certain necessary formalities could be complied with. Owing to his youth—if confirmed in the rank he would be the youngest colonel in the French army—M. de Villars wished to submit the appointment to the king. In doing so, he very graciously in-

formed O'Connor that he had at the same time forwarded to his majesty a full account of the very brilliant action in which the Irish major had been commanding officer, and of which he was practically the sole survivor.

O'Connor thanked the marshal warmly, but took his honors quietly, almost sadly. He established himself in the upper room of an old mill at Varsin, and seldom went abroad, devoting himself to the task of selecting recruits from among the many who offered, and to the drill and organization of his regiment.

He sought consolation in hard work, for his heart was heavy. Few of his old comrades remained to greet him. He missed Sergeant Quirk sorely, and would willingly have been a simple captain again could he but have heard Con's voice in jest or song as of old, or have talked with him once more of home and home friends.

Colonel O'Brien's death, too, was a cause of deep sorrow, for Desmond thought the position he had himself achieved all too dearly purchased by such a loss. He had loved the gallant old soldier; they had passed through so many perils together that it was hard to believe they would never meet again on earth.

And Margaret! She was in his mind day and night. Where was she? How had she compassed his escape? If it were not the countess who had opened his prison-door, the whole thing was a miracle, for he had no other friend.

He could gain no tidings of his lady. He inquired, as Gaston de Brissac had inquired before him, but with even less prospect of success, since months had elapsed and the little army of refugees from Anhalt had long since dispersed. He had the advantage of Gaston in that he knew that the countess was in the hut when the Austrians stormed it, but this knowledge he kept to himself. He took comfort in the reflection that, though he was ignorant of Margaret's whereabouts, she must know that he was at Ghent, and would surely communicate with him in her own good time.

Simply lodged above the old mill, with his brigade quartered in the village at its foot, O'Connor found his solace in faithful attention to his military duties, and only gave way to gloomy thoughts as he sat alone on those dark winter evenings, listening to the wind sobbing round the walls of his bare, cheerless lodging.

Sitting thus, a few days after his arrival, M. de Brissac found him. O'Connor had no liking for the captain, but with an Irishman the duties of hospitality come almost second to those of religion, and in his own quarters he could do no less than offer his

former friend a bottle of wine and the least uncomfortable seat the place afforded.

Gaston was chatty, and apparently in high spirits. He began by congratulating his host on his prospective promotion, which, he added, had been most nobly earned.

"That was a glorious feat!" he cried enthusiastically. "To hold that hut for an hour with so few men, and in the face of such numbers, was a thing without parallel—in these degenerate days, at least. Eight of you, was it not?"

"We were eleven at first," replied the other briefly.

"Wonderful!" ejaculated Gaston. "All were killed, I believe?"

"Not so, since I am here," corrected Desmond.

"That of course. It is on that I congratulate you."

"Two others were taken alive," explained O'Connor. "One died of his wounds shortly after. The other is still in an Austrian prison, God help him!"

"How did you escape?" inquired Gaston. "I vow the whole story is like a page from some romance!"

"I hope it may end as happily," said O'Connor, somewhat ruefully. "I escaped in the most commonplace manner, by changing clothes with a doctor who came to attend me for some trifling indisposition."

"Ah, that was a good friend!" cried Gaston.

"He was forced to be," replied Desmond with a smile, as he recalled the figure he had left roped on the bed. "However, I am just as grateful to him. And, now, captain, tell me what is going on here. You know I have been practically out of the world for months."

But Gaston was there with an object, and would not be diverted from it.

"Nothing happens here," he replied. "You know what winter quarters are. We discuss the glories of the past campaign—a subject soon exhausted, save when the achievements of your brigade happen to be the topic—and cheer one another with hopes of the next. Have you heard anything of my cousin, the Countess of Anhalt?"

"Nothing," Desmond replied.

"You have not seen her, then?"

"In an Austrian prison? Is it likely?"

"My faith, no; but I had learned to associate you with her. I suppose you know M. de Louville is dead?"

"I saw him die," replied Desmond gravely.

"Indeed!" De Brissac exclaimed. "He has long been reported missing, but I did not know that the poor fellow's death was fully authenticated."

"Only since my return," said O'Connor.

"He was shot while carrying orders to us just before we were surrounded. He was brought into the house we occupied, and died there. A fine death!" he added. "A soldier's death!"

"But death all the same," rejoined Gaston. "Louis cannot force Margaret to wed him now."

"So I conclude," responded the other dryly.

"Your hopes are all awake then, no doubt," Gaston suggested.

"My hopes! What hopes?" demanded O'Connor.

"Tush, man! you are fencing with me again, just as you did in Bruges. Had you been frank with me then, you never would have brought the poor girl into the French lines and exposed her to such deadly peril. Be frank now. Do you still hope to win her?"

"My suit—if I ever entertained such an idea—had your approval once. Are you of the same mind still?" inquired Desmond.

"Suppose I said 'Yes'?"

"I should reply that your approval, though important, would not suffice. The king claims to dispose of the hand of the countess."

"Another battle like the last, and Louis XIV will be no more than a name in Flanders," Gaston observed.

"Possibly," rejoined O'Connor, "but I am one of his servants, and his will must always count for much with me. But this is idle talk. I know not where the lady is, nor if she be living or dead."

"Nor do I," remarked Gaston.

"If she is dead, you are a wealthy man, M. de Brissac," said O'Connor, eying him closely.

"True, but I must prove it first," replied the captain. "And now I must say farewell to you. I merely wished to offer a few words of congratulation on your wonderful deliverance."

"My warmest friend could not have said more," Desmond answered, with a peculiar emphasis that did not escape the notice of his visitor.

The latter rose. O'Connor did not attempt to detain him, but escorted him with punctilious politeness to the door. Then he resumed his seat.

"That man has some plot on foot," he muttered. "I wonder if he really knows where Margaret is!"

De Brissac, as he walked back to his lodging, cursed the other's reticence.

"He distrusts me—he distrusts me thoroughly," the captain reflected. "Who can say that he has not seen Margaret—that he is not even now in communication with her?"

And if so, what will she think of the letter I sent?"

He struck savagely with his cane at the bushes as he passed.

"Dolt that I have been!" he muttered. "If O'Connor is telling the truth—if, by good hap, they have not met—I have taken the very surest means to bring them together again. I can only wait and watch, so that if Margaret does come to Ghent I shall be the first to know it."

Entering his room, he unbuckled his sword and laid it aside, but he paced the floor for hours before retiring.

"I am badly served," he thought, as he addressed himself to bed at last. "Oh, for one day of Otto!"

XXVII

"A LADY; yer honor, wishes to see you."

O'Connor looked up from his papers with a start. There was only one name that occurred to his mind when a lady was mentioned, but he smiled to himself as he dismissed his fantastic hope.

Margaret? Impossible! Most probably she was leagues away. She was certainly not in Ghent, for his inquiries had been thorough and persistent. And if, by any miraculous chance she were in the town without his knowing it, it was certain she would not travel two miles into the country to visit him in his quarters at ten o'clock at night. There were other women in the world, though he did not always realize it, and any one might have business with the commanding officer of the Irish Brigade.

"Admit her," he said, and the orderly withdrew.

But Desmond's thoughts still centered on Margaret. Could it be Anne Van Rhyn, he asked himself, coming with tidings of her mistress? But it would be urgent matter which would bring Anne to him—nothing less, indeed, than some dire misfortune to the countess. He turned cold at the thought.

"Pshaw!" he muttered. "I am conjuring up fiends to torment me. I know not even if Anne is near her. She told me that day the girl was no longer in her service. And she is far away herself. At least, I *know* she is not in Ghent!"

The orderly ushered in the visitor—a tall figure, regally clad in furs, for the night was cold and frosty. She was heavily veiled, but Desmond knew her in an instant. It was Margaret who stood before him.

He sprang to his feet. He had just presence of mind sufficient to nod to the soldier to retire from the room; and then he came toward her, stretching out his hands like a blind man.

"My lady!" he cried, "is it you indeed? At last, at last!"

She removed her veil and stood gazing at him with widely opened, wondering eyes.

"But how is this?" she said. "You are on your feet; you are well?"

He recovered himself a little.

"I am well, and my arm as strong as ever for your service. Thanks to Heaven and you, *madame*, I am free. It was you who opened my prison-doors for me, was it not?"

She stood like one in a trance, not speaking, but staring at him with a face full of amazement. There was but a single candle on the table at which O'Connor had been writing, and the large room was dimly lighted and full of shadows, but he thought he saw in her eyes a growing horror. He could not understand.

"Say it was yourself who gave me the means to escape," he pleaded. "I have never doubted that it was you. Do not take that happiness from me!"

"Yes, yes, it was I," she replied, brushing the question aside as a thing of no importance. "But your letter! You said—oh, Major O'Connor, was it worthy of you to use an artifice to lure me hither?"

"To lure you?" Desmond cried, both hurt and astounded at the accusation. "Proud and happy as I am to see you here, *madame*, I assure you that I looked for your presence as little as I looked for a visit from an angel of light."

Margaret drew a letter from her bosom and handed it to him.

"Read, sir!"

He took the paper and glanced at it.

"I know nothing of this," he exclaimed. "Even the handwriting is not like mine. See!" He snatched up the document on which he had been engaged, and thrust it into her hand. "Look, compare the two; that is my writing—the ink is scarce dry on it. This thing"—and he struck the letter he held—"is a vile forgery!"

"It would seem so," she said. "Nevertheless, read it. It is my sole justification for being here to-night."

"*Madame*, I have escaped," O'Connor read. "I am free at last. I am back among my comrades in time to die. Lady, if you ever cared for me, let me see you once more. Come, come soon, for my hours are numbered. This is the last prayer of a dying man," and it is signed with my name, Desmond O'Connor, and inscribed as coming from Varsin; but, I swear to you, *madame*, I penned no line of it!"

"Then it is a forgery," said the countess. "Who wrote it, and with what object?"

She stood bewildered, but an explanation of the mystery slowly dawned on her mind,

and her face grew white with the terror of the thought.

"Can it be a trick—a device to lure me hither that I may be seized and sent back to answer to King Louis for my flight?"

"I do not think so," O'Connor replied. "A great king does not stoop to such paltry stratagems. This is the work of a petty, scheming villain."

"Heaven grant you are right, *monsieur*," she said, "but villains do such deeds for their profit. Who is there to benefit by this?"

"I think I know," replied O'Connor. "There is one man, and only one, who stood to gain everything if you disobeyed the king."

"Who?" The word was scarce audible, her lips trembled so.

"Captain de Brissac," uttered Desmond with conviction.

"My cousin?" she cried in amazement.

"And next of kin," he added significantly.

The shudder which greeted O'Connor's words showed that Margaret understood.

"Oh," she cried, "I never dreamed there could be such meanness in the world! And even if it be as you say, I cannot see how my presence here would serve him."

"It is not easy for me to tell you," Desmond hesitated. "I think he hoped that his object would be secured if he could throw you in my—in the way of any man save the Vicomte de Louville."

Her mind was too confused to apprehend the significance of his words.

"But M. de Louville is dead," she objected. "Does not my cousin know that?"

"He knows it now," O'Connor replied, "but he may not have had that knowledge when he wrote. Would it have taken long for this lying letter to reach you? Have you come from far?"

"I have come from—from a very long distance."

She was about to say "from Bregenz," but something tied her tongue—perhaps a maidenly reluctance that he should know she had sought him out in his captivity.

"There it is," cried O'Connor. "He wrote it before he had certain knowledge of the viscount's death. I am ashamed. It is a plot too vile for your ears. He wished to see you with any one except M. de Louville, so that he might profit by your destruction."

She could not escape the inference. Desmond's eyes were upon her, and she turned her head away that he might not see the color mounting in her cheeks. He saw the movement and understood it.

"Yes," he faltered. "Forgive me, *madame*! I saw through his plan, and—oh,

how shall I say it?—I turned away from the star of my life and feigned to worship the flicker of a rushlight."

The countess gazed at him with shining eyes. She was beginning to understand, and the glimmer of comprehension kindled in her heart a hope which she had fancied quenched forever.

"Anne!" she murmured, wondering. "It was this you meant when you said that what you had done had been for my sake!" Then the memory of all that she had suffered rushed back on her like a flood, and she added pitifully: "Oh, how could you?"

"God knows how I found the strength to do it," he replied, "but I felt it must be done. I have been in a dungeon myself, and I would grind my heart to powder rather than that you should endure what I did."

"You did wrong, you did wrong!" she cried. "But you could not know how I felt. And, Anne—that kind, faithful soul—you had well-nigh parted us forever. She thought you were mad that night. She has told me so since."

"I am grieved, *madame*, that I pained you so deeply. It was not easy for me, believe me. I could have killed myself more willingly."

"There, I forgive you," she said, and tears were standing in her eyes. "Let us never speak of that night again."

"With all my heart," he responded. "Let it be forgotten."

"I am troubled by what you tell me of Captain de Brissac," she said after a short pause. "He knows now of the viscount's death. If he be the wretch you think him, he will devise some new scheme to meet the changed conditions."

"Yes, he will be desperate," O'Connor replied. "You must beware of him in every way. You remember the man who attempted your life on the canal steps the night we left Bruges?"

"Yes," she answered breathlessly.

"I have since learned that he was Brissac's servant, Otto Scharting."

Margaret was white to the lips.

"Then my life will never be safe!" she said. "Even as I came here, I thought I was followed. Anne noticed it, too."

"Anne is here, then?" he questioned.

"She is below. We both fancied a man was shadowing us. God protect me, it is a fearful feeling!" Margaret cried with a shudder.

"You did not recognize this follower, either of you?" asked O'Connor.

"Oh, it was not Gaston de Brissac," she replied quickly, divining his thought. "It was a stranger."

"Aye, our gallant captain prefers to work through an agent—witness Otto," said Desmond. "Well, *madame*, do not be needlessly apprehensive. We are on our guard now. I shall myself see you to your lodging when you go hence. Never stir out unattended. I will provide two stout Irish lads who are at present under consideration for admission to the brigade. They will be always at your beck and call, and before long I shall find some effectual means of dealing with your unnatural cousin."

"And you saved his life!" said the countess, wondering at the change that had come over her feelings.

"Yes," replied Desmond. "We often do things in the heat of the moment which we afterward regret."

"Hark!" she cried, counting the strokes from the village belfry hard by. "Eleven o'clock! I must go. How terribly late it is!"

"You came straight here?" questioned O'Connor, taking up his sword-belt, which lay on the table, and adjusting it.

"I could not rest till I had seen you," she answered shyly. "Remember, I believed that letter. I thought you dying."

"God bless you, my dear lady!" he said. "I will not seek to detain you. I will see you to your own door and then return, for I am expecting an officer from headquarters to-night who is to bring me certain instructions from the marshal."

"I am ready," Margaret replied, readjusting her veil, while O'Connor went to the window and drew the heavy draperies aside.

"It is glorious moonlight," he remarked, "almost as bright as day. No wonder the spy, whoever he may have been, could not elude your notice. You came directly hither, you said?"

"Only stopped to deposit our mails at the lodging I had secured," she replied. "We have come a long journey," she added with a blush.

"Then how did M. de Brissac know you were in Ghent?"

"I do not think he can know it."

"Yes, he does—hence the spy. He expected the forged letter would bring you. He has had every gate watched—for days, perhaps. Well, at least we know him now for what he is; and, knowing him, never fear but we shall foil him!"

He carefully adjusted Margaret's cloak, and was leading her to the door, when the orderly knocked and entered.

"An officer from headquarters to see yer honor," the man said.

"By St. Patrick, but he chooses his time unluckily!" cried O'Connor. "Tell him I am engaged for the moment. You must not

be seen here, *madame*," he added in a hasty whisper to Margaret.

"He's coming up now, sir," said the soldier. "Ye towld me, whenever headquarters sent, the officer was to come straight up."

"I did," answered O'Connor. "Now go and stop him. Give him my message, beg him to excuse me, and say I will not detain him long."

The orderly withdrew and closed the door. They heard him in the passage.

"The major's busy, sir, an' axes ye to excuse him. Will ye kindly step into the guard-room below, an' warm yerself at the fire for a few minutes, till he's disengaged?"

"What, and mount all these stairs again?" replied a voice which both the countess and O'Connor recognized instantly.

"No, thank you; since I'm here, I'll go in."

"I've orders against it, sir," replied the soldier.

"It is De Brissac," whispered O'Connor, rather shaping the words with his lips than giving utterance to them. "He has had you followed hither. He will not go away, and there is no other exit."

The countess wrung her hands in silent despair.

"Oh, that he should find me here!" she moaned. "He, of all people! I would rather let him kill me than put it in his power to blast my reputation!"

The colloquy outside the door went on, Gaston insisting on entering, the soldier pleading his orders.

"There is only one thing to be done," Desmond said. "If you will step out on this balcony for a moment, I will draw the curtains and admit him. He will not see you, and will leave, thinking he has been misinformed."

Before he had finished speaking, Margaret was at the window.

"Be very careful," Desmond implored. "The balcony is but small, and the railings are none too safe. Keep away from them. It is a drop of sixty feet to the yard below."

"I will be cautious," she whispered, and stepped outside.

Desmond drew the curtains across the window and arranged them with a careful hand.

"Keep a good courage, my lady," he breathed. "He shall not stay a moment."

Having satisfied himself that he had excluded all view of the balcony, O'Connor stepped to the door.

"What is all this quarreling in the passage here?" he shouted with feigned anger. "A man cannot write with the noise of you," and he flung wide the door. "Oh, M. de Brissac!" he cried, recognizing the visitor. "Is it you they have been keeping outside?"

I am quite ashamed. You must learn to distinguish the quality of my guests," he added, addressing the orderly. "Come in, *monsieur*, come in. It is devilish drafty on that staircase."

Gaston entered the room, and Desmond closed the door.

XXVIII

DE BRISSAC'S eyes roved about as if in search of something he did not find.

The apartment was a large one, and dimly lighted. The single candle on O'Connor's writing-table illuminated little but the papers it shone upon, and a smoldering fire of logs in a far corner scarcely served to make darkness visible in its immediate vicinity. The draft occasioned by the closing door caused the candle to flicker, and the shadows of the heavy furniture seemed to dance on the floor. It was a moment or two before the captain could assure himself that the chamber held no occupant save its owner and himself.

O'Connor's manner was cordial.

"Come in and take a seat," he cried genially. "I was expecting a call from headquarters. It is quite a relief to spend an evening with a pleasant companion like yourself, instead of being compelled to labor over the dry details of a regiment in course of reconstruction."

De Brissac, sending searching glances into obscure corners, was apparently too busy to reply.

"What are you looking for?" O'Connor went on. "Ghosts? I shouldn't wonder if you unearthed a few. This is a weird old place, full of shapes and sounds."

De Brissac found his tongue.

"I take little interest in ghosts, save to try to keep out of their company as long as possible. But for you, O'Connor, I'd have seen a ghost six months ago."

"Never name it," the other replied. "'Tis the chance of battle. My turn yesterday, yours to-morrow."

"I am grateful, nevertheless. Margaret and I well-nigh mingled our tears when I told her of your gallantry. Have you seen my cousin yet?"

"Now, how could I?" answered Desmond. "You asked me that question a week ago."

"Ah, but she is in Ghent now, you know."

O'Connor feigned surprise.

"Indeed! In Ghent! When did she arrive?"

"Not two hours since," replied Gaston, watching the other narrowly.

"Ah," said O'Connor easily, "in that case I could hardly meet her, for I have not quitted this room since dinner-time."

De Brissac sent another glance round the apartment.

"Are we alone here?" he asked.

"As you see."

"You are sure? The lady who visited you a short time since has gone, then?"

"What lady?"

"Nay," laughed Gaston, "I am not inquisitive. I am merely curious to know how she could have left without my seeing her."

"By St. Patrick, it was something of a feat," retorted O'Connor, "for you seem to have the comings and goings of my visitors well watched!"

"She did not pass me as I came up," resumed the captain. "Is it possible she can have descended by the window? Judging from the stairs I climbed, it must be a pretty height from the ground."

He rose as he spoke, and approached the window, as if to withdraw the curtain. Desmond intercepted him.

"Softly, *monsieur*," he said. "I think you are within an ace of committing an impertinence."

De Brissac drew back with an ugly scowl.

"This to me?" he said.

"Or to any man who deserves it," rejoined Desmond coolly.

Gaston's brow was black as night, but he managed to laugh.

"I believe you are jealous," he said. "Come, I will wager a pistole that your fair visitor is behind that curtain."

A cold anger possessed O'Connor. Knowing what he knew, suspecting even more, the effrontery of the man enraged him.

"And what if she be?" he answered, throwing into his voice all the menace it would carry. "She is no nearer to you on that account!"

De Brissac affected to treat this defiance lightly.

"You won't let me pass, eh? Well, I am a patient man and heavily your debtor, O'Connor, so I do not insist. At least I can make myself comfortable here, and give your fair friend leisure to contemplate the moonlight beauties of Varsin."

Laughing lightly, he resumed his seat. Desmond was nonplused. He looked from the window to the smiling figure in the chair, and with difficulty resisted the impulse to fling himself on the Frenchman and force him from the room. Mastering himself by a violent effort, he replied sullenly:

"Your stay here depends on my pleasure."

"What an inhospitable speech!" cried Gaston, with unshaken good humor. "Positively you have left your manners behind you in the south. Come, you are not going to shoot me, are you?" he went on, as

O'Connor advanced to the table, and, taking up a pistol which lay upon it, resumed his station near the window.

"Not unless you try any trickery. If you do, I will shoot you like a dog!"

"Have a care, *monsieur*!" cried Gaston fiercely. "I have stood more from you than I would from most men, but you may go too far. That you happen to have saved my life gives you no title to insult me."

"Drop it, man," cried the Irishman angrily. "If I did save your worthless life, it was an accident which I have often regretted. Do not let it trouble you for a moment if you feel aggrieved."

De Brissac's eyes narrowed and his hand sought his sword. He restrained himself, however.

"Be sensible, O'Connor," he urged. "I have reason to believe that I know the lady who is in this room. Draw that curtain aside. Let me convince myself of her identity, and I shall go hence and trouble you no further. Nay, more, I swear to you that that very act shall help toward the desire of your heart."

"Look here, M. de Brissac," replied O'Connor, speaking in clear and emphatic tones, so that every word should reach the ears for which he meant it, "if there were a lady there—which I neither admit nor deny—I believe that sooner than that your eyes should have their impious satisfaction, Heaven would strike you blind, if but for a moment—and what a little moment would take any one from this window to that door!"

A movement of the curtain convinced him that Margaret had heard and understood. The drapery waved unmistakably. Gaston saw it, too.

"Ha. I see the curtain shake!" he cried, springing to his feet and taking a step toward it.

O'Connor raised his pistol.

"Sit down!" he thundered. "Take but another step, and I'll shoot you with as little compunction as I snuff yonder candle!"

He pulled the trigger. The marksman-ship which had been the boast of the Irish Brigade did not fail. The top of the candle was shot away, and the room was plunged in darkness.

"Now, *madame*!" Desmond's voice whispered, while the apartment still reverberated with the shock.

Swiftly and silently as one of the ghosts of whom they had spoken, Margaret emerged from the window and glided to the door. De Brissac fancied he heard it close.

"Death and damnation!" he yelled. "Am I tricked, then?"

With a single bound he reached the window, Desmond not opposing him, and flung the curtain back. The moonlight streamed in, flooding the gloomy chamber with its radiance. The balcony was empty.

O'Connor had moved to the door, and now stood with his back against it, laughing. Gaston stared round him in stupefaction.

"She is not here!" he cried.

"No, nor anywhere else, save in your own fevered imagination," said O'Connor cheerfully. "Don't get excited. It's bad for you. Look at the moon out there, how calm it is!"

"Move away from that door," the captain exclaimed. "I must go!"

"Go?" repeated the Irishman. "I couldn't hear of it, my dear fellow, just as the conversation is beginning to take a friendly turn. Sit down and join me in a glass of wine. Sure, the night's young yet!"

"Jeer on!" growled M. de Brissac savagely. "You can't deceive me. It was the Countess of Anhalt who was hidden on yonder balcony."

"Oh, you must be jesting," laughed the Irishman. "A countess, no less! The O'Connors always were a rising race, but it's yourself, Desmond, my boy, that will be on top of the heap!"

"Let me pass!" Gaston yelled, "or it will be the worse for you!"

"No, I shall not let you pass," retorted O'Connor, becoming suddenly grave and speaking very sternly. "I have not done with you yet. How came you to be so certain that Margaret of Anhalt was here to-night?"

"I have good reason for my certainty," replied the captain, "but I am not going to tell it you."

"Well, I'll save you the trouble," O'Connor rejoined with savage concentration, at the same time snatching the forged letter from his pocket. "You lured her hither with a dirty trick. You forged my name. You lied above my signature. Eat it, you hound!"

With a gesture that was a blow, he thrust the letter into the other's face, grinding it against his features. De Brissac fell back, deadly pale, and drew his sword.

"That's enough," he hissed. "I will kill you for this!"

"Try it," retorted O'Connor, unsheathing his weapon as he spoke.

The place was not ill adapted for a duel, for the room was spacious, and the light of the full moon was almost as clear as day. Both men knew, as they faced each other, that this must be a battle to the death.

(To be concluded)